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WILLIAM BREWSTER







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Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

*William Brewster*

William Brewster

Concord, Massachusetts

1896  
March 31

Clear with strong but curiously warm North wind.

I took the 9 a. m. train for Concord where I expect to spend two or three weeks. On reaching the Hayes' I found everything unchanged in that immediate neighborhood. The snow had practically disappeared, save for a few drifts in sheltered places, and the roads are dry & settled but the fields are still as brown as in midwinter.

There were a number of Song & Tree Sparrows in the woods near the greenhouse & Robins scattered about among the trees. In the orchard I saw a pair of Bluebirds & heard a Nuthatch giving the vat-vat-vat call. Grace Hayes saw another Bluebird (on Hardskill) and thinks that they are much more numerous this season than they were last year for she has seen or heard them in many different parts of the town.

After dinner, with Pat's help, I fitted up the Falls River canoe and paddled down to Great Meadows where I took a short sail. The canoe leaked badly & the wind was too gusty for comfort so I presently returned. As I neared the Buttricks the wind fell and Red-wings suddenly appeared as if by magic in the tops of the elms & willows along the river, singing. In the orchard a low, muffled tapping attracted my attention to a small, neat & perfectly fresh Downy Woodpecker's hole in a broken branch. The bird was inside quite out of sight but it emerged & flew off as I came under the tree.

1896

April 1

Clear with light breeze from the N. & N.W. Cold last night, the surface of the ground freezing, but warm at midday.

At day break this morning a single Song Sparrow & Red wing were the only birds that I could hear from my window. They soon ceased and silence prevailed for half an hour or more but when the sun got fairly above the hill to the east there was a great outburst of bird music on every side, numbers of Song Sparrows & Red wings, a Robin, several Juncos & Tree Sparrows, a Bluebird, a Nuthatch etc. but alas! no Meadow Lark.

After breakfast I walked into town. Every thicket along the road sides held at least one Song Sparrow & I was worn out of sound of their harshly-sweet voices as expression of the sentiment of early spring. In the middle of the village I heard what must have been another Bluebird and what was certainly a second Nuthatch. No Swallows nor Peewees although I looked & listened for both & what is really surprising, no Flickers nor Meadow Larks. Nor have I either seen or heard Rusty Blackbirds as yet.

When I got back at about 11 a.m. the Song Sparrows, Juncos and Tree Sparrows in the weed grown garden at the Hedges were making the most delightful music dozens of birds singing at once. The wild, sweet voices of the Tree Sparrows rose above all the other sounds. A Bluebird was warbling not far off.

Hearing the Nuthatch I followed up the sound & found a pair of birds at their hole in an apple tree near the east end of the greenhouse. The ♂ gave his mate a large white



Concord, Massachusetts.

1896

April 1  
(No 2)

grab which she accepted & ate. The ♀ seemed very nervous about her nest (perhaps because I was near), peeping into or entering it every minute or two. Once she took in a long strip of inner bark which she brought from a neighboring elm.

Spelman arrived at 1 P.M. having ridden up from Cambridge on his bicycle by way of the turnpike. He had seen four or five Bluebirds, a large flock of Juncos and a pair of White-winged Crossbills, the last in a patch pine, then & warbling in a soft undertone.

At 2 P.M. we started down river. It was calm at first but a south-east wind arose as we reached Great Meadows across which I sailed down-hauled. It was nearly dark when we got our things in order at the cabin & our supper cooked & eaten but we took a short walk the last thing being nothing but a solitary Black Duck flying over the meadows & hearing no bird song of any kind. There were also no Hylas peeping. It is evident they have not begun yet.

A few Sparrows, a Fox Sparrow & a Phoebe, all along the river path near the cabin were the only small birds noted during the afternoon.

1896

April 2

It rained heavily during the latter half of last night and steadily during most of to-day; a warm rain & S. E. wind through the forenoon but cold with flurries of hail & snow & a N. wind in the afternoon.

After breakfast we started out in the canoe crossing first to the Bedford shore where, near the station, we found a large flock of Tree Sparrows & a number of Song Sparrows & Red-winged Blackbirds in an orchard flying about & singing.

We next paddled down river and into Bedford Swamp. In the flooded meadow near the grove of pines we saw a pair of Black Ducks and in an oak on the edge of the pines a Red-tailed Hawk. The latter flew off in silence when we landed. We looked a little for a possible nest but it soon began raining so hard that we reembarked and returned to the cabin.

In the afternoon we walked to the Mason field and back by way of the Davis Swamp ridge being nothing but two Partridges and a Chickadee or two. The afternoon was gloomy and depressing enough & the woods seemed forlorn & deserted of animal life yet at least one Gray Squirrel was out for we found his fresh track in the newly-fallen snow.

The only Ducks (besides the two Black Ducks) seen to-day were a pair of Golden-eyes and three Gadwall all on the flooded meadows below Davis's Hill.

1896  
April 3

Clear and cold with raging N. wind, a most uncomfortable day with icicles hanging on the bushes over the water and the ground in the woods frozen hard & covered with a thin coating of snow. The wind blew so very hard that it penetrated the worst Huttered coats in the pine woods and in the open fields it was as piercingly cold as in mid winter.

The water at Garrison was as cold as the air & the ice was breaking and the morning looked unpromising and disagreeable on this not less until nearly eight o'clock. After breakfast we walked to the Mason field following the path over Davis's Hill & through Prescott's pines. On the meadows between Ball's & Davis's Hill we found a flock of eight Black Ducks and looking down on a small stream through the glass. Three or four of these birds had their wings & backs covered with what appeared to be bear fat. They all looked rather forlorn during winter but swift or gadwall about on the huffed water.

We saw nothing of any interest inland save a solitary Redpoll which was feeding among some weeds in the Mason field.

In the afternoon we crossed Gubner's causeway and paddled nearly to Caribou bridge keeping close in shore to escape the violent wind. On the meadows below Birch Island were a flock of 15 or 18 Geese, a number of five drakes among them. They were excessively shy rising nearly a mile away & flying off down river, but while we were talking a walk in Swift's woods three of them returned & were swimming nearby. One made five or six circles in the air.

1896

April 4

A duplicate of yesterday save that the wind dies more in the north and did not rise well above 8 a.m. During the remainder of the day, however, it blew a rising gale & the temperature, despite the warm sun, remained so low that the bushes were thickly hung with icicles when the waves washed them. At intervals during the day when the wind lulled for a moment, we could hear the tinkling of these ice pendants all about the shore in front of the cabin, the bushes, rocked by the waves, causing them to swing and fluster each other lightly.

The early morning was comparatively calm & the air, although frosty, bracing and delicious. When I awoke at day break Red wings, Song Sparrows, and Fox Sparrows were singing. At the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> a single bird of the last named species was seen in the thickets along the shore very near the point that morning. Yesterday there were six of these Sparrows and this morning nearly a dozen. I threw out a lot of unworked oatmeal last evening and the whole flock was in the building, before we had taken the oatmeal this morning. When I stepped out they flew up into the oaks and began singing as only Fox Sparrows can sing a single bird beginning, then another & another & another joining in until five or six were singing at once. The frosty air thrilled & rang with their wild, rich notes. I have never heard a finer outburst of Fox Sparrow music. During the long half hour I rambled about in the woods & over the hills watching & listening by turns but doing nothing but a Crow (who visited the nest in the pines on Ball's Hill alighting on the edge & inspecting the inside generally) and hearing only a few Song Sparrows & Robins & a Redpoll Lin.



1896

April 4 Miss. Gibson arrived at W. Bedford by the 10 a. m. train  
1896 her husband after some difficulty brought her over  
the meadows & river in his canoe. After dining on  
the river they walked to Concord finding it  
impossible to paddle up again in wind.

I started in the Delta Maria canoe at 5 P. M. and  
had little trouble although I shipped a good deal  
of water in crossing the meadows. It was so cold  
that the spray from the side of the canoe  
as soon as it struck and everything soon became  
encased in ice. Nevertheless a few Red wings & Song Sparrows  
were singing in the submerged thickets along the  
banks of the river. I reached the Hicks place and  
then her was better.

Early last February an unusually heavy rain raised the river to a height which it has not reached before for many years. Immediately after this the weather turned cold and thick ice formed. Then the water turned rapidly and the ice falling with it caused enormous damage to the trees and bushes which, every where along the river and in the flooded swamps, had become frozen in. Of one hundred or more cedars which I had planted in the Ball's Hill swamp not one as far as I can ascertain is likely to live & grow. Many of these trees were blown down by the weight of the ice & all were broken & scraped more or less badly. Some of my finest young pines were also much injured.

Damage by winter flood.

1896

April 25

Today the wind and clouds were very much  
morning but it was gradually cleared by a cold  
to a pleasant breeze before noon & the day was a  
breeze & fair although by no means warm.

I spent the forenoon in the house writing paper  
wallpaper the sunny sheltered slope covered by the  
arched walls of the house was alive with birds  
I counted a dozen Robins and saw little Blackbirds in  
the ground and once a pair of the Blackbirds appeared  
to be nesting but there were a lot of other birds  
there. Many of the Robins were fresh.

I heard long Sparrows singing below my window the  
whole forenoon & I noticed the White-throats singing.

Later in the afternoon I walked to the house  
a flock of a dozen or more the Sparrows from a sandy field  
on the High Place but they were not in the house  
there is a very fine view of the house. As I was leaving the  
Boston house Mrs. Dodge the housekeeper came out &  
joined me. At this time I went into the house & found  
and a very tall & thin man, one of the men  
I have seen in Dorset. As we were passing on side the  
house a small black cat was seen I thought it  
it looked like a good place for a house. I found the  
found a woodcock's nest & eggs the day before.

As I was leaving the house I saw a  
great flock of birds flying over the house  
in it stayed to the house for some minutes then they  
most of the time the Sparrows singing the whole day  
time 6.45 P.M.

Next day  
Singing  
the night

1896

April 6

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy. Dead calm most of the time up to 4 P.M. when a fresh S.E. breeze sprang up & lasted until after sunset. Warmer than any day since the 1<sup>st</sup> but with a chill in the air nevertheless.

When I started for the Buttricks at 8.30 A.M. the sun was shining brightly & the river perfectly calm. Song Sparrows, Robins & Red-wings singing in every direction. A Downy Woodpecker drumming in the elm in front of the 'Keyes', another in the Buttricks' elm and a third near the Manse. A Phoebe in full song near my boat house at North Bridge. A pair of Chickadees in the Buttricks' orchard, the ♀ hard at work excavating her nesting hole which she had carried in & down apparently about 3 inches. I watched her for sometime & started her mate whistling by an imitation of his phoebe note. A Bluebird came into the orchard & vaulted lightly sitting on the topmost spray of an apple tree gnawing his wings.

The sky began to cloud over before I left the Landing & when I reached the meadows it was wholly gray. A light southwesterly wind arose and wafted me across the broadest part of the meadows when it fell calm again. I had failed to mention about 100 yards of a pair of Cossackwings without apparently causing them much alarm but when I took down the net they rose at once & flew out of sight some way. As I was approaching them I watched them through a strong glass. They spent most of the time preening their feathers turning well over on their sides the old male showing the rich salmon of his lower parts which was engaged. Occasionally one or the other would stretch up his neck and pointing his bill nearly straight up open & shut the mandibles as if tasting something. Robins & Grackles frequently do the same thing. These Cossackwings

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(No 2)

Concord, Mass.

reminded me of Boons in other respects. They have nearly the same way of carrying the head & neck which denoting and the same bold, alert expression. The snout was a superb creature. When he flew I could see the coral red legs & feet stretched out behind under the tail.

After noon, <sup>from</sup> ~~by~~ Fox Sparrows at the station. They had eaten all the oatmeal in the bin. They were now very quickly before being to it. Presumably we would find in undisturbed land there was no food or ground long to long.

As I was standing in the park over the main gate after dinner I heard a low babbling noise very like that of a Purple Finch singing softly away. As I went a few feet away of a tree but presently I perceived that it was from the ground within a few yards of me. Presently there was a sharp whistle and several dry, rattling notes which indicated evidently, by something of some creature passing its wing beneath them. This was repeated every hour the morning & afternoon of the hours usually, according to the morning periods of being nearly always followed by an interval of silence. Over several large leaves were flying upward toward me. Although I failed to get as much as a glimpse of the source I was satisfied that it was a mouse. It moved slowly along the side of the hill way to the spring a distance of nearly fifty yards in the course of the afternoon. Its notes were highly musical although it was not enough to be heard more than a few rods away. It did not utter other than faint, rising & falling notes which were heard from their little animals. The sound was much like that of a singing mouse but I was not sure. I have never



1896

April 6

No 3

referred in this manner.

About the middle of the afternoon several Starlings began working over on the fields there. They are the first flocks of any kind that I have heard of this spring. I cannot understand what makes the Hylas & Starlings do this.

The first Osprey appeared early this morning coming from the south & passing out of sight over the village at a height of several hundred feet & apparently, rapidly.

As I was starting for home at 5 P.M. I heard the song of a Hairy Woodpecker working up some tree of the kind usually to great a higher than they looked up from the hollows.

I had a bird's nest over the windows but the birds did not appear. I supposed that the birds were busy with the houses over the hills but another day in the North Hill again and it is not too late for half the birds which will feed in & about the same have arrived.

The Red-wings & Song Sparrows are very numerous after sunset but the former are not so numerous as they should be by this date.

As I was crossing the Great Meadows I was surprised to see a flock of about 100 Starlings over the meadow of this afternoon & was flooded meadow a solitary meadow. There was a male Red-wing in the same flock. As it was the meadow birds are intending to nest in this meadow.

Concord, Mass.



1896

April 7

A blustering & rather cold day with violent E. wind and great black cloud masses alternating with patches of blue sky through which the sun shone for brief intervals.

Before the wind rose birds sang freely. I heard the usual Song Sparrows, Robins & Redwings at sunrise, through my open window, and also Mourned Grackles. A Downy Woodpecker comes regularly every morning between 6 & 7 and ~~drums~~ drums for ten or fifteen minutes on a small, dead prong in the elm in front of the house. Poor fellow! his drum is of the feeblest for the stick is lacking in resonance. He ~~has~~ at least one other drumming place - in the orchard - but the elm is his favorite. He seems to regard weather but little although the drumming period is shortened when the evening is very cold or stormy.

I started for Ball's Hill at the usual time but was detained at North Bridge for over an hour which I spent watching a pair of Nuthatches. The ♀ was busily engaged most of this time in bringing out some long, fibrous material (which looked like fine strands of inner bark) from a hole high (40 to 45 ft.) in the old elm which stands at the east end of the bridge. This hole was apparently an old knot hole which had been enlarged by Red Squirrels for its edges showed the waxes of their teeth. I think the Nuthatch was ~~removing~~ lining their nest for the material looked like the bark strands which they use but I was puzzled by the fact that the Nuthatch instead of dropping these strands carried them in large bills full to the upper side of the branch where she spread them out and tamped them down with some care. She had evidently been ~~at~~ work for some time for when I arrived the upper side of the branch was covered with

1896

April 7  
(1892)

the strands for a space two feet long by six or eight inches wide. It occurred to me that possibly the had spread them out here to dry for otherwise why did the wet flieg throw down to the ground? Moreover the deposited them on the sunny side of the branch. After finishing this work the flew away with her mate. When I returned from my trip down river late in the afternoon only one small patch less than a tenth of the total material remained on the branch. The rest might have blown away but this is not probable for the tree was well sheltered by the pine grove to the eastward along the river and although the wind had risen to its full strength before I left the spot in the morning the strands were not disturbed by it.

My passage down river to Ball's Hill would have been different had it not been for the strong current. The wind opposing this raised large white-capped waves over which the canoe tossed & plunged as if on a large lake.

I saw few birds & none of especial interest.

At the cabin my flock of Fox Sparrows had diminished to four birds none of which sang while I was there.

I spent the day indoors putting things in order & taking no walks into the woods.

The sail home in the late afternoon under double reefed sail was most exciting. No ducks or water birds of any kind to-day.

A Phoebe at North Bridge this morning flew in under this structure and alighting on a beam sat there for a moment quivering his wings & making a noise almost exactly like the rattling of a tin fisher but lower & softer. This was repeated several times between intervals of singing.



1896

April 10

Cloudless, the air very clear, no wind until late in the day when a fresh S. E. breeze started & lasted until after sundown. The warmest day of the month thus far the thermometer to 60°.

I spent the 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> in Cambridge returning to Concord last evening. In Cambridge many of the leaves were quite green but the grass here has started only along the edge of the river where the water first broke over the frost & then receded leaving the ground bare.

After exposing a dozen plates along the river there were the morning I started for Ball's Hill at 10 A. M. returning at my usual time (4.30-5.30) in the afternoon. Arthur Gibson & a young friend of his appeared at the Cabin at about noon & dined with me. They had walked down from Concord and reported a Pine Warbler singing on Ripley's Hill and a Tree Toad at Belmont yesterday. I saw three of the latter & a Kingfisher on my way down the river. After dinner we walked to the Mason fields where we started a Carolina Dove. It alighted in a tall oak and cooed three or four times. Gibson has seen this bird before.

There were two Fox Sparrows at the Cabin to-day both alone & probably both females. There was also a ~~fox~~ Phoebe, singing and accompanied by a mate. I hope they will nest on the Cabin walls.

Boxed Frogs moving all over the river to-day. A single Hyla jumping in Davis Swamp. Dr. Emerson tells me that his son heard a Hyla on the night of the 6<sup>th</sup>. First river maple blossoms out to-day. These flocks of Geese passed over Concord yesterday.



1896

April 11

Cooler with strong N. wind, the sun veiled in thin clouds.

To Ball's Hill at 8.30 a. m. Starting down before the brisk west wind, the Sparrows were full song near the Heyes' and in one or two places along the river. A Great increase in Song Sparrows since yesterday. I saw & heard them every where. At the cabin three different notes rising at one time. This is apparently about the height of their migration.

Yesterday afternoon I saw a pair of Marsh Wrens inspecting holes in the flocks along the river opposite Hutchinson's Landing & this morning the same birds probably similarly engaged lower down just above the Hall.

At noon a pair (perhaps the same) flew over Ball's Hill the male warbling. On the way down river I saw five Tree Toads, four together alighting on rocks & peering into holes, warbling vigorously.

Both yesterday & to-day I heard a Field Hawk yesterday near the Hall - to-day at Davis's Hill.

The Ducks appear to have about all gone although Gilman & his friend saw two which they took to be Mallards, yesterday, near the Hall.

Geese were out to-day swimming towards & through also. I saw two Mergansers swimming in brooks yesterday & one to-day.

Late in the afternoon a Carolina Chickadee gave the Cuckoo call in the bottom bushes opposite the cabin & a Dove cooed several times on the Bedford Place.

As I was paddling across the meadows on the way home I saw a pair of Geese swimming near a cluster of bushes.

1896

April 12

Concord, Mass.

Clear with light S. wind. Ther. 62° at noon.

At sunrise this morning I heard through my open windows Robins, Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, Tree Sparrows, Juncos, a Grass Finch, a Purple Finch, Redwings, Cowbirds, and a Phoebe. By far the best shows, thus far this spring. The Meadow Lark and Flicker are missing here this year. Both are apparently very scarce in Concord. I have heard only two Flickers one opposite Ball's Hill in W. Bedford, then other (to day) near Rotenon's Pond. Of Meadow Larks I have seen a pair a little below Fickett's bridge & a single bird in the middle of Great Meadows.

Photographing this forenoon walking to Rotenon's Pond by way of Dutcher's Lane & Bow Meadow. On my return I traversed a part of the Spruce Swamp on the west side of the Rotenon's Pond road. The Spruces are all standing but they do not seem to have grown much since I first saw them. The tallest trees are 40 to 45 ft. high. They all look very green & vigorous. I was surprised to find hemlocks among them standing in water several inches deep. in a swamp there is always wet.

During my tramp I heard from a pair of Grass Finches and numerous Song Sparrows. At Rotenon's Pond a Flicker, a single Redwing & a Chickadee were the only birds singing within my hearing. Flicker did Partridge, four together in one place, two in another.

Saw numerous butterflies (six or eight together in many groups & patches) and heard innumerable Wood Frogs (the first) but only one Hyla (very third).

It was so warm in the sun that I sought the shade whenever possible.







1896

April 13

Cloudless with light S wind. Oppressively warm the thermometer rising to  $82^{\circ}$  at noon and standing at  $80^{\circ}$  at sunset.

I went to Cambridge for the day — worse the pity! — so had no opportunity to observe whether this unusual warm was brought with it a flight of birds. It had an extraordinary effect on the general appearance of the country, however. When I walked across the country to the Lowell Station this morning I could detect no signs of green grass save along the water edge. At evening when I returned along this road the southern slopes of the hills and large tracts of meadows were strongly tinged with green and in many places the grass was wholly green and appeared to have grown an inch or more. Thus the change from brown to green fields came on our way.

I heard a Meadow Lark in Hudson's meadow this morning. At Cambridge Robins had greatly increased in numbers since my last visit. Thus I saw five in Hubbard Park & two on our place.

A dozen or under Hylas jumping this evening in the Mill Brook meadow but I have not heard a really full chorus from them yet.

1896

April 14 Much cooler the forenoon cloudy with a chill N. E. wind, the afternoon calmer with occasional glimpses of the sun through thin clouds.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. spending the day, as usual, at the cabin & roaming about in the woods.

The warm wave of yesterday has had a most marked effect on the birds. The country was simply alive with them to day. Indeed I have seldom observed such a sudden and material increase in so short a time at this season. The arrivals were

Yellow Palm Warblers 12 to 15, Ruby Crowned Kinglets 3, Yellow-rump Warbler 1, Swamp Sparrows 2, Savannah Sparrows 1, Barn Swallow 2, Wilson's Snipe 1, Field Sparrow 2.

But this list does not tell the whole tale. The numbers of Robins, Song Sparrows, Grass Finches, Phoebe, Pine Warblers had increased from two to five or six fold and as for White-bellied Swallows I saw not less than three hundred in fact the last-named birds covered the whole of the Great Meadows as well as the meadows below Ball's Hill flying close over the water in some places where the

points gave shelter from the east wind and scattered about numerously enough over the more exposed portions of the meadow. It was delightful to see these graceful birds in such numbers, reminding me of old times when they used to congregate similarly about Fresh Pond. If they were so numerous here to-day what must have been their abundance on the Sudbury meadows. Anyway there I saw at least one pair of Barn Swallows.

On the Great Meadows about opposite the Hotel I saw what I at first took for a number of wounds of mud left by the ice. A rather careful scrutiny through my

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April 14  
(no 2)

field glass failed to disclose this illusion but presently a long neck was stretched up & then another and another and I saw that they were Black Ducks, a fine, large flock containing no less than 21 birds. In the misty atmosphere they loomed so that the more distant ones looked as big as Geese. Several pairs apart from the main flock (but included in the above count) were swimming close in shore along the edge of the meadow, feeding; the brooding birds being over the middle of the open water. I watched them awhile & then paddled quietly past them under cover of the main band (which is no longer so dry in most places.)

Just below Holden's Hill I came upon a Carolina Duck  
swimming in the middle of the river. Before it saw  
us and sank its body it looked as large as a good-sized  
Duck. Indeed I took it, at first, for a

Flushing in Bowen's I heard & saw <sup>two Barn Swallows</sup> ~~uncommon~~ able small birds.  
 A flock of seven Yellow Robin Warblers <sup>12</sup> in Ruby-crowned Kinglets  
 two Swamp Sparrows, two pairs of Phoebe's, a Field Sparrow  
 & very many Song & Grass Finches. Several of the last ones  
 singing in the pines on the ridge - well back from  
 the field in the upper branches of the trees. The Partridge  
 was drumming on his old log on the north side of the  
 Davis Swamp. Returning I flushed a Snipe in Holden's  
 meadow. Will Bartlett flushed two Snipe in front of  
 the Huges' this afternoon.

As I was ~~standing~~ up river at 5 P. M. a solitary  
Goose flew past over banking loudly & finally alighting  
on the windows over the Bedford River. I saw a  
flock of about 20 migrating this evening. The Black Ducks  
were all when I left town this forenoon. ~~They were seen to be~~

1896

April 15

Cloudless, the early morning dead calm, a brisk N.W. wind during the remainder of the day. Day warm, Ther. 78° at noon.

Near the Huges this morning I heard Song & Tree Sparrows, a Chipping (the first - another later at Benson's house) Purple Finches, a Chickadee, Horn Lark, Nuthatch, Downy Woodpecker, Meadow Lark (in the field above the barn) Flicker, several others.

As I was crossing the meadows to my boat house a bottling Purple Martin flew over head very high up, whistling incessantly. I had hoped to find the White-bellied Swallows on the meadows but during the passage to Ball's Hill I saw in all less than half a dozen & only a straggler or two during the remainder of the day. The immense numbers feeding on the meadows yesterday forenoon must have continued their migration at about 4 P.M. when I saw upwards of fifty pass over Benson's pasture heading due north but in their usual leisurely, desultory manner feeding by the way. At the time I suspected they were leaving us and a little later when I paddled up to Concord I did not see a single individual. I wish I knew when this great flight arrived. Probably they came in early yesterday morning.

Departure of  
the great  
flocks of  
Tree Swallows.  
at 4 P.M.  
yesterday.

Nearly all the other migrants which were here yesterday had also disappeared by this morning. I have not seen a single Yellow Robin or Yellow-rump Warbler to-day and the Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, Pine Siskins, Robins & other common birds were reduced to about the numbers which usually breed here. I heard two Ruby-crowned Knights however, & two Tree Sparrows.

1896.

April 15  
(No 2)

At about 3 P.M. I heard a Belted Plover in the old  
house on the southern edge of Great Meadows. At sunset and for  
half-an-hour later he was jumping regularly & vociferously.

The lone Goose is still here. The train which passes at  
5.30 P.M. startled him from somewhere on the south shore  
of the meadow and a moment later he flew directly over  
the east end of Ball's Hill so low down that I could  
easily hear about him as I stood in the door of the cabin.

He came on this 5.30 train having managed to find  
to night and to-morrow with me. After dinner we took  
a walk through Merwin's field and back by Holden's meadow.  
Swamp Sparrows were trilling, the Belted Plover jumping, and a  
Robin singing when we started but it was nearly dark when  
we got back. Wood Thrush were calling in all my little  
pond holes and a fair number of Hylas jumping but the  
Belted Plover on the river meadows was making by far the  
most noise and they kept it up all night without the  
 slightest cessation making it difficult for us to sleep. There  
were also three Geese trilling near the cabin, each  
date for them to begin if I am not mistaken.

At about 11 P.M. we heard a Great Horned Owl landing  
& evidently passing over the cabin low down. I have  
not either seen nor heard one of these Owls before this  
spring.

The entire night was very warm - like a midsummer night  
in fact. I doubt if the thermometer fell below 70° F.  
I did not look at it after 5 P.M. when it stood at  
85°.

1896.

April 16

Cloudless but with a heavy atmosphere slightly obscuring the sun. Dead calm most of the day but with a light E. wind after sunset. Ther.  $82^{\circ}$  at noon. A very oppressive hot day for the season.

Vegetation advanced with rapid strides to-day. Poplar & horse catkins expanded their minute blossoms and *Hepatica* was in full bloom. All over the Great Meadows the grass was green by evening, thrusting its blades an inch or two above the surface of the now shallow water.

Within the last two days the pitch pines have turned from yellowish-green to a dark, clear green so exactly like that of the white pines that it is now impossible to distinguish them two trees by the color of their foliage alone. Late this afternoon swangitos appeared in different numbers to cause us some annoyance. Yet there are still none in the water. In Davis's swamp under the pine ridge we saw this morning a field of ice covering half an acre and 3 or 4 inches in thickness.

We arose soon after daybreak and climbed to the top of Ball's Hill just in time to see the sun rise under a narrow belt of clouds which was tinged with beautiful colors. Red-wing, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows, a Fox Sparrow, a Robin & a few Thrush were singing within hearing, the Pittsburg juncos among the woodrows, and a Partridge drumming on the Blakeslee ridge. Crows cawed, Jays screamed and a few Bores & White-throats twittered. A Flicker chattered & a Downy drummed. Presently we turned towards the South and beheld a flock of sixteen Canada Geese coming directly towards us at a height of not over 300 feet, flapping slowly as if tired and keeping dead silence until they were nearly

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April 16  
(Chs 2)

one us when with a few low musical notes (probably notes of command from the leader) they changed their course and crossing the river just below the mill quickly passed beyond our sight to the eastward. Faxon thought they saw the ocean and were calling for it. There was something peculiarly impressive in the silent, majestic advance of these great birds when we first caught sight of them.

As we were eating breakfast a Flicker began <sup>to sing</sup> on the hill and then breaking off suddenly uttered these shouting notes by twos with intervals between each pair. By the change of direction in the sound we knew that he was flying and rushing to the door saw him cross the river & landed to on a rock on the Bedford shore keeping up the interrupted shouting during the entire flight. Neither Faxon nor I have ever heard a Flicker shout as wing before. Flicker wings  
as wing

Some afterwards while at Davis's Mill we made a similarly word observation on the Pine Warbler which for the first time we heard utter what seemed to be a real flight song made up of the usual trill with a number of low notes and warbling notes preceding the trill. There were then birds (probably two males chasing a female) dashing and twitting about among the upper branches of a pine. Flight song  
of the  
Pine Warbler

Near the north end of Davis's Mill we came suddenly on a Green Heron! He was perched on the branch of an oak over the river and we looked at him for several minutes through our glasses at a distance of not over 20 yds. making absolutely sure of the identification of the bird. I have never before seen a Green Heron in this



1896

April 16

(No 3)

before May.

We continued our walk across the Mason field to Lawrence's woods, where a Red-shouldered Hawk was screaming, and down to the edge of the meadow where our appearance started up a pair of Black Ducks & the Solitary Goose which has injured meadows to long. It is remarkable that he did not join the flock that he saw early this morning for he must have both seen & heard them. He looked very proudly as he rose and flew off down river.

Returning we heard a Solitary Vireo in full song in some dense young white pines near the Mason field. During this walk we noted three screaming Partridges, one on the McKimston ridge, one at the northern end of Davis's Swamp, the third in Lawrence's woods.

Tolson left for home by the 4.15 train. I took supper alone in the cabin and waited for the train to Concord some time after sunset. The Miller was humming and a few Robins, Red-wings, Song Sparrows, House Sparrows and Grass Finches singing but none of them with much vigor or enthusiasm.

Twilight was fading when I reached the head of Great Meadows & Concluded to listen for Inghis. It seemed hopeless to hear anything but the hoarsest croaks which were making such a clamor as I am sure I have never heard before. It seemed as if there must be thousands of them and their "mewing" and "grinding of teeth" coming from far & near formed a continuous roar suggesting nothing of civility or of moral battling going on. However, I found

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April 16

(No 4)

General Notes

heard the rasping cry of a bird and saw two of these birds rise against the sky and fly off eastward. Ten minutes later five birds came whirling past me in a close bunch and alighted I thought. I waited some time longer hoping to hear a bird or two drum but they were not apparently in the wood for this although it seemed on a hot sunny - so very warm and with a young moon high in the west. Perhaps it was too warm on the oozy marsh, just uncovered by the rapidly falling water, really have offered too great attractions.

Young on  
Great Meadows

When it had become nearly dark, the lone Goshawk came, flapping heavily past me within about two yards bounding incessantly and crossing the path of a pair of Night Herons, the first I have seen, which were feeding <sup>down</sup> on lot wings preparing to alight. I think the Goshawk alighted, also, but I could not make sure. When I left the meadow the frogs were calling (if possible, more clamor than one) and at the Hedges' they & the Hads very numerous to night kept up an incessant din until I fell asleep.

Digging a hole in the sandy path near the cabin this morning I turned out five or six young Painted Tortoises which were about as large as silver dollars. They were in the nest for with them I uncovered the shells of the eggs which had contained them. These shells were dry & they walked, old & young as if the hatching had taken place months ago. The young tortoise was in a semi-erect state & the first time it was seen to increase their activity by I buried them again.

Young  
Painted  
Tortoise

1896

April 17

Fair with increasing cloudiness, the sun wholly obscured by 4 after 3 P.M. Much cooler than yesterday. Ther. 62° at 8 a.m. A rather heavy thunder storm late in the afternoon with strong S. wind.

To Ball Hill for the day, paddling down & sailing back. The thunder storm was coming up when I left the cabin at 4 P.M. and on reaching Thro's Pond I was forced to stop and put up the canoe tent or hood under which I sat, comfortably enough writing up my notes for over an hour. There was a heavy flock of Rusty Blackbills to day and while the storm was in progress a flock of upward of fifty were flitting about over the meadow near our camp occasionally rising & alighting in a rapid succession. I saw but other flocks during the day, one of about 15 just above Thro's Bridge, the other of 5 or 6 over the Hill. At Beaver Dam Rapids, as I was on my way up river, a flock of about twenty White-bellied Swallows came feeding down from a great height & began feeding close to the water. I think they were migrating & were forced to descend by the storm. A pair of Huttons also passed near me at about this time. While the storm was passing down river I saw in the distance a large, light-colored Duck swim in under the bar & near the land. Keeping close watch I came to close to it that it was not a Loon but a Duck. It was a fine drake Goose. It flew off down river. It was a fine drake Goose. It is seldom that one of these birds can be captured in such a place.

1896

April 18

Clear and dead calm most of the afternoon but with a strong N. W. wind up to windy noon. The afternoon very hot - the thermometer rising to  $82^{\circ}$ .

Purdie called at the Hughes' soon after breakfast having agreed to spend two days with me at Ball's Hill whither he drove after a brief talk leaving me to follow later by river. Starting at about 11 a.m. I looked down noting very quick times for the hour was strong & steady.

Will Bartlett and a young friend of his appeared at the cabin at 4 P.M. and we all took a walk together to the Mason field. Birds were either very scarce or remarkably silent. Perhaps they, like ourselves, were oppressed by the heat. It was as hot as an August afternoon. We saw nothing of much interest save a Hairy Woodpecker and four or five Partridges.

In the early evening Purdie & I walked to Brewster's landing where we sat for an hour or more talking & listening. Here it was nearly dark a large loon drumming over the middle of Great Pond - striking us to sleep in eight repetitions of his weird music. There were two Bitterns, one in the old place and the other nearly opposite the cabin in a bin with the two Red-footed Boats. The first bird came evidently, made a deep "stake driving" sound due no doubt to the loss of land behind his feet but in curious contrast to the deep, watery "pump-pudding" of the other bird.

1896

April 18

1892

I heard the first really full chorus of Hylas to night  
in the little meadows by the landing but to my  
surprise there was but few before 7 o'clock & some calling  
unfrequently. I suspect that they have literally worn  
themselves out by their incessant efforts during the  
last two days & nights but perhaps the weather  
conditions this evening may have had something  
to do with their comparative silence.

Swamp Sparrows were trilling every where along the  
river after sunset. There were also a good many  
Robins singing. Indeed I fancy that the summer  
quality of the latter birds is now about full.

1896

April 19

After a warm, still night (I doubt if the thermometer fell much below  $70^{\circ}$ ) we had a clear, still and very warm morning but by noon clouds began gathering in the west and in the late afternoon & evening came a perfect procession of thunder storms, three of which gave us a good deal of rain which was badly needed. It was a singular day with no color in the light, no life in the heavy air, and for long periods, especially in the early afternoon with laterally no sound from either animate or inanimate nature. Sometimes for half an hour or more we did not hear so much as a Red wing or Song Sparrow or even a Fly. At day break and well into the forenoon birds sang fairly enough but there did not seem to be many of them. The only arrival noted was a *Monticola* which sang a dozen times or more near the cabin a little after sunrise. It was with a little flock of Yellow Palm Warblers.

In the forenoon we rambled about the woods & fields going to Davis's Hill in our direction & to the Hill at the end of the street in the other. We heard two *Tree Toads* singing. One of them was in some bushes near Benson's. A *Chirp* was singing literally in the same bush and a *Field Sparrow* scarce twenty yards away. These we heard the three *Spizellas* together.

At evening we sat down again on the bench at Benson's Landing. There were two *Thornes* again to-night although we heard but one this morning. The rain from the first *Thorne* this evening seemed to have washed up all the *Tree Toads*, *Field Sparrows* & *Hop* in the neighborhood. Such an alarm, and the first *Thorne*, *Tree Toad* appeared to be the clatter of a great mill.

1896

April 20

Slightly cooler to-day with a strong dry wind - west wind and absolutely cloudless sky.

I had a much work to do in the cabin to-day that I hardly got into the woods at all and saw nothing of particular interest. A few Redpoll Warblers singing in the oak scrub, Pine Warblers on the Hill, a Blended Owl yesterday & to-day on the W. Bedford shore. At about 10 A. M. I heard several times & very distinctly the chatter of a Bland Swallow. A Green Heron flew across the marsh opposite the Hill. An Carolina Chickadee sang. I saw him swim out from a thicket of bottom bushes just below the cabin this morning.

Late in the afternoon I went back to the Keys (Purdie left for Boston by 4.09 P. M. train) paddling all the way. It was a beautiful clear, dry evening just cool enough to be pleasant. I saw nothing of particular interest.

At the Keys' just after dinner, George Keys called me out on the piazza to "hear the birds". He said that at least four or five had just come from the meadow in front of the house. I heard one scolding just as I emerged from the hall but none afterwards although I walked out on the Causeway & lingered there for an hour or more.

A very large muskrat was swimming about crossing & recrossing the river & finally entering the boat house. The Bedford Boys, Hyles & Gads were very noisy to-night.

1896

April 21 Cloudy with strong E. wind & heavy showers late in the afternoon and through the night.

After breakfast I walked to Derby's Lane Swamp then Lee Hollows and a Sparrow Hawk the latter flying swiftly towards the N. E. & perhaps migrating. A large pine which stood on the edge of Derby's Brook a few rods from the big hemlock blew down last winter and in the wall of earth adhering to its roots a pair of Phoebe's were to-day building their nest. No doubt they are the same birds which two or three years ago nested in the sand bank at the entrance to the lane.

At 10.45 I went to the Bowditch Station to meet C. & E. R. S. Pat rowed them down to Ball's Hill I going in my canoe. Soon after dinner I started for a walk with E. R. S. but it began raining & we were obliged to return.

Birds were very silent this afternoon. At evening we heard a Robin, a Song Sparrow & then two Butterflies. The one opposite the cabin has moved more to the eastward. There were about thirty Swallows flying over the river in the late afternoon. Most of them seemed to be House Swallows but there were several White-bellies & at least one Bank Swallow. I heard another Bank Swallow & a Quail or two on the Mill Brook meadow this morning.



1896

April 22

The morning broke cloudy with a moderate S. wind and fine rain. As the forenoon advanced the wind backed over into the N. and the rain first increased and then changed to snow which came thick & fast in huge flakes (many of them an inch across) whitening the ground and loading down the branches of the pines. By 4 P.M. the storm ceased the wind went into the N.W. and the clouds began to disperse. At sunset the sky was perfectly clear and the afterglow was unusually rich & deep. The evening was nearly calm and as cool as to be almost frosty. There was a half moon high in the western sky.

I am thus particular in describing the weather for the reason that the day proved one of peculiar interest not only because of the sudden & marked changes but also from the number & kinds of birds that came under my observation.

I spent the forenoon with Pot & Benson burning a large pile of brush in the lower part of the Prescott lot near the swamp. In the afternoon we visited this fir tree & also planted a number of small pines near the cabin & elsewhere, in the North Hill pine.

I took supper in the cabin and did not start for the Hays' until sometime after sunset. During the ascent of the river I saw at least seven or eight muskeats by far the largest number observed this spring. I also saw a Spotted Sandpiper & heard a number of birds, two of which were drumming thrashily near the upper

1896

April 22 and of Great Meadows where I Combed and listened  
(No 2) to them for some time but of this more anon.

The arrivals to-day were the Brown Thrasher (one in full song in the evening twilight on a hill side near Hunt's Pond), Eastern Swallow (one heard distinctly at Ball's Hill in the late afternoon), Chipping Swift (one twittering at sunset high in air over the cabin), Spotted Sandpiper (one at Hunt's Pond seen this morning by Pat and this evening by me), I also saw my first Marsh Hawk this afternoon (a male skimming along the river near the cabin) and this evening heard my first Great Horned Owl. The latter hooted three times in the direction of Holden's Hill as I was paddling up the Beaver Dam Rapids but the sound seemed too distant to come from the hill and I suspect that the bird was beyond & probably in Mrs. Barrett's woods.

At about 6 o'clock this morning I heard a Cuckoo (*Mniotilta*) singing near the cabin and in the bushes along the river path found a Hermit Thrush and a Lee & White-throated Sparrows. The Thrush & White-throated doubtless arrived during the night but the Lee Sparrows have been there several days.

It is singular that so many birds should have come last night for the weather was not only thick & stormy but also very cool and these conditions must have prevailed over a rather wide area.

I should have mentioned that C. & E. L. S. left me this morning, starting for Cambridge at 8.30.

1896

April 22

(no 3)

Despite the cold and stormy weather or, perhaps, because of it, my Partridges drummed through the entire day at short, regular intervals. I heard the bird on the old wall between Holden's Meadow & Bollen's Hill every time we passed and the bird on the pine log at the N. end of Davis's Swamp was equally persistent in the face of still greater obstacles for not only did he have the heavy rain & still heavier snow storm to contend with but our huge bon-fire, was built within thirty yards of him and being directly to windward sent down columns of smoke directly through the thicket where he was concealed. As for noise there was not only the crackling of the fire but the voices of the men and their movements in the bushes as they brought out the piles of dead branches. There was even Bensen's dog who at first ~~was~~ ~~fast~~ ~~ended~~ off towards the bird every time he drummed but when he did not find him or the Partridge returned very quickly for the drumming went on steadily during the whole forenoon and during the two visits which we made to the fire in the afternoon. I have little doubt that I could have seen the bird had I wished for I could see most of his log from our fire and he drummed once when I was still nearer - within about 20 yards. (The next day (23<sup>rd</sup>) was clear and cool with a moderate N. W. wind, yet neither Partridge was drumming so far as I could ascertain by walking visits in both fore & afternoon to the places which they frequent. This fact shows that mild, stormy weather suits them at least at times.)

Partridges  
drum all  
day in a  
saw &  
snow storm

1896

April 22  
(ha 4)

Previous to this morning I have not heard a single drum Drumming  
in the day-time for twenty five years or more, but ~~between~~ of the single  
8.30 and 9 a.m. one was heard at it over the Great by day  
meadows within hearing of Benson's landing but probably  
half-a-mile off. At least the sound was not brought  
perceptibly nearer when I took my canoe and paddled  
out into the meadow as far as the point where  
the old cart path crosses in. I was sorely tempted  
to land and follow up the bird but I had too  
much work to attend to. How much later this Surfer  
kept up his keenade I do not know. It was  
raining heavily and the sky was filled with low  
driving clouds & land at the time.

Very different were the conditions when at about 7 o'clock  
this evening I landed at the "Lut" and walked out  
into the great expanse of dim, greyish meadows.  
Twilight had fallen and the wind had sunk to a  
gentle breeze. There was not a cloud in the sky. The  
half moon gave a subdued light and there was a strong  
afterglow in the west but it was fading fast.

The whole meadow seemed alive with Surfers but they are  
deceptive birds & there may not have been more <sup>than</sup> a dozen  
in all. There were at least two drumming. They kept it  
up without any cessation during the half hour or so that  
I stood listening to them and, I have no doubt, the  
greater part of the night. I could hear other birds  
scuffling as they flew about from place to place & even  
I heard the kue-kue-kue-kue-kue call given just  
as I remember it years ago when I have seen the bird  
in the act of making it. The Ringed Plovers & Hylas were  
making a great racket but the wild whinnying of the Surfer  
seemed about him to be in the least obscured by it.

1896

Concord, Mass.

April 23

Clear with strong N. wind which died away before sunset, the evening calm and very cool with a moon in the third quarter.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a. m. sailing nearly the whole way with close-headed shots. For upwards of two weeks past I have had to keep to the river but during the whole of this time the lower half of Great Meadows has been flooded the water rising at nearly the same level.

Before starting this morning I saw the pair of Nuthatches in our orchard but they did not enter their hole. I climbed the tree & examined the hole closely for the first time. Inside ~~there~~ was a fair-sized chamber on the bottom of which but a little below the entrance was a nest which in the dim light looked very like a Bluebird's. It was empty & somewhat disarranged but nevertheless deeply hollowed.

Half an hour later I found one of the Nuthatches busily engaged in collecting inner bark from the dead branch of an ash and tucking it into the hole in the elm at North Bridge. I saw only one bird & could not make out its sex. The ♀ of this pair has nearly as black a cap as the ♂.

I spent most of the day transplanting trees at Ball's Hill. But in the afternoon the Grebe which has haunted the river since April 11<sup>th</sup> drove hastily past the cabin. He goes to a certain place to fish for an hour or two in the morning & evening. He is much tamer than he was at first but he very seldom calls. He is in fully adult plumage. What is he doing here? I cannot make out that he has a mate.

I took tea at the cabin & had just finished when

1896

April 23

(No 2.)

Stepping to the door I was amazed to hear a single drumming in the distance over Great Meadow. I should as soon have expected to hear a Whippoorwill for the sun was still half an hour high (it was exactly 6.08 P.M.) and the sky practically cloudless. Hurrying to the canoe I paddled hastily up river to the Bear Den Rapid and then turning to the left pushed out over the flooded meadow. During the time thus occupied the drumming came to my ears at short, regular intervals but there were so many swallows flying over the meadow that I had reached its center (about opposite the Holt) before I caught sight of the Snipe - two birds flying about together in the full light of the sun, drumming every eight or ten seconds. I had a splendid chance to watch their performance which I shall describe exhaustively on another sheet. They kept it up until sunset when they dropped into the meadow & remained silent until it was nearly dark. After this they drummed incessantly until I left them. I walked out nearly to the middle of the meadow & stood there for more than an hour listening to their weird music. I think there were three birds drumming at once but I could see nothing of any of them. Besides the drumming I heard Snipe ~~scrape~~ a great many times. I also heard another sound which I attributed to them but which was wholly new to me. It was very like this kuc-kuc-kuc cry but was repeated much more rapidly (at least four or five times per second) and was kept up without the slightest cessation for from four to ten minutes. On two occasions the bird was apparently on the ground. On the third occasion it seemed to move from place to place. The weather improved very late - until it was quite dark. There was a dropping clouds of Boopis & Hydrog.

1896  
 April 23  
 (No 3)

I mentioned Swallows flying over the meadow this evening. There were about fifty of them, nearly all Winter-bellies. At first they were scattered about feeding but soon after sunset they gathered into a close flock and dashed back & forth past me a number of times acting as if about to go to roost, although there were no bushes or grass or other suitable shelter at hand. What became of them I do not know. They finally disappeared after swooping down past the canoe. It was so dark at the time that I could see them only against the water or sky. I have no doubt that they went to roost somewhere in this meadow.

I heard both Bank & Barn Swallows to-day but neither species seemed to have arrived in force as yet.

1896

April 24 Clear with strong E. wind.

I went to Cambridge to-day. While the train was passing Great Meadow I saw a man with a gun wading over the place where the birds were last winter. Pat afterwards told me that three gunners with a dog were beating the meadow the whole forenoon & that they fired a great many times. Also, for the first time since! They did not stay very long for while in the Buttricks' this evening I could hear him faintly but distinctly - a full mile away.



1896

Concord, Mass.

April 25 Clear and cool with strong S. E. wind.

To Ball's Hill as usual sailing part of the way down and the entire distance back in the afternoon.

At about 10 a. m. two juncos began firing on the Squire ground. Within the next two hours I heard at least twenty shots. I watched them for awhile with my glass and saw them pick up on bird. During much of the time they were thrumping about among the bushes where my Pittman lives. I trembled for his safety but as I was sailing homeward at evening he began thrumping in the usual place.

I saw little of interest to-day save a pair of Hens Ducks flying over the Great Meadows. My Greek did not show himself but perhaps this was because of the strong wind and rough water. There were no migrants in the Ball's Hill woods save our Ruby-crown.

The ♀ Nuthatch was in her hole in the elm at North Bridge this morning looking out. Every minute or two the male brought her a morsel of food which she at once accepted & ate.

At evening I saw a Phoebe fly in under the bridge. As I passed beneath it I stopped & looking up discovered a nest apparently finished with the bird's head showing above the rim. The nest was attached to the upper edge of a rafters directly under the plowding

1896

April 26 A brilliantly clear day with strong S. E. wind.

To Fairbourn for the day starting at 9 A. M. and returning late in the afternoon. I sailed more than half the distance up & practically the whole of the way back.

I saw a solitary Chipping Swift near Red Bridge & heard my first Choe at Nashawtuck Bridge. Another arrival was a Black-throated Green Warbler singing in the big pines opposite Fairbourn Cliffs. Still another was a Towhee which F. Hume told me he had just seen in the Estabrook woods. I expected to hear many Thrushes everywhere but not one sang to me all day.

In addition to the Meadow Lark which sang in the early morning near the house. I heard three other makes & perhaps four. One was in the meadow near the Rutchards' house and two were singing at the same time on neighboring apple trees at the foot of Heard's Hill. On the way home I heard one in each of these places & a third on the French farm.

There were a good many Martins to-day flying high & wobbling delightfully.

I lunched at Conant's & took my photographs there. Henshaw in bloom in the opening & Saxifrage on the cliff.

On the way home landed at the big pines & went into the upper Spruce Swamp for Kalmia glauca. It is much more abundant there than in the Bottom Swamp. The grass is green everywhere.

1896

April 27 A duplicate of yesterday, cloudless, the early morning calm, a strong east wind rising at about 10 a. m. and holding well into the night.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill paddling down in the morning and sailing back at night. I walked through the woods to Amsons in the forenoon and sailed down to Birch Island in the afternoon to oversee the cutting of a number of oaks for a fence about the Mason field.

Brown Thrashers are here in force at last. I heard three different notes in full song - one at Ball's Hill in the oak on the edge of the Holden meadow.

The Red-winged Black birds prowl in this spring. Up to to-day I have seen fewer than usual but there were a good many scattered along the river this afternoon and besides them a flock of fully sixty feeding in a field near the Y-tan. The latter kept flying up into the trees & chirping in weddies acting altogether like newly arrived birds. There were a few females among them.

The Concord gunner with a crutch was hobbling over Great Meadows in the rear of his dog the whole forenoon. He fired his or eight shots down there at Snipe.

1896

April 28

Clear with strong S. W. wind.

To Ball's Hill (for the last time this spring, I fear).  
Sailing down & paddling home at evening.

Spent the day transplanting trees & putting the  
cabin in order for its lonely summer.

Saw a Solitary Sandpiper on the river bank (an  
exceptionally early date I believe) and heard two  
Black-throated Green Warblers in the Ball's Hill woods.

During the past three days the number of Robins,  
Red-wings, Chipping, Flickers & Meadow Larks seem to  
have greatly increased. Can it be that migrants of these  
species have come in so long after the arrival of the  
winterers? To-day the whole country seemed to be  
swarming with them & other common early birds. But  
I noted nothing new except the Sandpiper.

Bluebirds have nearly ceased warbling and Song Sparrows  
have become very silent of late. I saw the latter in  
pairs running like mice among the stems of brooms  
& in old grass along the river bank but very few  
of the males seem to sing even in the early morning.

Swallows have been very numerous these past three  
days. Last evening fully 30 Barn Swallows & nearly  
as many White-bellies were flying over Ball's Hill.  
Only one Swift yesterday & to-day. The main flight  
has not come yet.

1896

April 20

Clear with east wind.

Spent the morning putting away my canoe and  
packing my trunk & in the afternoon took the  
train for Cambridge. No arrivals noted to-day. I  
disturbed long but vainly for *Holobuttes* this morning

1896

May 11

Boston to Lake Umbagog.

Cloudy and cool with light N. to W. wind. Clearing at sunset.

Left Boston by 9 a. m. train over Boston R.R. and reached Portsmouth at 4.30. P. M. There was but little change in the condition of the vegetation the entire distance. Shed Bush in full bloom everywhere. Apple trees not quite in blossom after leaving Portland (they were in full bloom at Cambridge!).

At Portsmouth saw Barn Swallows, Chipping Swifts, Robins, Chipping, and a King bird. Heard Booby Flycatchers, a Warbling Vireo, a Yellow Warbler, and a Herkimer Warbler besides, of course, Robins & Chipping, no Orioles,

" 12 Spent the forenoon in Portsmouth. The morning was clear & cool with a flowy rising N. wind. In addition to the birds noted yesterday heard a Dendroica virens. Two Warbling Vireos this morning but no Orioles. I doubt if the latter have arrived.

" 12 At 11 A. M. started by stage for the Lake. C. H. Johnson who joined me on the arrival of the morning train was on ahead on his bicycle. The drive through to the Lake was one of the most delightful I have ever taken. The air was just pleasantly cool, the sky without a cloud, the mountains entirely free from haze. The only drawback was a strong north wind which pleased the birds & drove them to shelter. Saw comparatively few birds. Chipping were abundant, fair numbers of Swifts & Barn Swallows, two White-crowned Sparrows, a water thrush, & on the shore, a water thrush in a meadow in Chatham. Then heard Hawks in the pines, one Cock Partridge in the fields. No Meadow Larks!

1896

May 13

Clear with light but cool N.W. wind; a simply perfect day.

Took breakfast at 6 a.m. and immediately afterwards started out with Watson taking the road east. During the drive from Bethel yesterday I could detect but little change in the vegetation and that little, though to say, indicated a greater advance south of the North than north of it. Mosswood (Viburnum cruciatoides) Shad-bush, Purple Willows, Red Cherry & Canada Plum were in full bloom the entire distance. The Paper Birch and Poplars were in about half leaf and not a good deal. The Maple in Uman, Maple in Uman & Maple in Uman roadside Uman.

Vegetation  
nearly as  
far advanced  
here as in  
eastern Mass.

This was the condition of things here this morning. In fact the trees and Herbs in the woods about the Lake were nearly as far advanced as they were in Massachusetts when I left there on the 11<sup>th</sup>. Yet the ice went out of Umbagog only a little more than a week ago. The weather here has been very warm. On May 10<sup>th</sup> the thermometer here rose to 95° the same figure precisely that it reached <sup>on that day</sup> at Bethel, at Portland, at Boston and at Chester, Connecticut — according to Messrs. Ashmun.

The country was alive with birds this morning, in fact the winter hosts of the summer residents seem to have already arrived. In the morning of the 11<sup>th</sup> I saw two

Most of the  
summer  
birds already

Nashville, Parula, Black-throated Blue, Cape May, Black-burnian, & here Black & Yellow Warblers, the Oven bird, Water Thrush and Red start, the Philadelphia Vireo, a White-crowned sparrow, numerous of Junco, White-throated, Chipping & Song sparrows, a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, a Kingbird, many Swifts & Barn Swallows & a few Star Swallows besides others.

1896

May 13

no 2

There were at least two Philadelphia Vireos for I heard one singing Philadelphia Vireos after shooting one (which proved to be a male although it was silent). They were in old-growth yellow birch & beech woods in the deep hollow just east of the Brown clearing.

In this Brown clearing we heard a Woodcock jumping east coming Woodcock and we searched the covers in the neighborhood closely this morning but without success although we stalked the male bird on the upper side of the east path where it crosses the run. Higher up on the hillside in a thin growth of <sup>young</sup> poplars & birches nest of Hermit Thrush with a few young Humes & balsams intermingled. Watson found a Hermit Thrush's nest containing 4 fresh eggs. The nest was in the side of a mound covered with last year's beeches most of them broken down, some partially overhanging the nest which, however, was so exposed the W. found it without flushing the bird which, indeed, he did not see at all.

In the afternoon I crossed the Lake House with Jim in a new sailing canoe which he made for me last winter a larger & able sailing canoe than any that I have ever before used. At the mill I changed to my old canoe which I paddled back. Visit Lake House

There are few shrubs left in the Lake House meadows the lumbermen having cut most of them down. I saw no White-bellied Swallows and but few Howard Goshawks there. Shrub nearly all gone.

In the evening Watson & I walked to the Sargent clearing having a Wilson's Thrush calling by the Lake House & two Woodcocks jumping in the field pasture about 1/2 mi. S. of Fox and house. In mid May & June there are some times. Very Woodcock



1896

May 14

Clear and warm although there was a rather fresh N. wind after 10 a.m.

Arrivals: Swainson's Thrush (1 calling, 1 singing at evening) Wood Thrush (1 calling at evening) Bobolink (heard chattering high in air at 10 a.m., one in full song in the fields near the house at noon).

Watrous & I spent the better part of the forenoon in the woods & thicket at the east end of the Brown clearing. Our especial object was to find the Woodcock's nest which I was lucky enough to stumble on after about an hour's search. It was near the lower end of the run about midway between the cart path and the road on a low mound covered with blueberry bushes & dead brambles, surrounded by scattered vines, ferns & other plants and in a place fully exposed to the sun. I had stopped for a moment to look around when the bird rose within about 5 ft. of me & I at once saw the nest & eggs. The latter were quite fresh but two of them had cracks radiating from a common center & leading us to think at first that the eggs were about to hatch. I took five photographs of this nest and one of the nest of the Hermit Thrush which I found nearby. The nest was fairly in place. I put up my camera within three feet of the nest & the came back to her egg three or four times but she flew off the nest each time I returned before I could bring the shutter. After the first failure I built a booth of pine boughs about the camera. This did not deter her from resuming her place but it also did not keep her sufficiently from her keen eyes. He left the nest unobserved by me until again they were taken.

Watrous found a Partridge's nest with four eggs. It was under some fallen branches near a fence & only three or four inches from the road. The bird ran off out of sight but she left all but one egg covered with leaves.

Herons.

Nest of  
WoodcockPhotographing  
nest of  
Hermit Thrush  
Behavior of  
sitting bird.

1896

May 14

(No 2.)

In the afternoon we went down into the Baker House cove taking most of the way. Landing at Parker's brook we had a drink at the spring and started a White-crowned Sparrow from a fallen log - a beautiful bird so tame that I got within 8 ft. of it. There was 1 ♀ White-throat with it and the two acted precisely as if they were

White-crowned  
Sparrow.

Six White-bellied Swallows (evidently three pairs) were flying about the studs opposite the mouth of the brook. There were also a number of Red-wings & Browned Grackles among the studs & in the flooded thickets! We took two sets of 4 eggs each of the Grackles from nests in young balsams on an island near the Baker House landing. There were three Grackles' nests in one small balsam but only one had eggs & another was certainly an old nest. One old nest was placed in a tall alder.

Tree Swallows,  
Red-wings,  
Browned  
Grackles

We saw two Solitary Sandpipers, both on floating drift wood in cove on the wooded shores of the lake.

Solitary  
Sandpipers

After tea we walked to the Peasey White farm. Birds thronged about although the evening was clear & still. Near Sargent's flushed a Spotted Sandpiper from a bank on the roadside in which we found a hollow with the beginning of an nest. Just behind Sargent's barn were three White-crowned Sparrows hopping about together on the turf, a beautiful sight.

Nest of  
Spotted  
Sandpiper.  
White-crowned  
Sparrows

Reaching White's we sat down on a knoll on the edge of a grove of young hemlock spruces. ~~birds were singing in the fields below us.~~ Several Savannah Sparrows singing in the fields below us. A White-crowned Sparrow fluttering along a bush fence calling white (very like a Cuckoo but a little fuller & more guttural). A Swainson's Thrush sang a few bars in the spruces. A Hermit called but would not sing. Then a Wood Thrush gave his hoarse, rattling challenge (whit-tit-tit-tit) a dozen times or more within twenty yards or less. No bird is making this call in this district

White-crowned  
Sparrow.  
Wood Thrush

1895

May 14

(No 3)

evening air, Watrous heard it first & at once exclaimed "there - Wood Thrush." I was making a vain at the moment & the notes failed to reach my ear. So I replied "there are no Wood Thrushes in this region." But the note instant I had to acknowledge my mistake.

I Robin also sang freely in these places & I assume I saw a few. They were apparently well in coming the trees which grow very thickly.

We now retraced our steps to the salgent pasture where we found two Woodcocks singing & peeping, with occasionally faint peeps from the hill, with rising. Perhaps this incident helped them a bit but certain it is that I never remember to have found them so happy singing before. Watrous was very much interested about both matters & also was struck the Woodcock song here for the first time ~~from~~ by several strong affirmations of the song this evening. It is surprising that any one can deny its great musical merit. It does not suffer by comparison with the evening plain bird songs of this season. In fact, on the contrary, seems to be one of the most beautiful of these. The birds are about 100 yards apart from in a perfectly open, rough, unimproved pasture 100 yards from my door. The other are a thrush, that formerly shared with the evening catbirds, warblers & other songbirds.

Song of the  
Woodcock

Lake Umbagog.



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for

hand

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g.

and

and

1890

May 15

Lake Umbagog

Clear and warm. The forenoon dead calm, a fresh breeze from the S.W.

Went to Frog Pond, Dendroica coronata (1/2 ♂), Geothlypis trichas  
Dendroica virens, Geothlypis trichas (1/2), Habia ludoviciana (1/2), Certhia  
small (1/2)

Spent the forenoon on the Lake with Watsons rowing across to B. Point  
 and up the coast shore to the deep, narrow cove near the Kidwell place  
 & sailing back at noon. Landed in the cove behind B. Point and  
 spent about two hours roving about in the fine old beech & maple  
 woods on the hill W. of the Stone farm. Many Woodpeckers in these woods.  
 Saw a Hairy, three Downies and two pairs of Yellow Bellies. There are  
 so few birds left about the Lake that the Woodpeckers seem to have  
 nearly devastated it there. A White-bellied Nuthatch in these beech & maple  
 woods.

A Hawk was circling among the flocks on B. Point, a ♂ Buteo latissimus  
 sitting in a birch over the water & so tame that we passed nearly under  
 him, a pair of Whistlers, a single ♀ Whistler, and a Black Duck in  
 the cove just W. of the point. Two Bay Breasted Warblers singing in  
 these woods beyond. Yellow rumps abundant all along the shore.  
 Started a Flying Squirrel from a hole in a flitch which stood in the water  
 20 ft. from shore very near the site of my old boat tree.  
 In the narrow deep cove saw the cut out hole where Eliza Cobbley & I took  
 a lot of Hairy Woodpecker's eggs in 1880 or 1881.

Spent P. M. searching the Sargent opening for Woodcock's nests. Flushed  
 two ♂♂ & 1 ♀ but found no nest. Watsons stumbled on a Partridge's nest  
 on the edge of an alder run. I sitting & so tame that she did not move  
 when W. struck the bush possibly not 6 inches above her head & so that  
 he did not disturb her by opening the nest. I found a Hermit Thrush's  
 nest with 4 fresh cooling eggs in paper scraps, about 18 ft. from edge of pasture.  
 Saw a Chimney Swift in a brick house & made it at least 1/2 way down.

Woodpeckers  
 have left Lake  
 shores & taken to  
 upland woods.  
 Saw a coronatus

1. cond. Hawk.  
 Broad W. Hawk  
 Ducks.  
 Bay Br. Warblers  
 Yellow rumps  
 Flying Squirrel

Woodcock.  
 Nest of a  
 Partridge  
 Nest of  
 Hermit Thrush  
 Chimney Swift

1895  
May 16

A fine day, the sun is out, and the birds are out.

I spent the forenoon walking on the new canoe with Jim & finally walking over to the Ball House to get down again to preserve the bird's track which I shot yesterday. Then several Herring Gulls circling over the Ball. I flushed a Black Duck near the floating island and a fine ♂ Wood Duck of B. Point. The latter flew only a few yards, then dropped back to the water among some drift wood. Herring Gulls  
Black Duck  
Wood Duck ♂

Not far from the morning breakfast the bird was seen in the yard. I found a bird's nest with bird sitting on it. I did not disturb it. He also found two very young ones, one with 5 or 6 eggs in it. Immediately after this I found a bird's nest with 5 eggs in it. It is a fine large nest in the grass, just below the edge of the woods, about 10 yards from the road. I saw the bird sitting on it. I visited this nest together on June 1st & again on June 2nd. The bird was on both times. At 6 P.M. the bird was about the nest found to contain 5 eggs. At 7 P.M. the bird was also not sitting but I think I heard her go. The ♂ was drumming at 5 P.M. on the hillside about 30 yds. off.

Just night we heard a woodcock purring & hissing for the first time on the knoll S.E. of the house. We searched for the nest this P.M. following the edge of the woods from the hill top down. About 50 yds. below the road Adams flushed a bird among dense spruces. 30 yds. further down on the edge of the little fern-grown opening within 20 yds. of the Ball - the opening where I have shot so many woodcock in September past - I found the nest. It was at the foot of a little island 2 ft. high in a small pond with long blades of grass. It was placed about 10 yds. away from the water. This nest was within 20 yds. of the road. Found in 1880.

Woodcock's  
nest

1896

May 16

No 2

After leaving the Woodcock's nest in the field across to the Moon clearing  
I visited the Hermit Thrush's, & sitting but they rising at 10 to 15 feet.  
I took a photograph and was joined by a variety of birds, but not a sparrow.  
The Hermit Thrush's were near the road, House Sparrows, 6 sp., and  
a few more.

Went to deep hollow in Abbott clearing (George Abbott's deserted farm)  
& finally back to the at 6 P.M.

Three Cape May Warblers heard & flying in the field. They seem to be nesting  
on the hummock as I find the same birds in the same places after  
after day. Two of them were in pasture hummocks; the third on the  
edge of the woods with a Kinglet (*R. satrapa*), a Black-Groove, Yellow-throated  
Vireo, a Thrasher Blue and Ashville Warbler, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, an  
in black-throated Sparrow, also a White-throated Sparrow, singing within an acre  
of the same or less.

At evening went up on the knoll behind the Barn to hear the  
Woodcock. He came flying from the corn at 7.30 and skimming  
close over the ground alighted well out in the field & began piping.  
For half an hour or more he sang at least as often as once in two  
minutes. Sometimes at intervals of only a few seconds. The  
notes were through my glass during his entire flight, but made  
out nothing new. He pitched down very deep notes which piping  
He had no particular piping station but alighted at different  
places. His position is fully 300 yards from the nest.  
I doubt if the piping can be heard at all out the nest  
but the song can be easily.

Hermit Thrush

Cape May

Song of the  
Woodcock

Lake Umbagog.





1896

May 17

morning clear and very warm with light S. W. wind. 1 P. M. cloudy with showers  
a clear evening.

Started out with Watsons immediately after breakfast taking my camera.  
Visited the Partridge's nest near the house first but the bird was absent.  
Next tried the nest in the tall alders near Sargent's. Bird was. I took  
one photograph at about 10 feet then tried to get another at 5 feet  
but after I had adjusted my tripod the bird started down off.  
Left her for an hour but on returning found her sitting in the alders  
again.

Partridge's  
nest.

We then crossed the pasture to the W. end of the Peasey White farm  
where Watsons showed me a Partridge's nest which he found yesterday.  
It was in a very exposed place, quite outside even the  
wild cherry & other underbrush that formed the border of the woods  
in the side of a mound under a few dead Willows (the remains of  
an old brush fence) in the full glare of the sun and actually  
in the line of a path leading from the edge of the woods.  
Took three photographs & started the bird while trying for a fourth at a distance  
of about 4 feet. She did not return although we waited some time.

Partridge's  
nest.

We then went back to the nest in the alders. Bird on but wild this time  
starting when we were 10 ft. off.

I next took three photographs of the Minut Hen's nest found on the 15<sup>th</sup> on  
of the bird while sitting working my camera behind a rail fence about 12 ft off.  
Spent the afternoon in the house writing.

At dinner this evening a White-crowned Sparrow sang loudly for an hour or so  
near the house. Later I found three birds, all adults, behind the barn where  
they spent the day. I was not sufficiently under cover to note them accurately  
but it impressed me at the time as being wild, clear & very musical.  
We saw one of these Sparrows yesterday afternoon in a pasture among  
fine-chained thorns. They seem to avoid the woods & to haunt  
especially the neighborhood of young trees & the

White-crowned  
Sparrows.

1895

May 17

(hs 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Despite the warm weather of the last three days vegetation does not  
seem to have advanced very materially. The poplar & Birch foliage has  
perhaps thickened a little but there is still little shade save under  
sycamores. Kalmia continues in full bloom and the Red Birch, White  
Birch, Red Cherry & Canada Pear have not begun to cast their petals.  
The woods are simply charming here at this season and with  
black flies nor mosquitoes have begun their tortures.

Many birds arrived last night but the only two new to my list were the Canadian Warbler & Red-eyed Vireo. The latter were abundant & in full song everywhere this morning. I also heard at least two ~~Sooty~~ <sup>Philadelphia</sup> Vireos. There are no Wilson's Vireos here this year and, strange to say, no Chimney Swifts either. In our own nest, Kinglets & Winter Wrens are so scarce that thus far I have noted only one of each.

Harvard. Yellow. Usually <sup>various</sup> this spring for the

Our boat-side Woodcock fairly outdid himself to-night. He began jumping at about 7.30 in the field below the road about ten yards from the edge of the cover and not over 60 yards from the coast. I thought at first that he was going to bring here but after jumping at irregular intervals for a few minutes he rose and flew to the top of the hill behind the barn the old place, skimming low over the ground but rising four or five feet above the top. Thence of the barbed wire fence as if aware of its position and danger. When reaching the hill-top he began his long flights going up every minute or so and half for the next half hour but ceasing before he became quite dark. His notes probably and he had off a long one and he went to the coast to see.

Vegetation.

*irrevocable*

Philadelph. Venus

Scarcity of  
creepers, Kinglets  
Winter Wrens

1. eva week

Sings nearly  
200 yards  
from nest.

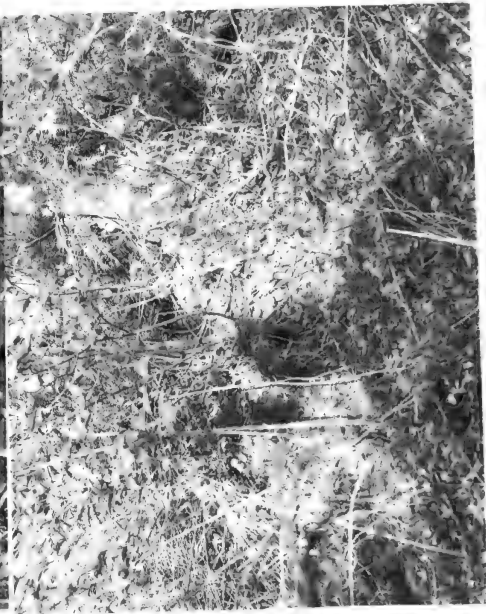
Lake Umbagog.



ab  
abba



a bla



1896  
May 18

Cloudy with showers. High S. W. wind.

At 7 A.M. as we were sitting on the piazza a Red-headed Woodpecker in fully adult plumage came flying over the meadows from the direction of the lake and alighted on a fence post nearly in front of the house. He then flew from post to post and finally entered a young apple orchard where he was at once attacked with great violence by a Robin who finally drove him off into the woods.

Red-headed  
Woodpecker

A pair of Ospreys hunted this end of the lake and are frequently in sight from the house. They are catching Sucklers chiefly. Two yesterday one of them flew past the house within 200 yds. carrying in its feet one of those large fish which seemed to be alive and slowly waving its tail from side to side although this movement may have been caused by the bird's flight.

Osprey  
catching  
Sucklers

First apple blossoms out to-day. The vegetation under the influence of the warm rain advanced rapidly and by evening the roadside thickets of alder, mountain maple, cornel etc. showed very green with the unfolding

Vegetation.  
First apple  
blossoms.

In the forenoon I went out in the sailing canoe, sailing to the island back. Watsons reached the corner on the Sargent farm again. I returned to the house in the forenoon making an inspection of the but finding nothing although we looked several hills at west of which was a ♀. They acted as if they were not breeding at all. The cone was "bored" & "chattered" from one end to the other.

Woodcock

Saw three Garter Snakes and a large Hare. The latter hopped to the top of an old crumbling pine stump where he sat motionless for several minutes, we standing within ten feet of him. I moved

Garter Snakes  
Waiting to





Lake Umbagog.





1896

May 20

Lake Umbagog.

Clear with W. to S.W. wind moderate to strong.

Spent the forenoon photographing visiting four Partridge's nests which Watson has found and getting five pictures of all the nests and off them of the killing birds. The weather was clear before I could get the camera in position. One nest on one side of road to each 7 eggs is on the east side of the Brown clearing, another in the woods just east of Lakeside, a third at the head of Pond No. 1, and the fourth (the nest visited on the 17<sup>th</sup>) on the W. side of the Pearly White opening.

Photographing

During my walk I heard two Cape May Warblers singing & saw one of them probing the terminal buds of a tall Spruce after the fashion of their species.

Cape May  
Warblers.

While crossing the Pearly White opening I started a savanna sparrow nest of some brown shrub, fine dry grass where I found a deep hollow lined with fine grass - blades - the beginning of a nest probably.

Savanna Sp.

There were three Broad winged Hawks on the edge of the woods near the Partridge's nest in the White clearing, two hovering in circles together screaming, the third sitting on a stub near me, also screaming. I hear these Hawks every day.

Broad wing  
Hawks

In some pasture spruces lower down the hill I had an interesting experience with two Hares. One a very large animal in full summer pelage started from its form under a young spruce and stopped off a few rods when it joined, or was joined by, the other a smaller specimen with much white about the ears. After this the two kept together moving along slowly melting in the vegetation as they went. I tried hard for a photograph but although they would allow me to approach within 10 or 15 feet they would not remain still long enough for me to focus them.

Varying  
Hares

Spent the afternoon in the house. One Woodcock & the Brown clearing bird in full song this evening.



1896

May 21

Clear until midnight W. & S. E. wind, E. in the afternoon.

Photographing again this morning under the most favorable conditions for the light was very clear & strong and in the woods the wind did little harm.

Visited three of our Partridge's nests and photographed two of the sitting birds but the third, the one on the eastern edge of the Brown clearing was too shy to allow me to focus on her. Watson took two sets of eggs in the afternoon. The bird in the Ballsblow woods was spared. After an interval of several days she laid a sixth egg this morning (there were four from yesterday). Still more unusual, however, is the fact that the bird nesting at the head of the Sweet Corn near the woods, laid one egg 5 days between 12 noon & 3 P.M. When I photographed it at the former hour there were as many flat shells and as I made certain by careful counts, but 10 eggs. But at 3 P.M. Watson found 11 in the nest. Moreover when we blew them, we found that one egg was perfectly fresh while the other ten were all incubated from four or five days.

Two of the Cape May Warblers which we have located were singing in the usual places this morning. I did not have an opportunity to visit the haunts of the other three. These Warblers are evidently among the most sedentary of all birds. There can be no question that they are now settled for the summer and intending to breed.

Since the Red-eyes have become numerous I have not heard of the Philadelphia Vireos. At least some of them must have remained but all the birds that I have followed up lately have proved to be Red-eyes.

Photographing

11 visit to  
three different  
Partridge  
nests

Cape May  
Warblers

Philadelphia  
Vireos

1896

May 21  
(No 2)

Early this morning I found a Cat-bird in a thicket of raspberry & elder bushes by the roadside in the Brown meadow. It was silent, listless & tame appearing to be tired as if it had only just arrived which, indeed, must have been the case as I have passed the place every morning for the last three days.

In the same thicket I saw a male Red-legs this to-day. There was one chirping in the White pasture yesterday.

Red-legs

birds

My Savanna Sparrow's nest in Ballsbridge meadow had two eggs this afternoon. The male sings within from 20 to 60 yards of this nest. There are in all three pairs - or at least three males - in this meadow.

Savanna

Sparrow

In the afternoon we tried to photograph a Pouter which Watsons caught in the Purple ferns & brought in yesterday. It proved a difficult task for the light was poor & the bird proved as stubborn as a mule proceeding off steadily till on my mind with them left in a moment on the ground and when driven up a the crouching or stretching his tail increasing nervously, starting to climb a little higher just after I had focused him and was about in or upon the plate. I got on a two fair exposures, however.

Photographing

birds

Apple trees in full bloom to-day and the foliage in the woods growing rapidly denser.

Apple trees

in bloom

Saw a Red-start beginning her nest this morning literally lay in the first strands - in the fork of a maple in the woods east of Ballsbridge.

Red-start

begin nest

Lake Umbagog.



Lake Umbagog.



1896

May 22

Head

Pine Point.

Afternoon cloudy with S.W. wind and light showers. Early  
afternoon clear & warm. Heavy thunder showers commenced  
by a fall of wind from S.W. in the late afternoon.

Mr. Bonner opened the Canal at this place this morning. Mr. J. J. J.  
and Watson & I joined him this morning. In the morning  
we took the boat to the two lagoons, the North Pine River, the  
lagoon, the little Golden-eyed Duck pond, and the small  
lagoon. The boat seemed to be pretty empty  
his collection in the whole lake.

The first of the morning rather in the woods on Pine Point. Small  
several were scattered there on a plain. A number of them  
were seen. Having never visited the place before in spring  
I was eager to know what birds were found there. Before  
the steamer reached the point I heard a White-throated  
Sparrow in the woods and the voices of Red-bellied Nuthatches,  
Parula, Yellow-rumped, Blackburnian, and Black & Yellow  
Warblers greeted me from every side as I followed the  
foot path to the camp. Swifts & Barn Swallows were flying  
just above the trees twittering. A little later a Winter Wren, only  
the third I have heard about the lake this year, burst  
into song close behind the camp. There were no sparrows  
of any kind & no Bay-breasted or Black-throated Green Warblers.  
(The last seems to be a rare bird at Umbagog this year,  
I heard one this winter in Red-eye in Philadelphia.)  
After dinner Watson followed the wood road to Rapid River  
but saw nothing of much interest. He reported numbers of  
Warblers but he does not know them well enough to identify them.

During a walk which I took to Ogden's Point between 5 & 6 P.M.





1896

May 28  
(1896)

1896

Plumage quite as we reached the camp. Plumage was well and several birds on the island were killed. A Philadelphia and two other Red-eyes. The Philadelphia had a wing, the wing & tail were almost exactly like a Solitary but the wing was wider than with either the Solitary or Red-eye. The bird but it must have been a Philadelphia. There were no more signs of other birds & we were very early in the morning.

After tea at about 6.30 P.M. Watson & I went across the island and back by way of the Andersons Richardson's Cove. The water was so high that we could not go on the island. It took the boat to touch bottom on the Moon Point marshes.

We saw three Ducks (two Black Ducks, a pair, evidently, and a Solitary ♀ Goose, all flying) two very Black Bald Eagles one on the Eagle tree, the other on a stub on the island) several pairs of Murrelets, four White-bellied Swallows, a ♀ Marsh Hawk & a Crow. A Cat-bird was in full song on the island and Song Sparrows were very numerous among the shrubs hundreds of yards from any dry land but thought to say there were apparently no more Sparrows. The most common of the birds were the Water Thrushes which literally swarmed along the north shore of Bennett's Pond where for a long distance were often singing within hearing of one another, they sang in quick succession so that one song immediately followed another. The birds among the shrubs on the island at the end of the pond, an Olive-back, and two Maryland Yellow-throats, and one Red-winged Blackbird.

Just as we were leaving the place a Thrush which was either a Gray check or a Pickwell's gave the night hawk a deep trill & then began singing before 7 p.m. for 10 minutes or more. It was singing to the night hawk.

1. Black Ducks  
2. Geese.  
3. Bald Eagle.  
4. Marsh Hawk  
5. Cat-bird.  
6. Song Sparrow

Water Thrush

Hill's Thrush

Bicknell's Thrush

1896

May 23

Clear with fresh N.W. wind

I spent the forenoon at camp helping Jim make some alterations in the new sailing canoe. A Yellow-bellied Flycatcher calling among the Hemlocks just above the landing. The woods all over the point alive with warblers.

but I don't

see at

with warblers

Watson scoured the country to the eastward (where Mason logged several winters ago) and coming in at noon reported finding a Red-bellied Nuthatch's nest and also the nest of a Downy Woodpecker. Immediately after dinner Jim and I accompanied him to these nests taking a long rope, axe, saw etc. The Nuthatch's nest was in a balsam stick about 15 ft. above the ground. Watson sawed off the stick three, four just above the hole, over a little below it, and again below the nest which contained a set of six eggs to near hatching that it is doubtful if we can save them. The ♀ was sitting. She came out when we tapped hard on the stick & we did not see her again. There was much pitch about the hole.

Here is

Canada

with stick

The Downy's nest was about 35 ft. above the ground in a very cotton yellow birch stick. Watson threw the rope across near the hole and attached both ends to sound trees. He then went out on the rope clinging by his hands and reached the stick about which he wound his legs and cut out the hole at his leisure. The Woodpeckers, who were kept flying to & fro alighting on the stick & entering the hole over & over while W. was within a few yards of it. The nest contained a fine set of six nearly fresh eggs.

We spent a good part of the afternoon hammering about over the rough logging roads which intersect this

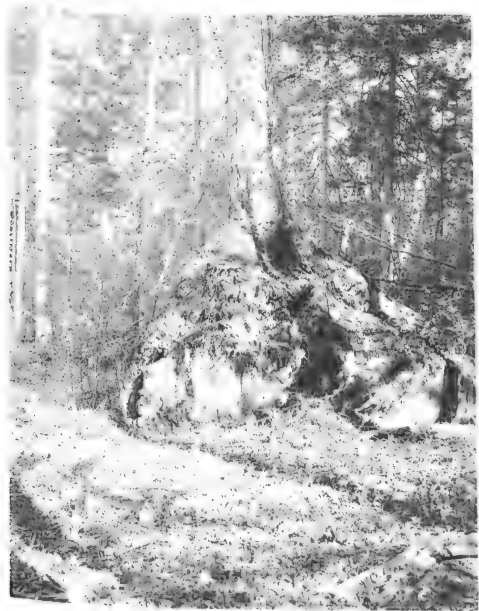


Lake Umbagog.





116



1896

May 24

Early morning slightly hazy but sunny, warm and clear calm.  
Afternoon cloudy with fresh S. E. wind.

We breakfast at <sup>5:00</sup> 6 o'clock here. The woods rang with bird songs as we sat at table in the open camp this morning for Swainson's Thrushes, a Winter Wren, numerous Black-burnian and Parula Warblers, two or three Bay-breasted, a Black-throated Green, a Yellow-rump, <sup>a Water Thrush,</sup> a two Red-eyed Vireos & a Yellow-bellied Flycatcher were flitting about in the bushes close about the camp. Half an hour later I walked to Oxford's camping ground, in the tall bushes near the point a Philadelphia Vireo was giving a leisurely breakfast. It was a very yellow specimen, silent & slow & listless of movement - keeping fifty feet or more above the ground.

Deer were using our paths freely. I saw perfectly fresh tracks in several places within fifty yards of our camp. Soon after returning from this walk I heard a Robin & a Pine Siskin and found a Red-bellied Nuthatch's nest in a paper brick shed on the edge of the Little Spring at the west end of the point. The ♀ was sitting but she came out when I rapped at her door. I spent a good part of the remainder of the day watching this nest with great interest & some profit. With regularly at intervals varying from 10 minutes the ♂ came to it with a bill full of insects - large, gray-winged Diptera they looked like. He always alighted at exactly the same spot a little below & to the right of the nest invariably, just after getting his foothold, called (as I note new to me) in low but incisive tones. Immediately the ♀ of the ♀ would appear at the opening (I could see nothing but her bill) and after <sup>thrusting</sup> the food into it the male would fly off in silence for a fresh supply.

Pine Point

birds singing  
in a  
morning

Philadelphia  
Vireo

Deer

Robin  
Canada  
Nuthatch



1896

May 25

Cloudless, the early morning calm, the remainder of day with fresh S.E. wind.

Immediately after breakfast I made two photographs on the hemlock knoll, one of a Hobb's Finch in full bloom on the left of the path, the other of the two boulders between which the path passes. Then at work I heard great numbers of birds, among them two Song-Sparrows, a Winter Wren and very many Black-throats. A pair of Juncos hopping about leisurely in the opening which we heard not far from the path, drumming and on the old drumming log but about fifty yards from it in the dense woods at the foot of the hemlock-covered slope is no exception.

The rest of the forenoon was devoted to the Hutton's nest found yesterday at the end of our point. Jim had put up a board on the side of a birch about 2 ft. from the north end on this board I adjusted my camera and snapped at the male Hutton's when he came with food for his mate. I made six or eight exposures with fair success but I should have done better had the board been placed 5 or 10 feet from the hole for the bird was never quite still and I could not give time enough to get clearness of definition and firmness of outline. This was proved by the fact that all the impressions of the bird are rather thin and a trifle vague which have of course blurred outlines unless the <sup>whole</sup> bird looks perfectly. I got a picture of the ♀ as she was clinging to the stick just before entering the hole. This was a difficult task for she usually flew in, without so much as touching her feet to the edge of the hole. The ♂ fed her at intervals of from 10 to 30 minutes and once twice within 5 minutes. He usually brought rather old <sup>old</sup> <sup>small</sup> <sup>white</sup> <sup>seed</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>things</sup> in his bill. Pretty, interesting little creatures these Canada Huttons!



1896

May 25  
(No 2)

Shortly after dinner Watson & I started out in the big boat. There was much wind and a heavy sea on the middle lake so we rounded the point and took the south-east shore of North Arm furnishing deep into old tree woods, stopping at the points that showed Woodpeckers' or other holes, landing on some of the points & islands to look for Black Ducks' nests ~~and~~ in those following the old island and arriving in my own mind many of the old days when, with Alva Cookidge, I have skirted these same shores and, no doubt, rapped on the very same stumps and looked suspiciously at the same Woodpecker holes, as well preserved now as then, perhaps, for in the dry ash & maple stumps I believe they will last half a century or the least.

In Brandy Bedge Cove we saw a Pileated Woodpecker and a ♀. Remember that winter was obnoxious to entering the provisions of its nest. It was so windy that the mother birds sang but with but we heard Yellow-throats on all the points & ~~heard~~ everywhere a few of the other Woodpeckers. White Head Green Warblers on Bay Street. We also saw two and heard a Wood Pewee - perched on the top of a tall tree - as well as several Olive Sided Flycatchers.

Spotted Sandpipers were unexpectedly numerous in the cove & on the points all along the shores. We saw at least 5 or 10 but could discover no nests nor, indeed, any suitable places for them.

We reached Rapid River at 4.30 too late to walk more than a brief inspection to the forest of tall, garnet trees which still line the shores near the mouth of this stream. There were very many birds here - a pair of Ospreys, a young Bald Eagle, a pair of Black Ducks, a pair of Herring Gulls, a Brown Grackle, a single Red-wing & one pair (only) of White-bellied Swallows with the usual abundance of small

Next morning  
along the  
shores of the  
lake.

Woodpecker holes  
last indefinitely

Pileated W.

Wood Pewee  
Olive Sided F.

Spotted  
Sandpipers

Rapid River

Ospreys  
Bald Eagle  
Black Ducks  
Herring Gulls  
Red-wing B  
in water

1895

hang as

1203.

They all, much like yellow warblers, have thin bills, a  
small flock of other birds, a broad winged Hawk.  
He found only one occupied nest, that of a North shrike, &  
was in a small shrub growing near some woods in water less or than one half. There was a little  
fresh pitch just below the hole from which some of the  
nesting material protruded. Then I was at the hole at  
work either on this material or at the pitch when we first  
saw the nest. But she flew to another shrub afterwards  
& joined her mate there.

Charles Johnson who is with the main group. I recall that  
settled on it this evening. He says that a Canadian boy saw  
him. Charles has just seen the flying saucer the same day.  
The whole thing just strikes me as being a well meant  
attribution. Jim & I have been over in the forest above  
the hospital camp site. Jim thought it was very near the  
camp. I was pretty much to consider it, much to my  
chagrin.

Readers

The Black jacks & mosquitoes are already on the war path & increasing from day to day but as yet they do not trouble us seriously. Billiards are going out & Brown that the Hobbs Brothers do not seem to have as yet one of their moving pictures.



122. *Umbagog*.



1896

May 26

## Lake Umbagog.

Cloudy with fresh S. E. wind and light showers in the forenoon clearing a little before sunset.

Watrous and I went down the Lake this morning, the former to get two Lawrence Sparrows' nests in the meadow between Lakeside Hotel & the Lake, nests found by us last week, one by me, empty but finished, May 15, having two eggs May 21, the other by Watrous empty but finished May 14 with three eggs May 21. To-day Watrous took my nest with 4 eggs, his nest with 5 eggs both sets being slightly incubated & evidently complete. He searched a good deal for fresh nests and found one in the Lakeside meadow empty but apparently finished. He reports ten Barn Swallows' nests (all new but empty) in a row on a beam in the Steamer Boat house. He also went through the Woodcock ground on the Sergeant farm & finished some birds, then being weathered down on place.

1. 1. 1.  
2. 1. 1.  
Sparrows.

Nest of  
Barn Swallow  
in boat house.  
2. 1. 1.

I spent the day at camp writing. I had no lack of company for the birds and animals were all about me. A Swainson's Thrush after inspecting our fire place hopped across the stone flooring between it and the camp, passing within 8 ft. of me.

11. 1. 1.  
Swainson's  
Thrush

Later in the afternoon I sailed down the Lake to and on returning boat.

I see Herring Gulls daily flying about over the Lake or sailing on rocks or floating logs. We also saw them at evening

1. 1. 1.  
Herring Gulls

1896.

May 27

Lake Umbagog.

Clear, the air wholly free from haze, a violent W. wind blowing in  
fifteen gusts and raising a heavy sea on the lake.

Nations and I started off in the big boat immediately after  
breakfast rowing across to Richardson's Bay and thence following the  
shore southward as far as the narrows entering every little cove and  
pounding on every flat that there had a hole of any kind. In  
the flats we found two Downy Woodpeckers' nests and two Herons' nests  
from which the birds came out when we rapped at their doors  
but none of which we disturbed. We also found a Song Sparrow's nest  
on the island in Black Island Cove, pretty hidden under some  
driftwood & containing three eggs.

In the cove just south of my old camping ground near the two  
tall pines we came upon a Black Duck which had apparently just  
swum out from a little island & which acted very suspiciously  
allowing us to come within gunshot & then flying slowly around us  
within twenty yards. We could find no nest, however, although we  
searched the island and the neighboring shores of the mainland  
very thoroughly.

Near this island a pair of Wrens, a pair of Purple Martins, &  
a number of Barn, Saw & Tree Swallows were flying about and one  
Olive-backed Flycatcher coming from a tall flat.

All along the shores, especially on the points and on every little  
island we started spotted sandpeeps singly or in pairs. They behaved  
as if they had nests that we searched vainly for in vain.

Charlie Tidwell reported seeing a Wood Duck fly from the top of a  
flat as the boat was passing close in shore just above the narrows  
but although flats & half dead trees are numerous there we found  
no very good-looking holes & could find nothing resembling a  
Duck. We landed on Middle Island where we found one of the  
Swallows' nests & saw Song Sparrows, Yellow-rumps, a Water Thrush.

1896

May 27

(No 2)

At about 8 o'clock this evening as we were sitting in camp  
 first a loud, startling ow, ow came from the dense evergreen woods  
 directly behind the camp. Jim said at first that it was an Owl  
 when a moment later we heard the snapping of dead sticks & the  
 foot-fall of some apparently heavy animal he pronounced it to be a  
 Hedgehog (Pecunia). The creature passed close by down towards the  
 point calling low at first, then increasing its voice  
 and increasing the volume until it produced a succession of really  
 loud and exceedingly human-like howls. All this was exciting enough  
 for neither Watson nor I could believe that a Hedgehog could  
 make so much noise. This impression was remarkably strengthened  
 when, a little later, provided with a gun and a lantern we entered  
 the woods and following up the sound started a creature that,  
 in the dim light, looked as big as a brown bear and bounded  
 off along the path nearly as fast as a man can run striking the  
 ground with a succession of quick, loud thumps. But after we  
 had chased it a few rods it took to a tree - a large hemlock  
 and climbing up by a single jet stopped when, bringing the  
 lantern to bear, we found that Jim was right for, clinging  
 to the rough bark, was a Hedgehog of the largest size, with  
 every quill erect (he had an unusually formidable equipment of  
 them) and the short, flat tail bristling threateningly from back  
 to side. Probably he moved higher by short leaps, not without  
 effort, shunning or reversing all movement after the manner of a  
 boy, stopping every few feet to rest and breathing heavily.  
 The expectation excited him his ears were pulled forward  
 on the back. He kept him in the tree out an hour after he  
 began gnawing at a small tree which had contained water &  
 which lay against the wall of the camp. He kept to work at  
 this all night to our no small discomfort for no one of us was  
 able to sleep much. By morning he had gnawed away on the

1896

May 27

(No 3)

of the ind. I was interested to find on the ground side it  
several of his smaller quills showing that they must be  
very easily and frequently detached. He did not call again  
during the night.

During the chase of the hedgehog we started a Rabbit which, on our return, we found sitting up on its hind legs in the path. He stopped, when, almost immediately, and with no apparent fear but evidently impelled by a burning curiosity, the ordinarily timid animal came hopping towards us approaching within a yard of the light. It was in summer pelage but with a good deal of white about the ears.

egg. No.  
attached to  
a jack light.

Soon after this the Saw-whet Owl at Wood's Rock began  
flying and kept it up without the slightest cessation for two  
or three minutes. We could hear him distinctly but faintly  
although the distance is nearly if not quite  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.  
The air, of course, was perfectly still at the time. The call  
reminded me of that of *Glaucopteryx* (the *Keen-eyed Owl*)  
but it was more metallic in quality and infinitely more  
prolonged - that is to say there were very many more repetitions  
of the note probably over 100 for they were given at the rate  
of about four every five seconds. I am now conscious of having  
heard this sound nearly every evening since we came here  
but of having mistaken it for that of the grating of the  
metallic drop. reader of my sailing cannon. Indeed when heard  
at this distance it very closely resembles the clanging of a  
piece of tin against other metal.

Acadian

Owl

"Saw-whetling"





1896

May 28  
Thurs.

In the afternoon Watson and I had had arranged to go  
and nearly to B. Brook Cove spending about two hours  
and finding back just before the rain came. We found  
no nests excepting where there were some in the  
in the bunch of - broad-leaved paper bark - and only one  
after the first had fallen. With a few in trees and some  
of the nest material but we saw no birds near.

Broadleaved of them a few species were common along  
the shore & there were a few swallows also. We  
saw one Broad-winged Hawk & one Fisher. There  
was also some bird life here.

Spotted Sandpiper was amazingly abundant all around  
Baker. Not a point was on island but was at least  
one pair and they fly out of the bushes all along the  
shore as we approach, but we cannot find their nests. How  
common of them & their progeny in late summer & early autumn?

Spotted  
Sandpiper

Near the Moss Rock Spring in the large hummocks I heard  
the Saw-whet Owl this forenoon at a little before eleven, the  
bark dead colour, the sun shining brightly on the rain.  
He filed his saw incessantly in a little more than a minute  
uttering regularly 4 notes every 5 seconds. I was standing 200 yards  
from those at the time. At this distance this voice sounded  
precisely as when heard at much less distance but it was  
louder of course & perhaps still more metallic in quality.  
Jim says that this Owl is common in the area.

Acadian Owl  
"Saw-whet"  
at midday



1896

May 29

Lake Umbagog.

1 in. 1000

A dull rainy day clearing at sunset.

I spent most of the day about Camp Gile Lake in the afternoon took a short walk with Watsons, going to Osprey's camp ground and back. On the way over I found a Brown Creeper's nest, ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> a scale of bark on a small balsam tree about 30 yards from the lake. The ♀ was hard at work taking strips of the inner bark from an arbutus which stood only a yard or two from the tree. She took only one at a time but they were all large pieces 4 to 6 inches long. She had a good deal of difficulty in getting them in under her back wing and after struggling for an moment with one especially heavy piece she dropped it. She repeatedly made at least one trip each minute. I think she was laying the foundations for the nest but I did not dare examine it.

The male kept close by her the whole time flying with her back & forth between the two trees but not offering to help her so far as I could see. Both sides eyed me suspiciously & I should not be surprised if they deserted this nest.

It is strange that I have not heard the ♂ singing on the point. The Brown Creeper is apparently one of the rarest birds in this region this season.

I also found a nest of the Yellow-rump Warbler which was only just begun, happening to be the ♀ fly to it with some material. It was singularly placed - at least 40 ft. above the ground in a paper birch at a point where two short branches left the main stem. The bird's nest was large enough to hold a Hawk's nest. I should not have looked for the nest of any small bird - except a Robin - in such a situation.

Watsons this morning saw a ♀ Bay. Weevil at work on a nest in the Mason logging woods & found a White-throated Sparrow with 4 fresh eggs near the nest of the Bay Weevil by the side of a post fence.

1896

May 30

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

Early morning clear, calm, warm & in every way perfect. At 9 a.m. a S. S. Green sprang up and through the remainder of the day showers - some of them accompanied by thunder and heavy squalls of wind from every quarter - came at frequent intervals.

I spent the early morning - i.e. from 5.30 to 8 a.m. - in the Pine Point woods watching Bory - breasted & Black-throated Warblers in the hope of seeing some of the females to their nests and without success. For some unaccountable reason the Black-throateds were not singing much but the Winter Wrens were at their best. For nearly half an hour I had two singing within a few rods of me, one on either side and one beginning just after the other stopped. They briefly fanned the woods with their rose harmonies. As I stood listening, thrilled by the considerably loud, clear notes as they flowed on, now smoothly and rapidly, now halting or tripping a little, I doubted if, after all, North America possesses a finer little bird musician than the Winter Wren. provided he is housed in the depths of one of those northern forests where the air is perfectly still & the distance not over twenty yards away. Certainly it is the most satisfying song we have.

The Yellow Warbler's nest in the fork of the tree just back of Woods camp - ground had surely doubled in size when I visited it this morning. I watched it about ten minutes during which the I came to it three times with building material. She remained in the nest an unusually long time turning around & working with her bill.

In the birch grove on this point at least two pairs of *Empidonax minimus* were added for the season. I never found this species elsewhere about this end of the Lake.

1896

May 30

Thurs.

## Lake Umbagog.

Watrous & I were in at noon and explored among ground Squirrel nests, the Canadian Warblers, all on moss-covered rocks, two empty & only partially finished in the mossy logging mounds, the third with either four or five eggs on a big boulder near the place where the path to Otford's Camp crosses the main trail on the lake shore. I photographed this rock last autumn as a typical nesting place for the Canadian Warblers.

Watrous had also found a Water Thrush's nest with five eggs in a root bank near our spring. I sent him to take it this morning, returning it myself. The eggs proved to be slightly incubated.

In the afternoon Watrous & I rowed over to Leonard's Pond. We landed first on the island where W. found two Water Thrushes' nests with, respectively, 4 eggs slightly incubated & 5 eggs far advanced, a Chickadee's with a set of 8 very beautiful eggs near incubating, two Song Sparrows' nests in root banks with eggs & one empty Robin's nest. We then crossed to the northern shore of the water channel where he found a nest of White-throated Sparrows with four very cold eggs almost as green as Vaneggs & with comparatively fine mouse droppings.

I had my hands full photographing the Water Thrushes' nests. One was in a large earth bank under sand behind a curtain of earth & fine roots. Of this I made two photographs. The ♀ was very nervous & fussy chirping & calling up her mate the first thing. She would not come near the camera as near as I could get. She ran rapidly around the bank and the camera examining the latter as well as the bulb of my rubber tube which lay several yards off with evident distrust. When started from the nest she would regularly run six or eight yards crouching close to the ground & moving with a slow gliding motion spreading her tail & half spreading & grinning her

Leonard's P.

Water Thrush

Photographing  
Water Thrush







1896

May 31

Forenoon stormy, Afternoon clearing with alternating showers and  
bursts of sunshine. Wind S. E. to S. W.

We all spent the forenoon at camp and my writing kept  
me there most of the afternoon. But Watson & Jim rowed  
down to the Gibbs (formerly Hayward) farm just below the narrows  
in quest of duck decoys. Watson brought back twelve beautiful sets  
of Barn Swallows eggs, eleven of 4 eggs each, one of 5 eggs. One set was  
perfectly fresh, another well advanced in incubation, the rest incubated  
from one to four or five days. He counted eighty nests on the farm  
and examined a number which he did not incubate. In a few <sup>of the</sup> nests  
the birds had laid only 2 or 3 eggs, in a few others the eggs were  
far advanced.

There were about a dozen pairs of Martins nesting in a box placed  
on a sort of flying on the roof of a shed. He looked into the  
holes but could see no eggs. The nests were made of straw & green  
leaves. The old birds were bringing nesting material.

Barn Swallows in numbers were also flying into & from the area.  
But Watson did not look for their nests.

Mrs. Gibbs gave him permission to take as many eggs as we  
chose expressing entire indifference about them. She said that  
some one from Boston took a number of Martins eggs not long ago.  
The existence of this large colony of Swallows at the Gibbs place  
accounts for the presence at this end of the banks of the  
marshes, Barn Swallows & Bank Swallows there it is daily.  
I have not yet found, however, where the Bank Swallows  
which are passing them are nesting.

Later in the afternoon I sailed over to Mussel Rock  
in the hope of hearing the Acadia Owl. He was silent there  
but at 7 P. M. we heard him distinctly at our camp.

Watson's birds

1. Barn Swallow

2. Barn Swallow

3. Barn Swallow

4. Barn Swallow

5. Barn Swallow

6. Barn Swallow

7. Barn Swallow

8. Barn Swallow

9. Barn Swallow

10. Barn Swallow

11. Barn Swallow

12. Barn Swallow

13. Barn Swallow

14. Barn Swallow

15. Barn Swallow

16. Barn Swallow

17. Barn Swallow

18. Barn Swallow

19. Barn Swallow

20. Barn Swallow

21. Barn Swallow

22. Barn Swallow

23. Barn Swallow

24. Barn Swallow

25. Barn Swallow

26. Barn Swallow

27. Barn Swallow

28. Barn Swallow

1896  
June 1

Lake Umbagog.

Solomond's Pond

A clearing day with frequent showers accompanied by distant squalls from the north-west and many intervals of bright sunshine.

We started at 5.30 this morning and immediately afterwards started for Solomond's Pond, Watsons in the small rowing boat, in the new boiling canoe. On reaching the southern outlet of the pond I put up my tripod in the hope of getting a photograph of a young Bald Eagle which was sailing west nearly overhead against the sky on one of the several branches of the tall alder pine on which these birds perch so frequently. But before I could get the camera adjusted the Eagle showed his wings and took for a moment or two in my direction. I supposed, of course, that I had excited his suspicions and that either he took flight or else he came <sup>wings</sup> nearly towards me. He was within 40 yards and gliding on the down wind, with incline to the surface of the pond on reaching which he dropped his legs and plunged into the water. This motion, as well as the flight from the pine, was performed in so very rapidly a manner that I thought for the moment that he had stooped at a dead fish floating on the surface but just after he had done so his feet were empty and he sank a few yards below the surface. He then threw himself nearly clear of the surface at nearly the spot where the Eagle had struck. Instantly the great bird wheeled & came back; once more he dropped his legs and this time drew out the double webbing helplessly in the strong current. The bird's feet were scarcely submerged he rapidly rose to the surface. He flew off with the fish held beneath him at the full length of his legs, just as a loon does, & nothing

Bald Eagle

catches a

large fish

1896

June 1  
(No 2)

## Lake Umbagog.

Beard's Pond

I next Corvid on the island and photographed the two Water Thrushes' nests. The results have not proved very satisfactory for the nests were in such deep shade under the rocks that I could not bring them out without overexposing the rest of the plate.

On May 3, as we pass a pair of Golden-eyes flying about our Beard's Pond on the lake, I think making a very drude-like sound - shorter & flatter than the quack of a Black Duck but still not unlike it - a qua-qua-qua-qua or coo-coo-coo-coo uttered very rapidly. This morning Watrous found what is doubtless their nest about 15 ft. above the ground on a rather abrupt ledge beneath the rock was the top of a large rock upon which the bird is still clinging & beside which a young, living maple apparently a sprout from the roots of the old tree, makes a convenient ladder to the nest. The larger bird is flitting off at the top & there is a ragged cleft or crevice 4 to 6 inches wide in its face. In this crevice on a level with its base is the nest containing 10 eggs which are crowded into tightly, that it proved difficult to extract one & all according to Watrous found empty, in fact. They were completely incubated & round with down a quantity of which flows at the opening. Watrous says he has never before seen any young birds as he approached it that he is not sure the came out of the hole. The birds afterwards seemed none the wiser.

Noise of a  
Whistler

There was a Savannah Sparrow singing on the island this morning & at least three Killdeer & G. catbirds about the shores of the pond.

Savannah  
Sparrow

After finishing with the Water Thrushes I sailed over to my old camp ground near Moll's Rock & took two pictures of the 8 young. The young were hatched on the 8th and in some cases with the 1st pair.

Downy W.  
feeding young



1896

Lake Umbagog.

June 2

Went out at 10 o'clock to see the birds in the  
day nearly over of the season.

Went out at 10 o'clock to see the birds in the morning  
west end of the Mass. Lying woods searching chiefly for nests of  
the Black-burnian & Bay-breasted Wobblers. Both species were very  
common. We heard at least five Bay-breasts singing. There were  
of both species and then of them were within a few  
two acres and over within 20 yds. of our position. We found and  
took a line nest of 4 fresh eggs of the Black-burnian  
unless one of the three new but empty Wobblers' nests  
discovered here to be a Bay-breast we had no success  
species (One a Black-burnian, taken with 4 eggs June 6, another a Bay-breast, with 5 eggs June 7)

We found the Black-burnian's nest by watching the ♀. We had  
probably disturbed her by walking down of the trees near by the  
when we first saw her she was feeding. She came to the nest  
the nest directly to the nest and remained in it for  
minutes. We saw which Wobblers had gone for change of  
chickens. The nest was on the ground and of  
young Wobblers which was growing up through the grass.  
It (the nest) was easily seen from the road and was  
in a grassy field. Wobblers had the nest of the Black-burnian  
nest.

We also followed a Golden-crowned Kinglet to her nest which was  
very similarly placed only it was hung beneath the branch instead  
of being on its side. The Black-burnian. The tree was also a young  
Hemlock spruce. Both nests were about 30 ft. above the ground.  
The ♀ of the Kinglet was very active. She was very busy  
about young Wobblers said. He could not see the nest  
singing to court the eggs & young by touch. He then took  
9 or 10 of both.



Figure 11. *Thryomanes bewickii*





















1896

June 5  
(No 4)

## Lake Umbagog.

## Androscoogin River

On our way back to the mill we saw two more pairs in the same both birds appeared like crows but they were flying in and out of the Hatched swamps and a pair of Turkey tracks the other among fern tall young balsams growing on the north bank of the Androscoogin a little below the mouth of the Androscoogin.

Nearly opposite this spot on the south bank stands a pine which has died within a year or two. As we were passing this tree on our way down river we saw a Turkey Swift enter a small, round hole (this large tree is very much broken both) in the side of the trunk about 10 ft. above the ground. The bird did not stop or flutter in any way but alighting on its lower edge hovered in hovering as a House Wren would have done. The one returned and stopped the tree with an ear & the Swift came out with a loud whistling and one the river & out of sight. I was most anxious to reach the tree and open the trunk was so large & the hole so small & I heard that Wilson pronounced it useless to try to climb it, even with the aid of his climbing iron.

As we neared the mill I saw a Golden-eye flying over the water near the top of the very tall ash stub on which I shot my first Hawk Owl. Almost immediately afterwards two more birds of the same kind flew from the stub near the one just mentioned but we did not immediately reach the stub as it was so high. The hole in the tall stub was almost perfectly round & so small that it seemed impossible for a bird to pass through it. It was fully 60 ft. above the water & the tree was so dry & rotten that it would have been folly to risk climbing it. The Golden-eyes left their nests when we were 100 yds. or more away & making but little noise. The first bird doubtless heard us with her croaking but how did she hear our approach? and



1896

June 5

(1885)

how can a Duck bring her young down from such a height through such a hole unless in her bill? A native of Upper Canada near the Narrows tells me that he saw a Worm-eater take her young from a nest in a stub near his house to the water & that she carried them one by one on her back...

He further says that the young separately slipped off & that she recovered them by turning over on her side and catching beneath them. In one instance he saw this done three times during the conveyance of one of the young.

When we reached the grove of stubs near Brewer's Pond we turned into them & went to the Golden-eye's nest which I found this morning. Watrous climbed to the top of the stub which is only about 12 ft. high and looking in saw eggs about 5 ft. down. He then cut a hole just above them which I could easily reach & through which I examined the nest carefully. There were only five eggs and although these did not more than half fill the available space they were like those of the set of tear crowded tightly together each egg standing on end and firmly fixed in the rotten wood at the bottom of the cavity. There was but little down but this was carefully disposed about the eggs so that it covered most of them. Supposing the set to be incomplete we took only one egg (substituting for it the rotten egg found in Brewer's meadow) but on blowing it we found it far advanced in incubation - as the other four eggs proved to be when taken next day. I had no idea that the Golden-eye ever contented itself with so small a set of eggs.

nest of  
Whistler

I heard two Black-poll Warblers to-day singing among the stubs near the Outlet.

Black-poll  
Warbler





1896

June 6

Clear and cool. Fresh S. E. winds all day.

Waters and I spent the morning in the woods on the Knoll at the W. extremity of the Upper Spring meadows. We found no fresh nests but visited several found on the 2nd & 3rd visit. The first, a Black-throated Blue Warbler found on the 3rd with one egg was apparently deserted for no more eggs had been laid but though D. carolinensis to say the ♀ was directly over the nest in a low waffle this morning and she chirped at us too. (This nest was left until the 7th when we took it with the one egg).

We next visited another nest of D. carolinensis which Waters found on the 3rd with two eggs. The bird had laid four and was sitting on them. I took five photographs of her to the nest, which was in a small bed of rather scanty grass within 20 yards of the big border.

One of the nests found (by me) on the 2nd yielded to-day a remarkably handsome lot of 4 eggs of the Blackburnian Warbler. Although they were perfectly fresh the ♀ sat so closely that turning and shaking the tree (a slender one failed to start and when Waters climbed it he nearly tumbled her before she slipped off. She then dropped like a stone to the ground on which she crawled & tumbled & flattered with wide spread tail & quivering wings much like a water thrush or down bird & decidedly in the line of leading us away from the nest. Such a demonstration on the part of the Blackburnian Warbler is, I think, unusual. This nest was fully 20 ft. above the ground near the end of a long, slender branch at least 10 ft. from the main stem of the tree, a rather solitary & not very imposing, long of ever growing under some large hemlocks & yellow birches which cast a dense shade over the place. I photographed the nest which we took successfully by leading me up the tree.

1896

June 6

(No. 2)

## Lake Umbagog.

June 6

Went to the north, found by Watson on the shore & built in  
 Balsam a lateral branch about 5 ft. from the trunk and  
 midway between the ground & the top of the tree. This was about  
 40 ft. in height, contained 4 eggs. The day was so warm that we  
 were able to see the nest. Watson says the eggs & nest are quite  
 different from the Black-burnian's which we saw before. He thinks  
 they must belong to a new nest. One of the latter has his  
 kingbird's nest in a hemlock about 30 yards from this nest.  
 It is very interesting and interesting with King-birds & Black-burnian  
 are in these woods as well as on Pine Point. Each bird seems  
 to confine his total daily wanderings within the space of an acre  
 or there and he brings his food to his nest in the middle.

June 6

J. Cook

to Watson

Lagging, 1896

In the afternoon we photographed a "cock nest" of the Winter Wren  
 in a root bank on Spelman's Point and we all went together by  
 boat to those woods where Watson climbed to a nest of the  
 very old Black-burnian's taken this morning but higher & near  
 the end of a branch fully 15 ft. long. It looks larger than a  
 Black-burnian's. Watson could see only one egg to the left of it. It  
 cannot be taken without the aid of a ladder.

"Cock nest" of  
 Winter Wren.

Watson then took me to a nest of the Magnolia Warbler built in  
 a Balsam sapling about 5 ft. above the ground. This nest had 4 eggs on  
 the 4<sup>th</sup> and the ♀ was not sitting to day. We visited the nest  
 over when I was photographing & I climbed up on a ladder  
 that also.

Nest of  
 D. maculosa

My next photograph was of a Robin's nest. The place where the  
 two or three birds of the hole were the entrance to a large hole. The  
 hole is about 80 ft. in length & in width 2 ft. above the ground in a  
 measures just 11 feet. This Robin's nest that I saw was not  
 he had ever seen. The thrush scarcely knew what it was in the  
 first, but my friend.

The big  
 Paper Birch  
 hole.  
 (over)





1896

June 7

Lake Umbagog

Lake Umbagog

Windy with S. wind and light rain through the forenoon.

Spent the evening writing. In the afternoon visited the bird's nest in the balsam on Mason's Knoll. The nest had in it 4 eggs, fresh lay. A male & eggs in - lay & 2 - 3 days - nest was sitting on them. Motherly & parental the three birds nest were disturbed but away 15 to 20 minutes the female ran the nest of her own accord and ramble about among the branches of the tree, feeding, returning to her eggs after an absence of 4 or 5 minutes. Once while on an excursion of this kind she was joined by the ♂ who brought an insect of some kind in his bill and gave it to her. She accepted it with apparent satisfaction and resumed her work. The ♂ is the bird who sings in the humlock 30 yards away.

After photographing this nest we passed it until the eggs. The pair of Bay Breasts I called about here but none of the Robins was despising them but I saw no sign of them. The ♂ began searching for his nest scanning all the neighboring branches carefully and hovering in the air above the place where he sang with the nest had been.

Later in the evening I went to Rapid River to get the nest which we found May 25. It was found by a young of 4 or 5 days old. It must have been very fresh eggs when we first found it.

Strong wind and rain in the evening. The birds still would leave the Robins but they were again found. They were remained on the same place on Sunday, May 11, and up to within a week have looked fairly fresh. The Robins had been here for a week or more.



1896

June 7

(No 2)

The Swainson's Thrushes sang through the greater part of the day in the rain. One within twenty yards of camp sang during the entire forenoon with only the briefest intervals of silence and apparently in the same place. There was something peculiarly sad or mournful in the expression of his voice as it came from out the gloomy, water-dotted woods. It roused no sympathy and not at all agreeably recalling old associations with these northern forest-associations pleasant enough in themselves but impressively sad as brought back to me by the voice of this Thrush. For an hour or more he interrupted my work and made me utterly wretched. At the time I supposed that this effect was due to the mood I happened to be in but next day the same bird sang in the same way and with the same effect. The morning & evening singing about our camp has seemed to me delightful and I have looked forward to it through each day.

Although the Swainson's Thrushes had apparently all arrived & taken up their summer quarters in the Pine Point woods before we opened the camp (May 21) they were very silent for the first week. Indeed during the remainder of May I seldom heard more than one or two songs (not trillers) on any one day and then at daybreak or in the evening twilight. General and sustained singing began quite abruptly on June 1 after which we heard the song everywhere we went and more or less at all hours. But immediately about our camp the birds were more numerous than anywhere else. They invariably opened the bird concert at daybreak & closed it in the late evening twilight. I never heard one sing during the night. These Umbagog Thrushes seem to me to sing differently from the White Mountain birds. The song has, I think, more of a trill. Our camp bird introduces a wee-e-o-o-wee-e-o-o note.



1896

June 8

Cloudy with S. E. wind and steady rain most of the day.

At about 7 A. M. we visited the nest of the Brown Creeper found May 29 just beginning. It had 4 eggs in it. Although I have nearly  
 am been photographing it the birds were not seen nor heard. This nest  
 is not far from our path to Appold's Point which is across the lake  
 but I have heard the ♂ singing only once (on June 3rd) and then  
 he sang only two or three times. The Brown Creeper is apparently  
 one of the rarest birds of this region the present season. Indeed I  
 have found but this one pair.

At 2 P. M. we broke camp and started for Ballville by steamer  
 towing our small boat or boats. The passage was dull and  
 monotonous with no birds of any interest.



1896

June 9

Lake Umbagog.

L. Umbagog, June 9.

A rainy day, calm, with low-flying clouds which were  
in the middle of the sky. The sun was out and showed the  
gorgeous coloring, the sun showing above the clouds.

I spent the day in the woods. I was out of  
the woods for the little time to get down to the  
the same off the egg. This morning I was in the woods  
of which was a nest with two fresh eggs. One of the birds was sitting  
it appeared to have the egg, but it was not sitting. It was  
to see like the other birds when the nest was found.

We then landed on a small island where we found three nests  
of the Black-throated Blue Warbler, all in view, one containing  
four eggs very near hatching, another two fresh eggs, and the  
third was empty and apparently deserted. We saw a small  
- probably a young bird flying about near the nests.

After tea we walked to the largest pond. Birds were  
with us on the pond for an hour only a very few among  
them were Robin's, Thrushes, and Redwing bird & a few others.  
We also heard night herons over the roadside woods and at  
first we were unable to see them as to which species was  
singing the song.

The grass & weeds by the roadside & in the fields are now high  
& the young birds as if it were a meadow instead of  
lowly grass. It is a striking change from the first time I  
saw the birds.

1896

June 10

Lakeside

July morning, it is threatening rain. . . . .  
 the wind veered to Northwest and the day proved as fine as possible.

At 7.30 AM. I started out alone, Watsons having gone up the Philadelphia  
 Ball to Great Island again. I especially wished to see if  
 I could find a Philadelphia Vireo for I have not seen one  
 at the head of the Lake since May 24<sup>th</sup> or, in other words,  
 since before the migration season is over. I was  
 successful this morning for I caught up many Vireos  
 that I could hear singing in the poplar & Birch second growth  
 along the shoreline and about the edges of the Brown clearing  
 as far as the State line I found nothing but Red-eyes.  
 Evidently the Philadelphia is not a common bird here now  
 if, indeed, it is present at all.

Another species that I saw was the Red-eyed Vireo  
 of the Lake. I saw one in the first place  
 apparently settled for the season, one in the first place  
 opening at the head of the Great Lake, and one in the second  
 position just below Stillwells in Upton, the third on the  
 edge of the forest in small timber spaces at the S.E. corner  
 of the Brown clearing, the fourth in dense pasture spaces  
 between the Brown house and the road to Upton, the fifth  
 on the road to Upton, the sixth on the road to Upton, the seventh  
 on the road to Upton. I saw many others when these birds were found.

Cape May  
 No 1115



1896

June 10

(M2.)

## Lake Umbagog.

1896

Lake May

I visited the King's Station by birds 3 & 4, and was delighted to find the water at his boat house although it was only fairly and intermittently. Indeed it rained in his little boat nearly before he gave any sign of his presence. This afternoon I was unable to find what I sought for in his nest. He joined me to the two places of together with the flowers and to show that it was worth to follow these birds in to get a good sight of the Lappet 2.

Probably I did not wait long enough on this 2 as I found his former nest apparently alone & deserted with not even a *Black-throated* in the evening. This, however, is after the time when only 2 birds are in the King's nest.

From the station of the 2 of May in May, and from the fact that the birds were moving along to my left. I have decided that the King's nest is not a nest. It is a place where I have been unable to find any of them at the Lappet end of the water. In the old days we used to see them and find in the nest although even then their present habits were changing. Hence from *Black-throated* winter to their *Black-throated*.

Among other birds noted this morning was a White-throated King's below the land in the deep hollow, a Golden-crested King's in the flowers near the station of the Lake May no 4, a young Chipping Sparrow able to fly, and a Cedar-bird ~~bird~~ carrying a full-bird of King's nest. Presumably the bird was sitting. I could not follow it.

Young Chipping  
on wire

I found no new birds but *Black-throated* birds, but only one *Black-throated* Blue & *Thompson* still seen. *Black-throated*. *Flowers* are hardly common; I saw at least 10 or 12 old birds there, but none singing. The birds were

*D. pennsylvanicus*

1896

June 10

1893

## Lake Umbagog.

near Lake Umbagog.

being into little now. Although the breeding army of song birds this morning indicated that the season is not yet over, I have not seen White throats and such of them as were.

The Hermit Thrushes were utterly silent. I cannot understand Hermit Thrushes why they have been so dumb of this week this season.

I have looked and found no Bobolinks settled here. Apparently all the birds are now in May or migrants for I cannot find one now anywhere in the region near Lakeside.

I was also disappointed this morning in finding no Mourning Warblers but then I did not go to any very good places.

none.  
no Bobolinks  
being  
no Mourning  
Warblers

Excluding birds which inhabit open fields exclusively the species settled here which we did not find at all near the head of the Lake are as follows: *Helminthophila ruficapilla*, *Woodhouseia nigricans*, *Parus palmarum*, *Spizella socialis*, *Psaltriparus* ~~americanus~~.

Yesterday I visited the Partridge's nest on the hillside in the valley between Lakeside and the house. Finding nothing to see only a few discarded eggshells but I found 5 eggs in the nest and the feathers & a few other remains of the bird about it. I found a small amount of the nest from the fact that only one egg was missing & that the Fox was the cause. It will be interesting to see if this morning whether any more of the nest has been removed instead of on the hillside above where the nest was found. I had to leave at once, but I am quite sure, however, that he is the same old fellow.

Partridge  
killed on  
nest, probably  
by a fox.



1896

June 11

Lake Umbagog.

Head B. &amp; also

I could find nothing but a few small birds in the  
 woods. I saw a few flying birds of various kinds.

Watkins & I took the frame up the lake this morning as  
 we had some valuable work to do in the neighborhood  
 of Pine Point. There was a large tree growing by the  
 shore and we went down at Pine Point and found  
 a large number of the same and a great many of the  
 ground. We had found the night and the morning but  
 was absent getting with some other work.

We first visited the swampy part which yielded a great deal  
 but no more fresh eggs. We then found the other part  
 the swampy part which the birds were nesting in and was  
 attacked.

use of  
 Brown Creeper

The Redstart who built the beautiful house which we  
 found (which we furnished her) near the end of an  
 arbor in the marsh in front of the camp had laid two  
 eggs.

near of  
 Redstart

A Brown & White Creeper was singing in the Black growth  
 just east of the camp. He must have come there from  
 we left. It is probably one of the same birds.

Minutella

The Prothonotary Thrushes were singing as usual & we  
 heard an or two Bay-Breasts & Blackburnians but  
 the weather was too cold & windy for Warblers to  
 be singing at all freely.

1896

June 11

(No 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Lake.

We have started for Chase's camp following the logging road for the lake was too rough to go any other way. On reaching the camp we came up to the crest of the hill where, in a tall spruce growing on the side of the path, Watson had found, some time ago, a nest of many brownish-looking eggs of what he thought would prove to be a very valuable species. I started this nest in the rain on the 10th when he climbed the tree & was quite sure that he would see some eggs. On that occasion he saw one which he put away by the side of which Watson had put the nest which being quite a little from the ground was not only safe from the birds but also from the hands of man inaccessible by any other means.

Chase's Camp,  
Gloucesternest of  
D. casus

There was no bird on the nest by any means and we just as we got the hole in position I started down to the beach & quickly returned the nest. Watson was a little over an hour or so in the hole & he said that he had seen nothing else there. He then thinks it is not but he would not have it if he thought the birds were going to the hole against it when he started off and it was disappeared in the down fall. He wanted about 10 minutes or so before he saw anything more of me. Watson then took out the eggs on the rope. He said he would not catch the nest & that he would not have it. But after we had returned it he made a second attempt & brought the nest down in his teeth. He had his very large & beautiful eggs which before blowing were dark brownish white, after the removal of their contents slightly greenish. The eggs were very fresh. However I am sure that the nest is a perfect Bay-Breast. A number of these species have been found to date.





1896

June 12

(No 2.)

## Lake Umbagog.

Trip up Cambridge River

About a mile above the Falls on some suddenly on a steep, a feeding / photographing  
 buck with small horns indicating its young horns. It was standing in a field in  
 and in the few seconds but was a shadowy & broken, looking at a I-Heads  
 vicinity. He stopped feeding & rose the bow of the boat into a little  
 rock when the deer advanced at a fast walk coming within  
 then he got. Before stopping for another frame. I got out my camera  
 & dropped four times (losing one plate by an accident). Of course  
 I supposed that each shadow would be the best for I was standing  
 up in the boat with nothing between me & the deer but a few  
 short sticks. The animal looked as if it might run at any  
 moment. But I might have put up my tripod & focussed  
 for a deer picture for after using the last plate I stopped  
 ashore & naturally walked several yards towards the deer before  
 it finally took alarm & leaped off into the woods. It was  
 very thin & had much of the very hair of the winter pelage  
 clinging in tufts or patches to the back & hips. It looked  
 nearly as red as a Fox.

On our return we saw a large doe feeding near the same  
 part of the meadow but she was very shy looking at us from  
 distance & running at full speed across the meadow.  
 Scarcely higher. Now unlike that of any other animal is  
 the gait of a deer ~~running~~ when thoroughly alarmed. As this  
 doe sailed across the green level with long, strongly-arched  
 bounds I could compare her to nothing but a leaping  
 porpoise. At the highest part of each curve her belly  
 must have been at least 5 feet above the grass.

We saw tracks of deer in many places, one of a  
 large buck, but there were not many tracks in any one place  
 and the impression which I have received this season is  
 that everywhere about Umbagog deer are much less  
 numerous than they were 10 or 12 years ago.

Another  
 Deer seen  
 in B Meadows

Deer signs

1896

June 12

(No 3)

Tinko Timbercove.

Tinko Timbercove.

Boat in the afternoon, while Jim was getting the boat from the mill  
 pond into the lake, I took the old cart path that starts in behind  
 the Lake House barn and followed it over the knoll, across the  
 pasture and well into the woods beyond. This walk brought  
 back countless memories of the old days when with Anna, Margaret,  
 Paul, Purdie, Harrington, Will Stone & others I traversed our  
 old coast road in pursuit of birds & nests day after day &  
 well after work. In respect to its turns & windings, to the  
 brooks which it crosses and the aspect & character of the woods  
 & openings which it traverses it has not changed in the least, but  
 the woods & openings themselves have changed very much. All  
 the species of balsams & most of the hemlocks of any size have  
 been long since taken to the mill and the forest is now chiefly  
 made up of hardwood trees which in the openings the average  
 height is a few feet higher in which we used to find our  
 Magnolia Warblers' nests on many trees but is so full of holes.  
 The bird fauna, too, has changed, & several birds no longer  
 the Bay-breasted, the Gray & American Cuckoos are still common  
 but the Red-shouldered, the Blue Jay & the Red-bellied are  
 apparently coming. On the knoll behind the house I found two  
 Robins, a Great Flycatcher, a Redstart, a Red-eyed Vireo, two Song  
 Sparrows, a White-throated Sparrow, a Chipping, a Winter Wren,  
 Harrison's Thrush, a Black & White Warbler, and a Black-capped  
 Warbler. But in the woods beyond the pasture I neither heard nor  
 saw a bird of any kind. In the pasture itself were a few  
 several Chipping & a few Song Sparrows.

Birds noted  
 near Lake  
 house

After landing my boat under the old shore was fixed that driven into Wilson's  
 the old shore was just below the shore house & was a good place for  
 to have a Wilson's Black-capped bird. Landing I went on shore to work  
 hardening for its nest. The ♂ bird came within two yards or less







Colchester, N. H.

1896

June 14

(No 2)

After tea I took a long walk about the outskirts of Colchester.

As I went the birds were the little ones. *Yellow Warblers* singing lustily here and there in some shrubs on the banks of the stream. In the distance was a large pond where the water shilly down bank to bank at short intervals. There were also many fine things to be seen in the garden. The water was so bright and the green of the water lilies so bright that I could not see the birds themselves and have nearly every day in the morning. The water was so bright that the water was in the garden. The water was so bright that the water was in the garden.

Swifts in considerable numbers of a few days ago. They were seen in the same place and the same numbers were seen in the same place. They were seen in the same place and the same numbers were seen in the same place. They were seen in the same place and the same numbers were seen in the same place.

Swifts  
in  
numbers

There was a great number of birds in the garden. They were seen in the same place and the same numbers were seen in the same place. They were seen in the same place and the same numbers were seen in the same place. They were seen in the same place and the same numbers were seen in the same place.

Swallow Flashes were very numerous in the fields just outside the village. I heard one in the garden. There I also heard a White-throated Sparrow on a tree outside. So you see I was not alone in the garden. There were many other birds in the garden.

1896

June 15

Colbrook to Wolfpen, N.Y.

Staying at the Wolfpen.

Left Colbrook at 8:30 A.M. and reached Wolfpen at 12:30 P.M. There was no boat across the river before 4:30 P.M. so I had some 4 hours to wait. I spent this time writing. As I sat in the open station I could hear a Pine Siskin and a Brown Creeper singing from the trees in the old pine woods on the river bank.

In passing the house this morning I saw two more young birds singing, the other a young bird. On the 16th I saw four more in this order. The others I suppose they stay here in the smaller flocks of parents only, but I cannot tell from the house with my binoculars.

During my two days (16th/17th) stay at Wolfpen I heard two Baltimore Orioles, a Bobolink & a Hermit Wren in the village. The Hermit Wren was the only bird I saw but a few birds were heard in a wood over our roof. I could find no House Wren in Wolfpen this year.

1896

June 20

Dorchester, Mass.

Left Boston at 8 P.M. getting up before the morning  
 Postman is at 10 the morning and starting at 10.5 by the train  
 boat for Ipswich Landing which we reached at 4.30. Capt. Conary  
 & Watson were waiting for me on the wharf and as soon as  
 baggage had been transferred we left for the Quaker in Conary's boat  
 a pretty little three masted schooner.

The day was clear and warm, the water calm and the  
 breeze so light that we were soon on our way in perfect  
 satisfaction. In the afternoon of the middle of June, the morning  
 we had the breeze from the north, about a dozen sailing boats, and from  
 a fine double-reefed schooner, the sail setting in the fore  
 very little of the day.

In reaching Ipswich we took rooms at Mrs. Oliver Emerson's home. Her family  
 consists of two unmarried sons, both fishermen, Capt. Conary, one  
 offspring, married one of the daughters & he and his wife and  
 added to the household. The day. He is only twenty years  
 years of age but is said to be an excellent boatman. At every night the  
 Quaker is on the water's side, a small boat from the land proper by a line fastened  
 The house is situated near the head of a clearing of some 1000  
 acres which slopes gently up from the cove and on the old  
 the hills is bounded by some ~~few~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~small~~ <sup>large</sup> woods composed  
 chiefly of black spruces but with a few number of white spruces  
 (called here Hunk or Cat spruces) and a good many balsams. Many  
 of these trees are 40 to 50 feet in height and one which had been  
 cut down measures 23 inches across the top of the stump but  
 by far the greater number are but 20 to 30 ft. in height &  
 6 to 12 inches in diameter at the base. In places they grow  
 thickly together but as a rule each tree has sufficient place to  
 have retained living lateral branches down to the ground and  
 throughout the woods there are frequent groups of

1896

June 20

(No 2.)

Pondicherry, India.

Shades and sizes. Most of the trees are of the  
 present of edges which although found in a very rough stone  
 are not so much of the same and in respect to their general  
 surfaces, there being few points or projections and still fewer crevices  
 or scars to make the footing difficult or treacherous. Ferns of  
 various kinds, dwarf coral and *Griseba* (both in full bloom) and  
 many other low growing, northern plants are common enough in  
 the woods but nowhere do they seem to grow so generally and in such  
 profusion as in the more inland forests the surface of the  
 ground being covered nearly everywhere with a smooth and  
 perfectly unbroken carpet of mosses — green, velvety mosses  
 (*Hypnum* etc.) under the trees, the *Britton*, pale greenish-gray  
 reindeer moss in the openings and over the exposed ledges.  
 The contrast of color between the moss carpet beneath the trees  
 and that in the openings is very striking & effective.

On the whole, our woods (50 acres or more in extent) are  
 among the most attractive that I have ever seen. They have  
 great variety being wild, tangled or wooded in places, in others  
 very open, here the trees, the many openings already mentioned  
 are rich in park effects which would — or at least should —  
 excite the despair & envy of an Olmsted or an Elliot. This is  
 due partly to the way the trees are scattered or grouped around  
 and in the openings, partly to the huge gray boulders half  
 hidden by the foliage & partly to the fact that many of  
 the isolated white trunks and not a few of the *Griseba* have  
 been trimmed into shapes closely resembling those of the clipped  
 evergreens now seen in our cemeteries & other cultivated grounds.  
 On first examining one of these trees — a white thorn about 6 ft.  
 high by no means much in width with perfectly smooth surface  
 and nowhere a single projecting point or twig I found it  
 difficult to believe our hosts' assurance that Rabbits & Cattle are

1896

June 10  
(1893)

Deer Island, N. Y. Maine.

the gardeners. The former work in the garden, the latter in the house. Neither will use the plants of the black spruce and both prefer those of the white spruce to those of the balsam.

Throughout these spruce woods yellow & cannon birches have sprung up in many places especially about the edges of the openings but most of them are dwarfed or at best low & spreading specimens. In an opening near the house stands a solitary gray birch the only one known by our boat is that on Deer Island. It has been cut down once but was again risen to a height of 15 or 18 feet.

There are no hemlocks on Deer Island & but one white pine. Spruce is rare and arbo vitae found only very sparingly & locally. None of the birchies, ashes or oaks are known to occur and neither the red nor the pitch pine is known.

The larch is found sparingly & the mountain ash rather commonly. Alders grow profusely along the brooks & have been a few mountain maples of fair size.

The commonest & most characteristic birds of these woods are. Robins, Black-throated green, Golden-crowned & Macgillivray's Warblers, Juncos, Robins, & Swainson's Thrushes. Two Hermits are singing within half a mile of one of them within 100 yds of the house. Olive-backed Flycatchers, Ruffed Grouse in alder woods, White-throated Sparrows are rather common.

I have heard two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers, two Golden-crowned two Cross Finches & two Song Sparrows & two Redstarts.

I took several short walks in the woods near the house this afternoon & after supper followed by a walk across the island.





1896

June 21

Page 1, Day 1000

Clear of all obstructions. The person can do the work.

S. W. 1.

Sunday is rather quiet, although by this Sunday is a rather  
 a very quiet day with a very few people in the  
 shops and these have been made in the  
 afternoon of the last week. The people of the  
 the town are very much interested in  
 the people of the town. The people of the town  
 are very much interested in the people of the town.

of the house in its history and a famous small town.  
It was especially fitting during the war. It is rather  
common the year there in 1918 and in the is a lot  
in this way, indeed.

The Hesperian Mountains are a range of mountains, all being  
free and - - - - -  
The name of the mountain is - - - - -



1886

June 21

(No 2)

Emerson & Buffon Brothers

Beaver, common, at present protected by law at all seasons, our best was this season the past week.

Foxes, common but limited vicinity & numbers kept down. Otters a few - fish in salt water. Rabbits (*S. americanus*) very common.

Mink, common (fish in salt water). Muskrats, formerly common, now scarce. Red Squirrels, abundant. Weasels, a few. Meadows mice, common.

Moles *Skunks* common. Bats scarce.

Mammals mostly common. Bears, Lynx, Raccoon, Porcupine, Gray Squirrel, Chipmunk. The Lynx & Raccoon are scarce. Hares are very abundant.

There are several kinds of snakes but no Garter or any kind. No one common on the island but they are abundant in the adjacent regions.

Birds. Our birds are mostly of the same species, but they are very different. They say that no kind of bird will come to the island unless it is a migrant.

During the day birds sang freely in the woods around our clearing. At evening there was a fine thrush concert - Robins, Olive-backed & Hermits.

1896

June 22

Pemaquid Bay, Maine.

Left Pemaquid Bay at about 8 a.m. and after a short run reached Dunsmuir Island, a wide distance in the direction of the house. Landing we spent an hour or more looking for birds. The island is about 1000 ft. long, and is covered with spruce & balsam with a small opening in the center. Many of the trees are very young and the ground beneath them is in most places covered with small stones & is very dry. There being but little moss. The birds noted were Parus atricapillus 1x, Turdus swainsoni 1x, Dendroica coronata 1x, D. virens 1x, Melospiza fasciata 1x, Corvus americanus 3x with 4 young on wing. There was an old Chickadee's hole in a fir tree and a dilapidated & deserted Osprey's nest on the top of a broken off tree lying balsam. Also heard Seturus here. The Chickadee sang phoebe but also gave a series of 4 to 6 whistles all on same key and as loud & ringing as the long notes of Loxia alpestris for which, indeed, I at first mistook them. He repeated this call 50 times or more & seemed very tired in doing so.

We next landed on Halibut Bedge a smooth, round-topped island of solid gray or pale reddish gray rock perhaps as a rule in extent with patches of grass, beach pea vines & other coast vegetation scattered over the which was 20 feet or more above high water. Thirty or forty terns rose from this island as we approached it. They were exceedingly nervous & shy not one coming within less than 100 yds. & the whole colony rising high in air & scattering in every direction when we landed. We found 5 or 6 nests one with 2 eggs (photo, raffish & rather odd the other with 1 egg each. I think that all these terns were Wilson's but accurate determination was of course impossible. A Gull and a Sandpiper & two or three Herring gulls were the only other birds seen.

1896

Journal  
No. 2

Pen. Bay, Maine.

Sand & shell ridge. This is another island of solid rock rising 20 to 80 feet above the sea, 100 yards or so in length, with a deep or hollow in the middle across which the sea breaks in rough weather. The more elevated parts have a fair depth of soil and support a dense & luxuriant growth of wild grass & various kinds of marine plants among them solid woody trees rather extensive thickets and scattered specimens of a tall broad-leaved indigenous plant which looks like a *Myrica*.

shrub and which was in full bloom (Cow Parsnip, Heracleum lanatum)

When we were within 300 or 400 yards of this island a few Herring Gulls left it and a cloud of Terns rose and <sup>Began</sup> circling over it. At 200 yards a ♀ Bitter appeared, flying out towards us from the largest area of vegetation, at first flopping, then beating on her wings to the water. Four Kitts also rose from the rocks and flew low, now high, now low over the water and a Crow, pursued by a great number of excited & clamorous Terns, made off over the sea.

The Cowbird, Cowbird, and finally to the hole where the Cowbird  
flew and found her nest with 4 fresh eggs at the base of  
boulders under one of the Umbrella-like plants. This is the fifth  
year that he has found & robbed an Oriole's nest on this spot.  
The eggs were all uncovered when I first saw them, and when  
I had just finished them, many told me that all were now  
buried in down when he found the nest.

At the opposite end of the boulder about 8 ft. from the  
Bick's nest Watson found the nest of a Phalarope (M. serrator).  
It rained heavily last night!  
with 4 eggs. They were splattered all over with mud & looked  
so bad, & being that we all thought the nest to be abandoned  
& were speculated as to whether the eggs might not have been  
laid last year and are being there for nearly a year. It  
is perfectly fresh. There was no cover but the eggs  
being on a thin mat of moss & grass.

1896

June 22

(no 3)

Point Barrow, Alaska

The other birds ~~seen~~ on Saddleback were Song Sparrows (two old birds), Savonnie Sparrows (3 birds, another 3 with 2 young in wing), Spotted Sandpipers (two or three pairs, one with young about a week old).

The colony of terns breeding here comprised about 50 pairs. They were quite as shy as those at Holibut Bed. I suspect that a considerable proportion of them are white terns for a good many of them had peculiar voices and several of them had long legs appeared to have very long tails. I failed to identify any of them, however, and the eggs that we took have little scientific value. The nests were <sup>mostly</sup> in grass, on spaces of bare earth, and among driftwood. One nest was on a bare rock built of and among dry seaweed which was not blacked but nearly black in color.

Spirit Bed. A mere reef of rocks the highest only a little above the reach of the summer tides and totally devoid of vegetation, the dry area scarce half an acre in extent.

As we approached this ledge we saw about twenty pairs of Herring Gulls sitting or standing on or near their nests but after landing and crossing a wide expanse of rocks covered with wet, slippery sea weed we found not a single egg. No doubt some of the fishermen whose boats were anchored near had been before us. The Gulls were all together just before we landed. Scattered moulting but little worn. They were much tamer than the terns on the other islands.

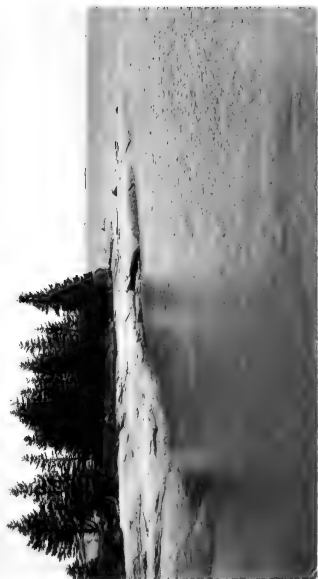
On a flat-topped rock looking N. by E. towards the water we saw or sighted Black Guillemots, some of them with white tipped wings. They appeared to be nesting in the crevices. We walked within 40 yards of a fisherman who was mending a lobster pot in his boat within 30 yards. We sailed away soon in the afternoon.

Penobscot Bay, Maine











Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

June 24

(No 2)

Pinebarf Bay, Maine.

(Little Spoon Island). I spent fully two hours photographing Gulls' nests and watching the birds. They collected into a scattered flock and soared or circled over me at a height of 200 or more feet occasionally on descending waves. Sometimes they would spread their wings and move slowly against the light and remain nearly stationary breasting it - a beautiful sight. They would keep perfect silence for minutes at a time. Then they would float the ha-ha ha-ha - clear, clear, low - as they came within a fathom of my eye after another while they would fly with their clamor. They also uttered the hoarse, hoarse, hoarse sound to which I refer, the same hoarse sound as that of a crow. It is difficult to imagine a more utterly bad or harsh sound. It is still the best description I think of a crowing note. Whenever I found a nest and found it to be a Gull's nest I noticed that one of the Gulls would come to the nest and descending to a height of 60 ft. or less would come flapping quickly towards me making the ha-ha ha-ha sound. This is a Banging Gull. Often he would come within five or ten feet of me flapping off when I moved which I did. My former visit to this again. I felt certain after a while that the Gulls had a high note which was the same as that which the birds make when they land to show it always is quite near of the nest. Torrey corroborates this impression.

There were no apparently Gull birds in this colony, but I saw several that were apparently as any one is sure that had taken of dusky above and black barred tails.

One Gull alighted on a rock near the shore for nearly half an hour. Whenever I left the portion of the island where the nests were the birds quickly settled on their eggs, once I was out of sight they were so close away. Nearly all the nests were made of mud & weeds. They measured 12 to 14 inches across & 2 to 4 inches in depth of eggs.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

1896

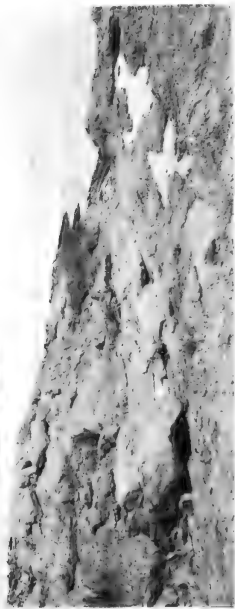
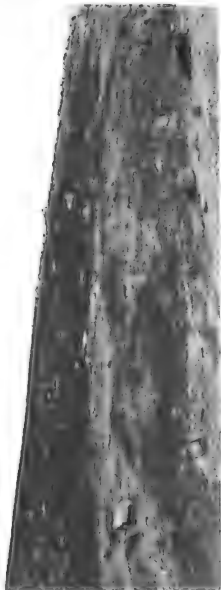
June 24

1203

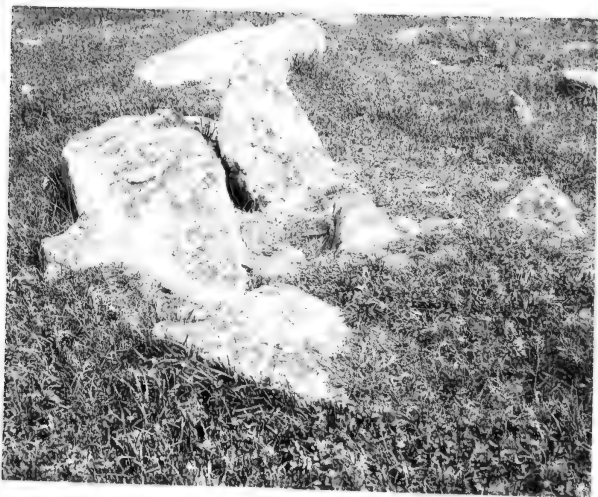
[illegible]

for home having a fine view of the city.  
reaching the home at 5 P. M.

After supper I walked across the rock behind the house following a  
deserted road west, on a mud deer track & hearing a great many  
small birds singing.









1896

June 25

Went with Capt. C. B. B. to the top of the mountain.

We got off at the top of the mountain about 10:30 a.m. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one.

The view was very fine, and the day was very bright and clear. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one.

We found a lot of very fine views of the mountain. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one.

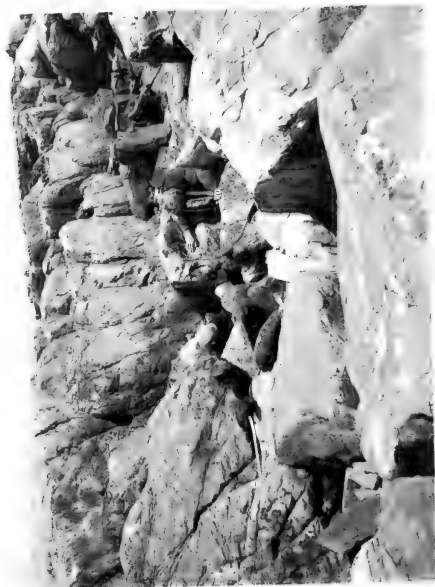
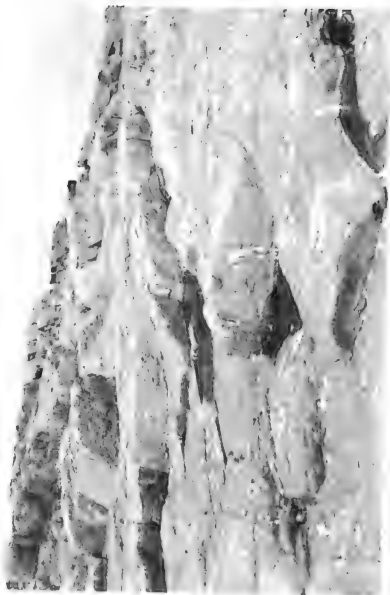
Many other views of the mountain were seen. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one. The day was very bright and clear, and the view was fine. The destination was the top of the mountain, and it was a very good one. This is the most beautiful view of the whole country, and it is a very good one.

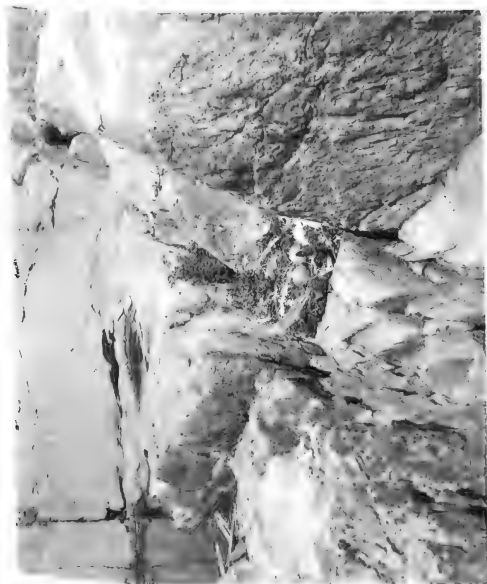
1896

June 25  
(Wed)

Sooty-backed shear. In our return up the bay the wind was so very light that we were but some 50 feet in wind & were in the bay. There were no birds - birds were coming but all pair of Herring Gulls were sitting on the beach & after we had been followed & about 1/2 mile out of the bay some plovers were seen walking on the beach & if we were never far from the shore as we were first and taking all together before we reached and during the whole time we were on the island looking to high above us that they looked no larger than crows. We photographed a full lot of them on a lower note that we found.

After supper this evening, William & I went down to the beach and found some birds in the water some of the birds, the least being two minutes in the water. We found their feet buried in mud of Black-throated Green, Yellow-rumped & Horned Grebes & many many Herring Gulls. One of the birds gave all the notes of the Herring Gull, the long, the short, the long - the short, the long & the short call.





1896

Combs

Along with Mr. S. H. Smith, - both in the morning & afternoon.

Went out by ship along the coast. The morning was in the afternoon with clouds. Weather was not so hot as the weather before. The change of weather seemed to have let all the troubles hanging again, especially the troubles of which I heard this. I also heard two or three times this.

Nathans & Conary went to Nelson Island returning at noon. They report a large colony of Gulls on this island the majority nesting in trees. Nathans brought back some eggs of eggs.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

1896

June 27

On the 18th of April, 1881, the first of the season, the  
in the morning.

We started at 8 o'clock for Heron Island. It was nearly mid  
 Calm, and we came ahead and in the  
 most of the way making slow progress and not knowing our  
 destination.

[illegible]

The woody stems several joints & clusters of leaves & small branches  
out into the open but throughout most of their extent the growth  
is dense and uniform and chiefly of yellow birch & balsam  
did not see a single spruce, from 12 or 15' to 25 or 30' in height.  
To some extent these trees are intermingled but in most cases  
the growth is chiefly or wholly of one or the other species, the  
birches being chiefly confined to the centres of the woods & the  
forming a weak net around them. The birches are small and  
stunted - reaching but not especially becoming in tops. The alders  
on the other hand are conspicuously misshapen being especially broad  
& flat at the tops where the uppermost lateral branches often form a flat  
thrust of 10 or 15 feet forming an almost perfectly level and usually  
dense platform of interlaced twigs <sup>and</sup> ~~around~~ with dense foliage.







1896

June 27

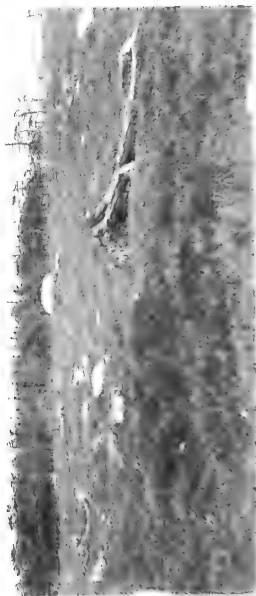
no 4

Most of the birds were in the island and were in the  
incubation stage. Took only one set of the incubating bird  
egg. Water birds were at 1/2 full, the fish were in the  
water, the sea was in the front of the island, and the  
land was in the back.

As the birds were all in the island, I went to the  
bay, where, I found a lot of birds, and one of them  
was in the water. The birds were in a group, and  
the water was in the front of the island, and the  
land was in the back. The birds were in the water, and  
the water was in the front of the island, and the  
land was in the back.

Later in the afternoon I went back to the island with  
a few J. W. birds.





1880

June 21

Clear and bright. A wind; a beautiful day.

As I was walking in the street in the morning  
I took a few photographs along the beautiful road from the  
house from behind the barns to the lake and up the road.  
There are many flowers in the fields and the  
pastures.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



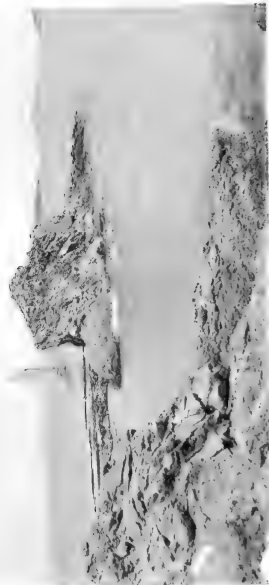












1896

June 30

On the morning of June 30, 1896, I went to the island of  
St. George, Penobscot Bay, Maine.

Starting at 8 A.M. on the boat for the island, I went  
up for the first time into the high mountains of the  
Penobscot Mountains, the highest of which is Mt. Katahdin,  
which rises to a height of 1,494 feet. The mountain  
is a part of the same range which is called the Adirondack  
Mountains. The base of the mountain is of the same  
material, and the mountain is of the same height.  
The mountain is of the same height, and the mountain  
is of the same height. The mountain is of the same  
height, and the mountain is of the same height.

On the morning of June 30, 1896, I went to the island of  
St. George, Penobscot Bay, Maine. The island is of the  
same height, and the mountain is of the same height.  
The mountain is of the same height, and the mountain  
is of the same height. The mountain is of the same  
height, and the mountain is of the same height.

On the morning of June 30, 1896, I went to the island of  
St. George, Penobscot Bay, Maine. The island is of the  
same height, and the mountain is of the same height.  
The mountain is of the same height, and the mountain  
is of the same height. The mountain is of the same  
height, and the mountain is of the same height.



Pembroke Bay, Maine

1896

Mo 3

[illegible]

The last nest found by Williams was built on the high water.



1896

June 30

185

inland. The ground color more or less strongly bluish-gray whereas about one half of them on the beach ridge were nearly or quite free from blue and tinged with brownish or buffy brown. I suspect that this way of color is to be a more or less constant distinction between the eggs of the two species and I believe further from what I have to-day that the eggs of the darker form are, as a rule, more boldly & handsomely marked than those of the lighter form.

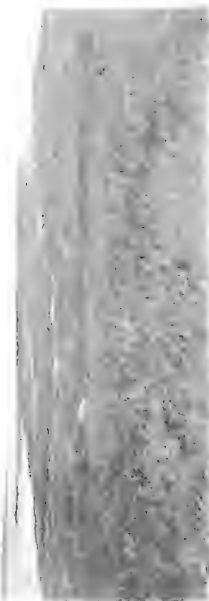
The birds on this island were much more numerous than those of the neighboring islands. They frequently came down to the water's edge, and when I stood in the water there a swarm of birds collected & hovered round me. Most of the nests, two, had full sets of eggs many of which were far advanced in incubation. I found one about a day or two old. The birds were much more tame than those of the neighboring islands.

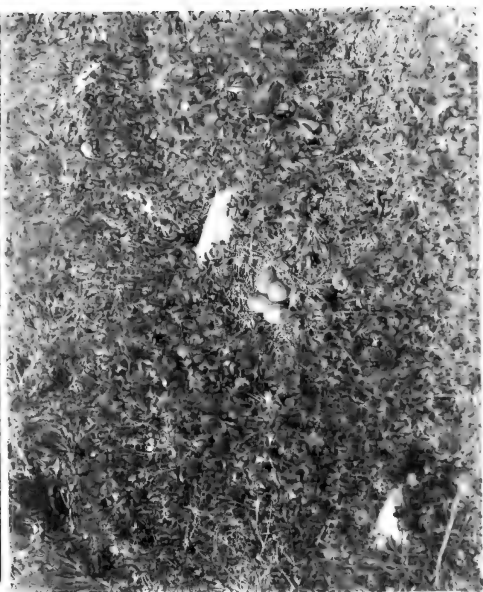
Besides some of the birds on the island there were some of the birds of the neighboring islands, several pairs of Shaded Parakeets, five or six Bank Swallows and two or three very small ones. I am very sure that I heard a Piping Plover all a number of times but unfortunately I could not find it.

We started for home at 5:30 P. M. and having wind & rain spirit we did not cast anchor in the cove until nearly ten o'clock.

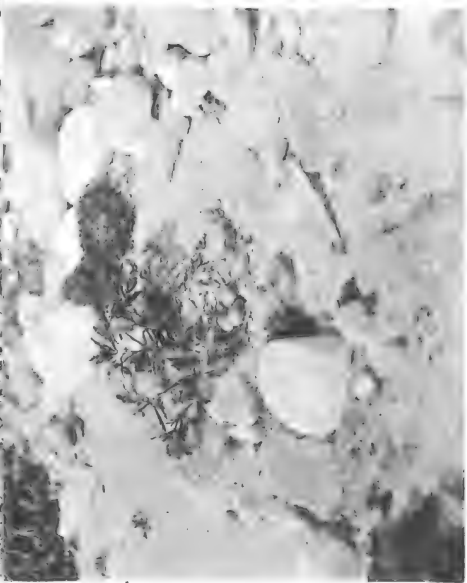
Crossing one of the wide bays this morning we started a large flock of better quality birds or more, about half *D. deglandis* & the remaining half *D. asperus* the males of both species all in the mottled immature dress.

This page written on our boat in a very small hand.









1896

July 1

Clear with light S.W. wind.

I spent the day at the house waiting for my mail. There was a very hot fire in the kitchen and the smoke was so bad that I had to leave the house and go to the beach. The eggs were collected today.

" 2

Cloudy with strong S.W. wind.

I went to the beach again today to find my mail. There was a very hot fire in the kitchen and the smoke was so bad that I had to leave the house and go to the beach. The eggs were collected today.

The also visited from Island to see the eggs. I also saw a very large number of eggs. The eggs were collected today. The eggs were collected today. The eggs were collected today.



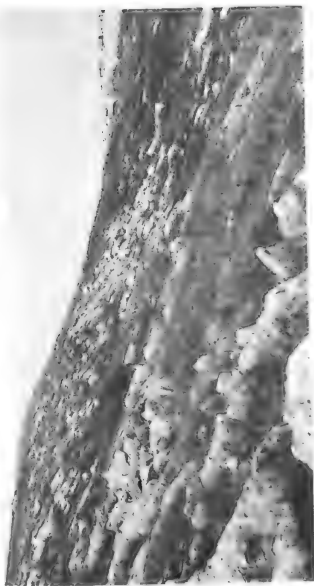
1896

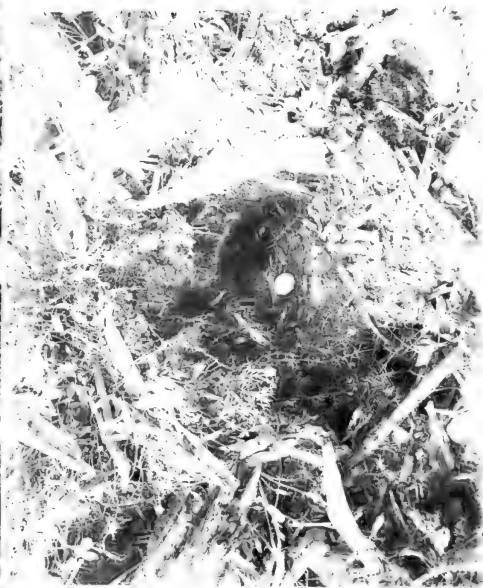
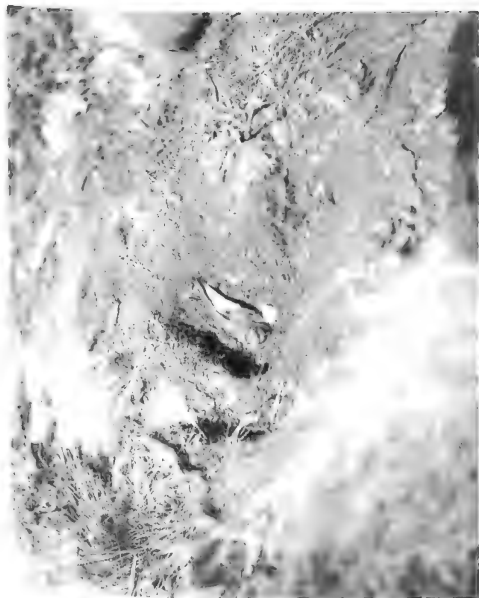
July 3

no.

Spoon Island. About 40 acres with two ridges rising 80 to 150 ft above the sea, converging at the southern end of the island, with a valley at the N. end, with a deep V shaped valley between. This valley is covered with a luxuriant growth of English grass. The ridges are also grassy in many places but of bare rock in others. There are fewer boulders than on most of the islands but the ridges are strewn with boulders of flat, angular rocks of various sizes. There are also many stumps & prostrate trunks of large trees which are evidently cut very many years ago & which are in various stages of decomposition. In a sheltered niche on the western shore grow three or four small but green & fairly vigorous Salsoms and the extreme south western point is thick with a grove of ~~bleached~~ dead Salsoms bleached and barkless but still retaining many of their lateral branches. Over the greater part of the western ridge the ground is covered with a red-brown brown vegetable humus from 6 to 12 inches in depth and mainly composed of rotten & as yet not wholly disintegrated wood. This soil is exceedingly light & porous. In places it supports a rich growth of grass & various kinds of wild, flowering plants, in others it is almost or quite bare. It covers many of the large flat rocks. In it the Petrels make their burrows. We found them everywhere where it occurs except along the eastern ridge where it is not as widely distributed as on the western side of the island & where there appeared to be no Petrels nesting. Nor were there any in the valley where the soil is sometimes too ~~long~~ tough for their ~~to~~ feet.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

July 4

Breezy with heavy showers in the afternoon.

Spent the day at the house.

July 5

Breezy with heavy showers in the morning, clearing  
just before breakfast & the wind shifting to N.W.

Work on my notes, photographs & eggs kept me busy all the day but after supper I walked out along the road towards the bar for a mile or more. Birds were singing freely and I was really surprised at their abundance. Although there are but few species there are nearly all represented by a great number of individuals. Nashville W.blers, Yellow-rumps, Black & Yellow Warblers, Robins, Chickadees, Thrushes, and Juncos are the most numerous & generally distributed. I heard four Hermit Thrushes, three White-throated Sparrows, three Chickadees & Titmice, two May & Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers & several Song Sparrows & Chipping Sparrows besides two Grass Finches. The Swainson's Thrushes are probably the most numerous of all. I must have heard at least a dozen more.

The mixture of trees & shrubs of northern & southern tendencies interests me. The Gray Birch is common & scattered everywhere through the woods although less numerous than the Carve Birch. Red-barked is rather uncommon & less locally so. Several species of *Juniperus* are abundant in the woods. It is of *Juniperus communis* from which is *Juniperus communis*. *Eupatorium nigricum*, Bayberry & *Vaccinium vitis-idaea* grow here by sides on mossy slopes. The White Spruce is common. The people here recognize two kinds of Black Spruce the Double & the Single Spruce. They are equally common & I must confess they look very unlike & do not seem to interbreed. The Double Spruce is the *Barbora* kind. The Single Spruce has much less dense foliage & is of the *typica* kind.

1896

July 6

A beautiful Midsummer day with light, clear S. S. wind. The sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, and the water was calm.

As a heavy sea raised by the late evening storm was breaking over the outer ledges we did not extend our sail this morning beyond Lower Mask Island where we landed at 9 A. M. without difficulty and spent three hours looking for & photographing Terns' nests.

Lower Mask Island. A round-topped island of about 25 acres with gently sloping sides, the summit perhaps 40 feet above high water, the sides and summit covered everywhere with the densest possible growth of bushy grass & white clover intermingled with various wild flowers, with large beds of taro, and other vegetable growth. A few palm bushes growing in clumps among the rocks and trees or from green but stunted boulders, 15 or 18 ft. in diameter, standing out conspicuously against the sky at the S. E. extremity of the high land. A few large, rounded boulders were distributed in groups & singly near the shore and one most of the upland as well as the high-tide mark ledges of light-gray <sup>stone</sup> roughened by the effects of the weather and with jutting points and angles showed themselves more or less conspicuously. On these ledges we found a number of Terns' nests two of which had big eggs each and one with one egg. I spent most of the forenoon photographing these nests while Watson & I searched for the nest of the Skuldrake that we saw fly off the island on the morning of the 5th. This nest was being built by a pair of Skuldrakes who came along close in the water. They had been the Skuldrake about the 5th or 6th of late. This encouraged them to unusual efforts and they drove on the edge every bed of weeds or tall grass and to be a likely place for a nest. They found no less than five



1896

Twigs  
No 2

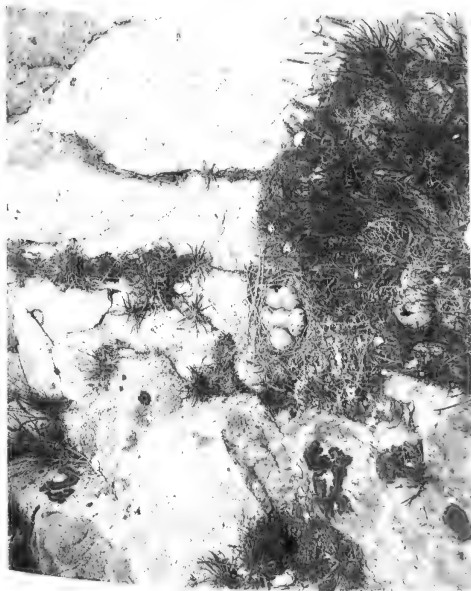
Common House Finch, with many which settled in the  
one which appeared to have been made this year. The  
nest was found in the house in 1894.

Besides the Larks we saw on this island to-day also other  
birds except sparrows, sparrows which literally swarmed. Indeed  
there were quite as many as, if not more than, on Green  
Island. They were finding young in many. I have little  
doubt that many thousands also breed here but on this island.  
Probably they have about ceased breeding on the smaller outer  
islands.

After visiting land on the coast the Weathered land on the  
island, we saw several eggs of the same kind as those found  
on Red Island. There is a small rocky islet just outside of  
on Long Bell Island where many Kingfishers found a home in  
1894. Some of the old nests still remain (they were built in 1894) and  
just above the ground & were scattered all over the surface  
of the island. But the birds have evidently selected the  
place as we saw no signs of their recent presence there.  
I found here the first Red-eyed Kingbird that I have seen since  
on this coast four miles at least, the largest on the island  
in 1894. In the morning, the fourth on the opposite shore (Deer Island,  
I also found Brewer's Hummers, Black-throated Green Warblers,  
Chickadees (two), Song Sparrows & White-throated Sparrows.

Several pairs of Offsprings were seen along the creek. Two birds,  
one following the other, were carrying fish to their nest, one  
a large surfscin, the other a small flounder.

Two Kingfishers also were seen & a Night Heron on a rocky point  
near a fish weir. Curlew also was a few times seen  
on the mouth of the creek.



1896

July 8

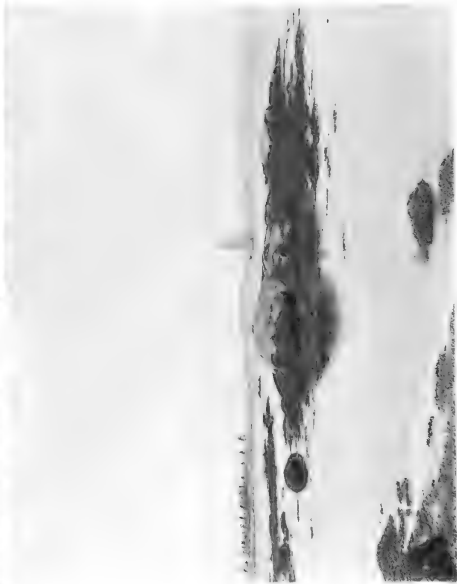
Sky half-filled with clouds but sun shining brightly most of the day. Wind S.W., light in forenoon, fresh in afternoon.

We started for Isle au Haut this morning but heavy clouds and wind held us back until just ten o'clock. Anchoring in a cove at the N.E. extremity of the island we landed at a place where there was a small shallow, fresh water pond just within the rock ridge. To our right rose a steep, rocky slope covered with dense evergreen woods. In front, bordering the water there for half a mile or more, stretched a succession of pastures more or less grown up to spruces and balsams with thickets of alders, black alders, elms, wild rose bushes & other shrubs in the damp hollows. Sweet fern & bayberry were also abundant in the pastures but the former although very much grown & very thickly-leaved, was somewhat lost for lack of light & no smell. The bayberry, on the other hand, was quite as fresh as any I have ever seen. Gray birches were abundant in these pastures in fact quite as much so as the paper birches. We crossed a rapid-flowing & very pretty brook & finally came to an extensive swamp very like the swamps on Cape Cod, with birches, maples, alders, elms & various other shrubs forming a dense cover. In a rocky knoll bordering this swamp were two ~~standing~~ tall oaks, trees 10 or 12 inches at the butt, 25 or 30 feet high, and with very wide-spreading tops. As this knoll commanded a wide view over the swamp and across a cultivated field to wooded slopes & the high central ridge of the island beyond, spent nearly an hour sitting under the oaks watching & listening for birds. Wallens meanwhile crossed the field and ascended to the summit of the island. I could trace his progress fairly accurately by the movements of the crows & the raven.





Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 9

Pendleton, Oregon

Light winds from the S. W. with intervals of calm and a few  
brown lots in the afternoon. Some things being caught in  
flying clouds.

Starting out about the usual time we sailed to Mission Island  
consuming nearly the whole forenoon by the way of the time  
was light & after an hour found the water smooth, calm.

A heavy rain of 17 miles away in the distance was  
seen. The birds were all in the water. A number of them were  
catching anchovies and other small fish. I went to  
work with the camera taking twelve photographs in about  
two hours. The birds behaved much as usual and were  
very tame.

One of the birds which seemed less concerned at our presence  
which was the more regular from the fact that many of  
them had evidently hatched their eggs at least a week.

Two birds of young in climbing to them of the nests  
or in one nest on the ground and the other two were picked.

Most of the ground nests, however,  
had been robbed since our last visit and one in a Balsam,  
in which we had left the lot of the eggs, was also robbed.

To-day. We found several more nests on the ground in the  
midst of dense Balsams one with a beautiful set of  
fresh eggs which we took. A blackbird was also seen

also used the eggs to display in the nest found  
in the midst of a fallen tree trunk. The eggs were  
fine negative. Watrous found one empty nest in the woods

on the top of a large rock. The condition of the egg shells  
lying near it indicated that the young had hatched  
& gone. No doubt the young hatched in the ground nests

made off as soon as they are a few days old. One found  
four days old in a nest in a tree trunked down though

1896

July 9  
(Wed)

Heron Island The ranches & men botched tried to catch them & when  
he reached the ground was well disappointed. I put the other  
two in an empty what photograph with a sack of feed & one  
egg on the top of fence, at the foot of a fence & took the  
pictures, not without difficulty for we had to sit there long  
to keep them from running away. Then I tried to get  
with a good deal of force to attach a line one of the eggs  
which brought a cloud of dirt & the egg was lost. Then  
the old folks came to town to say that I ought to be  
within less than 4 yards of them as they are on the  
two tops & saying that they were fine birds. I ought  
to kill a pair but this for them was just enough  
to run, up to the point of being it. It would be  
difficult to get the chance elsewhere & the birds on  
Heron Island are so quiet and therefore that I cannot now  
bear the thought of pointing a gun at one of them.

at Brimstone today, however, when we reached this afternoon  
as soon as we had taken lunch on the farm & changed the  
room to the house, under the big the side of the house  
we set of the most, well-stocked bird ranches by hanging  
a few more black withered which with the lot of these  
beautiful fresh eggs we took from a narrow trench under  
a heap of angular stones & bits of wood. I could not reach  
the nest at all and Covey who has a slender hand &  
arm could only just do so. The poor bird but as a little  
but without sufficient force to remove them. I felt that  
I must have a Maine coast breeding specimen & it was  
better of course to get one in this way than to use the  
gun and have the risk of wounding & being on a note  
of the tough, hard-biting birds.



1896

July 7  
No 81

**Brimstone Ridge.** A low rocky island of less than 100 yards long, about 20 feet above high water the summit for the most part devoid of vegetation but here & there a few other shrubs growing in a few places. There are no well marked patches but in all other respects the character of the island is closely similar in character to Black Reef. The rocks are of the same kind and similarly capped & broken into large blocks.

Herbs which are found are often abundant in the narrow passages low chambers between or under stones. The other remains the Guillemots lay their eggs often where they cannot be secured properly, we doubt, when it is impossible to go on the island as we approached the island they were not seen in large numbers on the water but when we were looking under a low shelf in the rock we saw three ten fms from the summit of the ridge & in such a manner as to satisfy us that they were directly from the nest. One attempt - that we have or were watching carefully during the inspection of weeks we found only two nests both of which were discovered by Watsons. One of them already described. The other was similarly placed but the old bird was absolutely blind and each was blind in his eye. He attempted to peck at us with a stick & pushed his chest with in such a way that the bird was eggs under her. He tried to lay his body to the eggs with his bill & took off the eggs. Watsons found the two young birds then to the water when he first arrived under the chamber.

The second young sitting in several places directly beneath the feet and no doubt most of the eggs on the island had hatched which would pretty much account for our finding only the one set.

These Guillemots must rear nearly all their young here.

1896

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

July 4 *Brimstone* *Bugs* for there is no account in the past days  
 no 4 of the *Brimstone* *Bugs* are of course quite variable in color & the  
 eggs outside the *Brimstone*, according to Conway, were attempts  
 to molest them. Even the egg collectors ~~and~~ *find* it *find*  
 or are unable to reach *unavoidable* *disturbance* of the nests.  
 Indeed I know of no other New England bird that has  
 a young bird the problem of finding *unavoidable* *disturbance*  
 nesting holes. In addition to the considerations just mentioned  
 such an island as *Brimstone* *Bugs* is absolutely inaccessible  
 to the human egg-robber excepting during a very few of  
 the calmest days at this season. Many of the *Brimstone* *Bugs*  
 continue to breed there in this important season. No doubt  
 they would increase rapidly in number if not for the  
 with that the *Brimstone* *Bugs* are *unavoidable* *disturbance*  
 before they have to reach even the *Brimstone* *Bugs* and  
 and it would be a different matter to reach *unavoidable* *disturbance*  
 least from a bird's nest.

Two *Brimstone* *Bugs* are the *Brimstone* *Bugs* held as if they had  
 a nest there but we did not find it. No other birds were  
 seen there.

Water in the afternoon we landed on *Washburn's* *Island*.  
 It is two or three miles long by nearly a mile broad with  
 spruce, balsam & birch woods alternating with deep meadows.  
 A man out work in a field near the only house told us there  
 were neither Deer nor Hares on the island but that there were  
 a few Partridges. It was cloudy which we were advised to birds  
 if present in any numbers were very scarce. They are *unavoidable* *disturbance*  
 what is therefore very brief & as follows: *unavoidable* *disturbance* 1%,  
*unavoidable* *disturbance* 2, *unavoidable* *disturbance* 1%, *unavoidable* *disturbance* 1,  
 with young, *unavoidable* *disturbance* 1%, *unavoidable* *disturbance* 4%, *unavoidable* *disturbance* 1,  
*unavoidable* *disturbance* 1% *unavoidable* *disturbance* 2, *unavoidable* *disturbance* 1.





811 L

1896

July 10

Forenoon foggy; afternoon clear over the land but with some fog hanging down the Bay especially in the P.M. wind.

We did not go out at all to day. I spent the morning in the house writing etc., the afternoon in strolling about the woods on the point & looking among the breast of fences around two large fields which I intend to plant with potatoes. Most of the smaller birds singing freely all day, especially during the forenoon when the woods are unobscured by fog. I have noticed that the domestic fowls seem to like to be out in the open before the opening of birds which dwell along the woods. It is quite the contrary in both the fowls & the birds, even at the height of the breeding season, the birds being shy and well covered the morning light begins to break or break away.

1896

Pouchscot Bay, Maine.

July 11

A clear, warm day with strong S.W. wind and the big waves  
 running in the afternoon.

Starting at 9 a.m. we spent the day on Eggemoggin Head going  
 quite to the head of Little Deer Island and then half way across  
 to Cape Rosie. Near the northern end of Little Deer Island where  
 landed to eat lunch on a ledge shaded by birches I heard a Wilson's  
 Thrush call (phew) a number of times in a swampy thicket of  
 alders near us. All along the eastern shores of both islands where  
 paper birches grew abundantly we heard Red-eyed Vireos singing  
 wherever one was heard passed within hearing of the land. The Thrush  
 is new to my ears.

We also heard, of course, Robinson's Thrushes, Yellow-rumped &  
 Nashville warblers, wrens, White-throated Sparrows & other birds of common  
 general distribution among these large islands of this group.  
 There were also a few rare birds - a Dove coming in  
 the distance, a few Black-bellied Plovers near the shore and a  
 few Herring Gulls, Ring-billed Gulls and also some young ones.  
 Near the mouth of Fish Creek we saw two adult Night Hawks  
 on a rocky ledge.

During our interval of dead calm three Harbor Seals lying half out  
 of water on a small ledge were making a loud, broken or  
 chattering, growling war which reminded me of the  
 wailing of the Red Howler Monkeys at Trinidad. As we went  
 on although we were generally around the rocky reefs in a  
 succession of eddying currents.

We saw many barns on Rock Island. Photographed one of them and on a  
 point & we landed near a small settlement of houses to be the local  
 collector Ralph Newman Knight. He was not at home but his father  
 showed us his eggs & I bought several sets of him among others  
 two sets of 4 & 5 eggs each of Downy Birds taken with a Thrush

1896

July 1

(1892)

Set of 4 eggs on Saddleback Island, July 9<sup>th</sup> 1896. The knowledge of this "Island" gave us all (but especially young) considerable hope for the birds in the future. It was the only island found by us with a good beach. How these eggs could have escaped the numerous gulls who visit the "Island" this whole year is a mystery. I thought an egg contained a form that the bird of prey was unable to pierce. The other two eggs were quite fresh.

Just as we had reached the shore on our way back to the boat we heard a shout & presently young Knight in a long canoe appeared carrying a young bird. I had a short talk with him & learned that he was a very fine hunter. He said that one of the "Islands" was the "Island" containing young birds only. He thinks the eggs must have been laid there in the early part of the year. He has also found this year somewhere among the northern Fox Islands a large colony of birds, about two hundred nests, all containing young.

Had had two fine sets of 4 eggs each of the same birds, both taken on Deer Island this year from the same pair of birds.

He had also two sets (which I bought) of 5 eggs each of the Great Blue Heron taken May 16<sup>th</sup> on Pickering's Island, one of the more northerly of the Fox Islands group.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

July 12

One of the most fearful of all human laws, however, when  
not met in the most happy or affectionate way, even says in  
the morning to take into the night, is that the "most happy"  
"happy" which "and" have from the S. M.

tempted by the beautiful weather & fine morning breeze. I supposed  
is toward this end of that between it was Sunday. I thought  
like to go to Kumpit Island to get the bird nests I had heard  
we found & left with our fresh egg on June 10<sup>th</sup>. He showed me  
great pleasure in he has been working on the same way over  
loss of the birds' nests taken by him and a bad luck was  
Thursday. He accordingly started out with me and the air  
which was down to the island in the morning. I was  
in appearance of the bird's nest. I had seen of the bird's  
in the middle of the shoulder of the bird's nest. I had  
in the bird's nest situated and accordingly in the morning  
lot of eggs; but the bird's nest was disappointed in the morning  
the bird's nest, which we had left twelve days ago and was  
unmistakably deserted. It was at the end of a short tunnel  
which extended into or rather under a large mass of coral  
beach grass of last season's growth. There was no down whatever in  
this nest.

The first of this blackball's nests was not far from the  
the same often on the same nest and much time was  
this hole top, some of them landed in the house. The second  
I think that he & his mate had been in the house & looking  
the grass but they both struggled to down rather early as they  
questioned the surface like some dogs & we found that  
they were really looking for "black" nests which as fast as four  
they seemed to find eggs. They had come in a door which was



1896

July 12

1898

men. Just as they were abandoning it the women started a pair of Red-breasted Loaves which alighted upon the beach. One woman quite startled by the sight of the birds in the bushes, by her loud cries made the men, who were then and there flying together, look the birds as with a sudden & instantly repeated the other, for, when we were after a while later I perceived the birds I found one of them sitting and preening with pair of feet. With the following story of the capture of these pair of birds.

Having now exhausted this source of getting my story told I could find no other source. The men were then and there flying together, some in the grass began shouting at the men. But after flying some in the water and some in the air, several others they became alarmed either at the way or rather the men, perhaps, but to have from the shore of the island with them in a small boat and they flew off with a loud and getting into their boat and across the channel to the island over which a large boat of the same name. Soon after they landed they began firing rapidly keeping it up almost without cessation for the next two hours. Conway & Watson finally crossed to this island and put a stop to the slaughter by hinting that I was a game warden who had come to the island to collect the birds. This so alarmed the men that they at once ~~abandoned~~ the boat and gathering their birds together embarked on the boat & set sail for home. Conway said that he passed many dead & wounded birds floating on the water in the channel, & myself through the grass saw others drifting on the sea with little knots of their comrades hovering over them. On the island itself dead or wounded birds lay scattered about where we chose to look for them. We found & killed several of them.



1596

July 12

125

The despoilers.

I should have mentioned that on Ship Island we  
appeared to be all Wilson's and that they were nesting chiefly  
along the upper edge of a ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~grass~~ <sup>grass</sup> ~~field~~ <sup>field</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup>  
the nests were only two or three feet apart. I found only  
one nest in the mowing field where the grass was, in most  
places, much too long & dense to suit these birds.

I took four photographs of the flying birds using one of the dead terns to attract as large a number as possible one on spot. They would quickly collect to the number of a hundred or more and hover over the dead bird for two or three minutes, then separate & fly off.

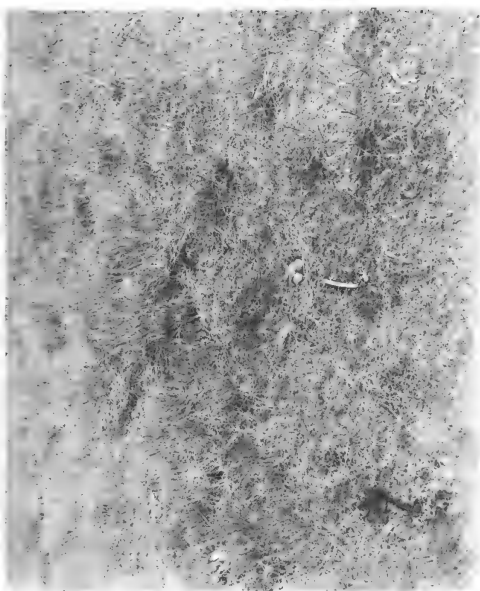
The owner of Jumpt Island told us that it contained only five acres of dry land & that Ship Island has eight acres. Ship Island has fully as many terns as Jumpt; in fact there were more than to-day. The two islands together have this season about 400 pairs of birds. The channel between them is about  $1/4$  mile wide. They are the only islands in the Sound where the birds breed. We could have visited the other islands & Moten's visited to-day. They found a few pairs of terns nesting on each.

Birds Terns & Skuas are found nesting on Rye Island  
Parasites & Song Sparrows & a few Gt. Green Swallows

While I was on Pumpkin Island this morning (a call  
before we reached there the Red-tailed Booby, and  
around two o'clock of the island & west of the  
Booby to the north west. I have no doubt that the Red-tailed  
perhaps eight or ten pairs of birds have nested (or intention  
to nest) on these islands this season.

September 10, 1890





Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

July 13

Clear and beautiful weather of the day. Two steamers passing near us in the late afternoon.

As it was impossible to go anywhere with the ship on account of the absence of wind, I spent the day about the house. In the early evening I walked to the school house, where the highest peak of the island is visible. I called on the school teacher and the school board. The children were singing a new song written near the school house. An old woman was seen the next morning at the house of the ship and it appeared as if I had to a night of not least sleep. This day was cloudy, although I could not see the ship. I could have this day, enough by the ship. I felt like the new ship, but the kind of his wings personally which many in the distance towards the shore.



1876

July 14  
No. 2

for found on the neck failed to trip at least once or twice. Even the Yellow-rumped & Thrushes seemed to have fluffed up again with some vigor and as for the Nashvilles, Black-throated Greens, Black & Yellows, Hermit, Louisiana Tanager, Juncos, Parula Birds, Song Sparrows, Chipping etc. one would have thought that it was the very height of their love making season, I heard one Parula Warbler and the Black-billed Cuckoo in the pasture behind the school house.

It was a genuine surprise, however, to hear at two Savanna Sparrows singing freely in the field by the roadside just above the school house for hundreds have been found but one bird on the beach and that on the point opposite the house. How these birds on the hill-top could have escaped my notice is a mystery for my gunning and the time has been spent in the field. The weather was very warm and the birds were very active. (The birds were very active.)

There was a little talk about the weather conditions this evening which stimulated the vocal energy of the song birds to a degree very exceptional at this season. The air was very clear, absolutely calm and, after 10 warm rays, comparatively cool. Evidently, too, the song season here lasts much later into the summer than with us. No doubt it begins later and perhaps the Crows & Red Squirrels have something to do with it for I believe they rob most of the earlier notes. At least I have seen many new song birds in the past very early in the season.

1896

July 15 Foggy, the afternoon cloudy with heavy showers

We started for about 10.11. Having no other  
means of transport, our destination before we  
could cost anchor in the tiny little harbor. After disposing  
of a hurried dinner we got a double-hatched wagon and  
a driver and started for a lake about five  
miles distant in the direction of the track. This route  
had been described to us as being of some interest,  
assuring us that it would be a good place to see  
most anxious to visit it for a short distance, but  
finding sheep. Told the driver the best way to the  
place the "creek" is a good place to see a  
series of deep natural along the margin of a forest and  
the most extensive all being less than 100 yards in length  
and only 20 to 30 feet in width. As the ground  
was sloping off very little of course the view is that  
of a deep lake, but in the past it is not impossible  
that migrating birds will very frequently find a  
temporary resting place.

At the point where the land rises the trees, however,  
there is a small lake to be seen with some water in it  
and some meadows of short grass, some in places where  
the water is a shallow pool, in places meadows &  
half covered by tall grass, and in others appearing  
into shallow pools or some small water in the  
leaves and bordered by thickets of huckleberry & other heath  
growing shrubs. The meadow itself is covered  
with a growth of thin, short, very grass & flowering  
among which is a small species of the beautiful  
frequent flowers of the Poppies.




1896

July 15  
(No 3)

We next drove to Frost's Pond or at least to within about a quarter of a mile of it walking the last part of the way through a wood road which descended a steep hillside. We had stopped at one of the last houses and secured as guide a native who was familiar with the pond and who knew where the only boat on it was hidden. He also assured us that he could take us to a place where there had been a Loon's nest every season for the past 15 or 20 years.

The Pond proved to be about a mile long by half a mile broad. It was surrounded by woods, chiefly second growth birches, poples etc with a good many spruces & balsams. A shallow creek which emptied into it wound back for half-a-mile or more through an extensive bog sprinkled with young Carexes.

We found the boat easily and ~~immediately~~ rowed directly to the Loon's nest which to our delight contained two eggs. It was on a floating island or "hassock" less than a yard square & formed (in the "hassock" was) of the interlaced roots of grasses and small bushes, chiefly sweet gale. On this vegetable raft the Loons had <sup>if not quite</sup> built a nearly circular structure composed <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ twigs <sup>which</sup> ~~which~~ of tuft-like bunches of grass roots and measuring across from edge to edge just 2 ft. In the middle was a depression 12 inches across and about 2 inches deep in which lay the two eggs not side by side but arranged thus . They were a nearly of the general color of the mud-baked surface on which they rested that it would have been easy to overlook them. The mat of grass roots beneath them was damp but not really wet. The distance from the outer edge of the nest to the water was about a foot on any side

1896

July 15  
(no 4)

I should have mentioned that this nest was not ~~at~~ the shore of the pond itself but on the right-hand side of the creek about 50 yards from its mouth. The channel of open water was here about ten yards wide and two feet deep but a little further up it narrowed to but little more than the width of a large brook. As we were approaching the nest we saw nothing of the loon but the eggs were very warm and while we were looking at them the old bird showed her head some thirty yards up the creek. She thrust it up and down it beneath the surface several times without moving her position but finally she started down the creek under water making a furrow on the surface precisely like that of a big fish. We sat still and let her pass. Her speed was greater than that of an ordinary boat but I think that two good paddlers in a light canoe might have kept up with her. It was interesting to see how accurately she followed the channel which was very crooked in places. She made in all a distance of nearly 200 yards before coming to the surface well out in the pond. When she was once spread her wings and flapped off to the further shore. She was an enormous loon - one of the very largest I have ever seen. We saw her mate in the pond about half-a-mile from the nest when we first emerged from the woods. Neither bird made any vocal sound while we were within hearing of the pond. We took the eggs of course. This nest has been robbed twice within a few years, once by our guide, the other time by his brother. In both cases two eggs constituted the lot. I saw one pair of eggs (the mother's)

1896

July 15-  
(No 5)

It may be as well to record in this connection what happened to my two Bonin's eggs. On taking them I thought I could feel the young moving within. When we reached the boat & unpacked them both young birds were peeping busily. One died during the night but by the next morning the other had chipped a hole as big as a silver ten cent piece near the larger end of the egg. He made no further progress during the day but kept up an incessant cooing. On the second morning he was silent & at first I thought him dead but detecting a slight movement of his head I opened his bill & breathed into it a number of times. This revived him and after he had been put in a warm place behind the coaling stove at the Emersons for half an hour he was as lively as ever. I then drilled a row of holes around the egg and paying off the larger end pulled out the young bird and put him in a basket by the fire. His downy plumage soon dried and within an hour he would swallow with every appearance of satisfaction small flecks of fresh fish macerated in water. I fed him at short intervals through the day & he seemed to gain strength & bulk rapidly. He also seemed to open his bill when food was offered him. On the third morning he was still bigger & stronger & his appetite was much improved. At 4 P.M. of that day I started from Green's Landing for Boston. As soon as I got my dove aboard the boat he began to languish and when we reached Rockland at 6 P.M. he was gasping for breath. He was just alive when I went to bed & died & stiff next morning. Whether the motion of the steamer distressed him or whether he got chilled by the cool sea breeze I was unable to make out. I was glad to add his beautiful skin to my collection but his death was nevertheless a



1896

July 15  
(no 6)

source of real pain to me for a further and more  
engaging little pet has now come under my care. When I  
first took him from the egg his eyes were wide open but  
I am bound to admit that they were, for a bird's, dull  
and expressionless eyes. His usual call was a loud peep  
not unlike a young chicken's but fuller & more "threaty".  
He also gave a succession of whistling notes very like some  
of our *Aspex*. On the day of his assisted birth I put  
him in a tub of water where he swam about with  
some ease but with his bill beneath the surface. I  
think that there was something the matter with his  
neck from the first for he could not hold up his head  
without great effort.

In this connection, also, I will describe another *Loon's*  
nest which we visited on the 16<sup>th</sup>. It was in the town  
of Brooksville at the N. E. end of Walker's Pond (cf journal  
of July 16 for description of pond). Like the first nest  
it was composed wholly of bunches of grass roots and it  
measured exactly the same in total width as well as in  
the width of the egg cup but the sides were built up  
higher and the rim more distinctly marked while the whole  
structure was more symmetrical. In fact I have never  
seen any loon nest so absolutely round. It looked as if  
it had been formed on a potter's wheel. Like the other  
nest, also, it was placed near (or rather on) the edge of a  
shallow winding creek perhaps 30 yards from its mouth  
but unlike the first nest it rested on a solid foundation  
having been built up on a hard bottom of mixed sand &  
mud in water about 2 inches deep. The surroundings were  
also slightly different for a bed of cat tails formed a  
background to this nest & several of these tall stems

1896

July 15-  
(no 7)

beet gracefully over it although from the creek side it was wholly open to view and indeed a very conspicuous object.

This nest had also, we were told, been occupied for many years. Although it is within an eighth of a mile of a small village & known to everyone living in the country around ~~we~~ we were assured that it has never been molested. The young had hatched about a week before our visit and nothing but fragments of the egg shells & the tough skin that had enclosed the embryos remained in the nest. We saw one of the old loons in the pond but could not find the young although we followed the shore line closely in a boat & used our glasses freely.

I should have noted that this nest like the first was so situated that the sitting bird could slide directly from its edge into water two or three inches deep. This fact leads me to conclude that the reason why loons were based on salt water is probably that, being unable to either walk or to fly directly from dry land, they would be surely if not quite helpless if perched on the nest at low tide!

1896

July 16

Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind.

We passed the night on the boat and arose this morning just as the sun was rising. An hour later our driver appeared with the same excellent horse and wagon that we had yesterday and we were soon on our way to Walker's Pond. The road leads along near the shore for the first few miles and then, turning inland, climbs a long hill from the top of which one looks directly down on the pond on one side and <sup>the</sup> one Puroscot Bay on the other. Altogether the distance to Brooksville, a small village at the N.E. end of the pond, was perhaps seven miles.

On reaching this village we asked about Loon's nests and were told that there were <sup>only</sup> one on the pond although there used to be two each season years ago.

Every one seemed to know all about the nest of the present season and not unnaturally for it was scarce 300 yards from the middle of the little village & in plain sight of the little country store at which we stopped to make inquiries, while it was actually within 50 or 60 yards of a landing where there a few boats are kept. The young men of whom we hired one of these boats pointed out the position of the nest and rowing across the little cove we entered the mouth of a shallow muddy creek and were down at the nest. The young had left it, we were told, about a week before. As I was anxious to see them we rowed entirely around the pond entering all the coves and following the shore closely but we could find only one of the old birds which was quite

1896

July 16  
(No 2.)

as they are most of his many species. Of the nest itself I have recorded a <sup>general</sup> description in connection with that of the nest found yesterday & under date of July 15. Here is a copy of the detailed notes that I took on the spot:

"Loon's nest at N.E. corner of Walker's Pond, examined July 16, 1896.

On edge of cat-tail bog bordering creek covered with Lily pads and about 15 or 20 yards from the point where the creek enters a corner of the pond. Nest built up on a firm (although soft) bottom of mixed sand & mud covered with water two or three inches deep, the water all around the nest two to four inches deep with a channel of open water about a foot deep leading in from the creek to the very edge of the nest & probably made, either designedly or through long use, by the birds. Tall cat-tail flags growing <sup>close</sup> behind & on two sides of the nest & bordering over it, Sagittaria pushing up through it. Nest composed of mud-balled bunches of grass roots and moss-like aquatic plants with a scanty lining of dry blades of the cat-tail flags. Total width across top exactly 2 ft. width of inner cup exactly 1 ft. Cup just 1 inch deep in the middle. Rim raised 4 inches above the water. Nest as regularly circular both without & within as if modeled on a father's wheel. 7 segments of the egg shells and the lining of one of the eggs lay within it, the lining of the other egg in the shallow water outside. From the creek side this nest was a conspicuous object."

1896

July 16

(No 3)

Now a word as to Walker's Pond. It is a beautiful sheet of water three miles long by half a mile or more in width at the widest part with rocky shores rising abruptly in low cliffs at several points and with pretty sand beaches in some of the numerous shallow coves. The south western end is heavily & densely wooded with spruces & balsams chiefly and groves of these or thickets of bushes are sprinkled thickly around the remaining shores but near the village much of the land is under cultivation & fields of English grass stretch to the water's edge.

The creek where the Loons nest is an ideal place for Red-winged Blackbirds but like the marsh visited yesterday it seemed to have attracted only a solitary bird of this species who sang a few times but did not show himself. Swamp Sparrows were numerous along this creek and here as well as nearly everywhere about the shores of the pond we heard a few Yellow Warblers one of which was also seen in an orchard in the village. On a rocky slope near the shore we heard a Miniopterus warbling the wicki-wicki song. Red-eyed Vireos were singing vigorously in all directions in the woods & thickets. Song & Savanna Sparrows were abundant in the fields.

We saw a fine old Herring Gull standing on an isolated rock but the village people told us that so far as they know this species does not nest here. They also said that no Ducks of any kind breed in or near this pond but on June 15 yesterday Thomas that an occasional brood of young Black Ducks may be found in Walker's Pond although he has seen none there himself of late years.

1896

July 16

(No 4)

During the drive to & from Waller's Pond we observed no birds of any especial interest. The Savanna Sparrow is evidently one of the most abundant species of the region & is found practically everywhere in the open country regardless of elevation or of the character of the fields, provided only they are covered with some kind of grass. The Song Sparrow is also very common. Barn Swallows are generally distributed throughout the entire region breeding in small colonies (from two or three to a dozen or fifteen pairs) on nearly every house & barn there on farms—at least where the construction of these buildings made it possible for them to attach their nests.

We reached the harbor about noon and spent the greater part of the afternoon getting back to Lushington Hopping on the way to make a second call on Ralph A. Threlkeld from whom I bought a few more eggs & who told me that Night Hawks are numerous in the woods & pastures near his father's farm. He showed me a nest & eggs of the Yellow Warbler taken on Deer Island.

1896

July 16  
(No 5)

After talking tea at the Emersons we went aboard the boat again and started down the Bay. It was a beautiful evening, cloudless, the air very clear, a light breeze from the south west just ruffling the water. A few Gulls were flying about and we saw a magnificent Bald Eagle, a fully adult bird standing on a rock on a small ledge about 200 yards off. With its broad wings half spread. This is the first Eagle I have seen in Penobscot Bay.

As the sun sank the breeze became lighter & lighter and we finally had to take to the sweeps but we reached our destination, Spoon Island, by 8 P.M. and anchoring at our round shore.

My sole object in making this trip was to see the Leach's Petrels leave their burrows and to hear the clamor which, according to some of the foremen, they make at night. We were in good season for twilight had barely begun to fall when we climbed the rocky hillside and posted ourselves on the crest of the ridge in the middle of the breeding ground. The slope of the land was such that in these directions either the sky or sea formed a light background against which so dark colored a bird as a Petrel must have been easily seen.

Nevertheless day passed slowly into night until the afterglow had quite faded in the west and only the light of a half moon & that of the stars remained without our seeing anything of the numerous birds which we knew to be nesting literally beneath our feet. Several times we were momentarily deceived by a dim form darting close past us but in every instance this turned out to be a Bat. In short we did not see a single Petrel although we remained on the

1896.

July 16  
(no 6)

island about two hours or until nearly 10 P. M.

Not were our ears more favored than our eyes for as night closed in we heard only the chirping and bickering calls of Savanna Sparrows, the musical peet-weet of Spotted Sandpipers, the various cries of the Sea Gulls, and the sudden boom of the surf on the outer ledges. Altogether it was a great disappointment and one that I am quite at a loss to explain. Unquestionably there were two or three hundred Petrels' nests scattered about under the turf within two hundred yards or less of where we sat. If any birds left or came to them while we were there it must have been after dark and they must have skinned so close to the ground as to wholly escape our observation. Even then it seems incredible that we should not have seen some of them as they came up from the sea on the crest of the ridge. The utter silence of so large a colony of breeding birds was also remarkable. Either the fishermen must have discovered us or the clamor of which they have told us is produced only at certain periods of the breeding season or during certain conditions of weather. It is idle, however, to speculate on these points or to do more than record as above the fact that during this visit we neither saw nor heard anything.

In a lobster pot on the beach we found a juv, a young bird but fully fledged & able to fly well as he proved when we liberated him. Conway tells us that young Crows often enter baited pots drawn up on the shore and, like the lobsters, are unable to get out again. He would & drifted homeward with the tide reaching the beach as about midnight.



1896.

July 17

Spent the day packing - no observations.

" 18

Chas with a cool S.W. breeze.

At 1 P.M. we put our things aboard the boat and started for Green's Landing. On the way across we saw another Bald Eagle, a brown bird this time. At Green's Landing I heard Alder Flycatchers and a Yellow Warbler (the latter in full song) in alder thickets on the hillside just above the wharf.

The Steamer Mt. Desert came at 4 P.M. and took us to Rockland where we transferred to the Steamer for Boston. When we left the Quersons' my young son was as bright and cheerful as ever but either the sea breeze chilled him or some water which I gave him on the Steamer disagreed with him for he began to feel soon after we started from Green's Landing and when I went to bed at 11 P.M. he was only just alive. Next morning I found him cold & stiff. I skinned him as soon as we reached Cambridge.

1896

Boston to Lake Umbagog

August 8 Clear, still and very warm (ther. 90° at Poplar Swamp at 2 P.M.).

I left Boston yesterday at 9 A.M. and spent the night at Bethel where, at sunset, a Robin was singing rather freely near the hotel and a large number of hawks circling about over the clouds evidently assembling to roost but just when they spent the night I was unable to discern.

At daybreak this morning I heard Robins, Song Sparrows, Birds at a Wood Pewee, a Red-eyed Vireo and a Goldfinch singing, Bethel and later saw a brood of young Great Flycatchers.

Calling on Dr. Gearing I found that he was much interested in our native plants & herbs and had a large & very attractive wild garden. He had *Clethra* in bloom but he tells me that it is not found wild near Bethel.

At noon I started for the Lake by Stage with Mr. Gill as driver. The heat was so intense that we traveled very slowly ~~at first~~ but after we had passed the notch the sun was so low behind the western mountains as to trouble us no longer and in the woods the air was positively cool as well as laden with delicious odors.

The roadsides all along the way were gay with all sorts of wild summer wild flowers - *Eupatorium*, Fire weed, Golden rod, Hardsack & a pair of the earlier *Asters*.

It seemed to me that these & other flowers are here finer than in Massachusetts. The Fire weed is certainly finer.

Birds were not numerous as to either species or individuals & I saw nothing of any peculiar interest. Blanchard who came out at Bethel to meet the stage tells me that a pair of "black" Eagles have nested their den at the old cabin on the old point about 2 miles from Bethel.

Station of  
Vegetation

Golden  
Eagles nest  
in highest

1896

Aug. 9

Cambridge, Mass.

A light shower in the morning & a very heavy one just after dinner; otherwise a clear and very hot day. The therm. reaching 90°.

I spent the forenoon at Ballsbridge writing & unpacking. After the second shower had passed I sailed over to Upton to see the new house boat which is approaching completion. On the way over I saw five Ducks all, I think, Whistlers. Two which were certainly of that species were diving for food in the river near Pease's bend. They were remarkably tame allowing me to sail the canoe to within less than 20 yards. One looked like an old bird but the other did not seem to be more than two-thirds grown although it could fly well.

I landed at Pease's Spring and had a refreshing drink of its ice-cold water. The woods seemed silent and deserted but a Song Sparrow was singing in the neighboring pasture.

It was nearly half-an-hour after sunset when I left the landing at Upton and quite dark when I reached Ballsbridge. The wind had died away and I had to paddle the entire distance. I started two Great Blue Herons and saw others flapping lazily across the glowing western sky but no Ducks seemed to be moving. A single Night hawk and a good many Bats were flying about over the lake near the mouth of the river.

Herons

Night hawk.

Bats

Although I saw no Ducks in the air I surprised a <sup>brood</sup> of ten Wood Ducks feeding in shallow water near the eastern end of the larger pond. Not one of them could fly apparently but they scattered in every direction & using their wings & feet like young Goswimmers got into the grass very quickly. Such a squeaking & fluttering as they made on first being seen!

Brood of young

1896

Aug. 10

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge R. Marshes

Clear and hot, the forenoon calm, a light N. W. breeze in the late afternoon.

I spent the day at Upton superintending the work on the house boat, sailing slowly on before the lightest possible air in the morning, paddling out to the mouth of the river and beating against a head wind the remainder of the way, late in the afternoon.

The water is high for this time of year but the river banks are coming out and in places afford dry footing although nearly everywhere there is more or less water among the luxuriant growth of grass. Hence the conditions although unfavorable for the waders are exactly right for the Ducks and the latter appear to be unusually numerous for this particular locality & season. I saw to-day, between the mouth of the Cambridge & the Mill, eight Black Ducks and as many more Whistlers. Seven of the Black Ducks were young birds about three fourths grown and unable to fly. They were evidently all of one brood but their parents did not seem to be with them. At least they all appeared to be of the same sex & where I passed them had they went ashore on the river bank & took to the grass, but instead of stopping & hiding there as I expected they crossed the land and when I showed myself above the bank began running & flapping off over the flooded meadows on the other side.

The Whistlers were scattered about everywhere & were very tame. So far as I can learn none of the birds on the Cambridge River meadows have been as yet disturbed. It is delightful to see them

High water

Several young  
Black Ducks

At Upton

1896  
Aug. 10  
(Wed.)

Cambaidj, R. Mousis.

attractive water fowl back in such numbers in this old Water fowl  
haunts. Would that they might be permitted to stay unmolested  
unmolested through the autumn as well as the summer!  
But alas! in a few short weeks the slaughter will  
begin.

Apparently the patches of grass along the river banks  
as yet shelter no small birds except where there are Savanna  
bushes, also, and near the floating island where I heard Sparrows  
a Swamp Sparrow sing yesterday & others chirp to-day.  
The Savanna Sparrows are still on their breeding grounds  
in the upland fields & pastures. The meadow at Bakoridi Sparrows  
is alive with them. No doubt they will take to the  
river marshes as soon as the water falls sufficiently  
to make these grounds attractive to them.

The only birds singing with any regularity or frequency Birds still  
are the Indris, Song Sparrow and Red-eyed Vireo, but in song  
several others such as the Wood Pewee and Olive-backed  
Flycatcher are heard occasionally & this morning a Water  
Thrush and a Yellow-rumped Warbler each sang over near  
the Pensee Spring; the Water Thrush's voice was as strong  
& rich as in June but the Yellow-rumped was fresh &  
hesitant. Robins & White-throated Sparrows are absolutely absent

As I was walking past B. Priat this afternoon I heard  
heard the chink, chink of White-winged Crossbills & the  
next moment a flock of seven of these birds started  
from the top of a tall Opuntia & flew off towards  
the north.

Leopold  
Leopold

1896

Aug. 11

Cambridge River Mosquito.

Clear and very hot. Our thermometer (a poor one) stood at 90° for hours. At Bethel the temperature reached 102° in the shade before noon according to the stage driver.

As it was dead calm through the forenoon I did not leave Bethel until after dinner when a fresh S. W. breeze wafted us quickly across to Upton. In a little over half an hour we were just inside the rocky point at the mouth of the Cambridge and Great River. Herons were standing along the shore four on the mud and two on low flanks. Further along I could see far more so that in all I had eleven of these picture-book birds in sight at once. There were also two Eagles, a white headed and a brown one, and an Osprey sitting on dead trees not far from the Herons. Of Ducks I saw but one, a Whistler sailing about in a cove near Pease's town. The same bird was in the same place yesterday.

Eleven  
Great Blue  
Herons in  
sight at  
once.

Eagles.  
Osprey.

Whistler

As I was sailing up the stretch just above Pease's bend I saw something down the high, grassy bank on the left and strike out across the river. At first I took it for a snake but as I got nearer I found it to be a large and very peculiar mole. It was nearly as large as a Star-mole but its skin was of a light silvery gray, its nose tapered to a smooth and rather blunt point and its short tail was covered thickly with long hair & looked, as Will Bryant of Bethel it, "as bushy as a Woodchuck's". Its nose was perfectly bare for half an inch or more and of a blood red color looking exactly as if the skin had been just stripped off which, however, was not the case. This appendage was in reality a flexible proboscis which the creature reared up & down & to both sides with great frequency & facility. It

A common  
Mole  
(Parascapic  
Breweri)

1896

Aug. 11  
(No 2.)

eyes although minute did not lack expression but on the contrary twinkled and apparently moved, also, as I looked into them. [I afterwards identified the specimen as Swainson's Mole]

A com.

Mole

Parasitology

(See No. 1)

I have rarely seen a more awkward swimmer than this curious Mole. It reminded me of a puppy thrown into a pool for the first time as it beat the water with its large outturned front feet sending jets of spray up into the air and making but little progress. It seemed incapable of keeping a straight course but on the contrary moved in zig-zags and large, irregular circles. It floated too lightly, however, to be in any danger of drowning and after ten or twelve minutes of restless struggling it reached the belt of aquatic vegetation on the further shore and scrambled out on a water lily leaf to rest. I had followed it closely all the while and now stepping the blade of my paddle under it lifted it into the canoe. It found congenial shelter under a large sponge in the foreward hatch & remained there quietly enough as long as day light lasted but in the evening as I was paddling home it began moving about making a good deal of noise. Next morning I found it under the sponge which, during the night, it had cut into four pieces. I tried to get it into a small bag but it eluded me and crawled for forward under the deck where I could not reach it & where it was remaining.

On the evening of the 12<sup>th</sup> I caught the mole and put him into a large tin pail half full of fresh loam. It was a revelation to see him in his proper element. He later ally dove into & swam through it moving with as much ease & nearly as rapidly as a muskrat would move through the water marbling his color as he did toward the pail by the slight heaving of the coat. Every now & then he would burst up through the coat and then across or around the pail before dipping again which he did with marvellous grace & ease. First throwing his front legs into the coat & then with a single comb-like effort plunging one of his feet. After breasting his coat he would move his head up the side of the pail & then he would rest. I went to bed. Next morning he was dead one the surface of the coat & I placed him in a box.

1896  
Aug. 11  
(1897)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River

I passed a most uncomfortable afternoon at Upton for when the Owen failed, as it frequently did for half an hour at a time, the boat was simply suffocating. The men were quite unable to bear it at the boat and at times they had to withdraw to the shore & work there.

A Goldfinch sang for hours in wild cherry near the landing but his was the only bird voice that broke the killing silence. In the thickets of raspberry bushes along the road I found a number of Song Sparrows. Great Blue Herons were flying to & fro between Cambridge River and the marshes along the lower shore. Six or eight of the big birds were often in sight at once.

A hot  
afternoon

Goldfinch  
singing.

Great Blue  
Heron

At sunset I started back landing at Pesche's Cove and taking my supper at the delicious cold spring. All about me grew ferns, mosses & wild flowers—Fanny, Eupatorium, Fire Weed, and Jewel Weed (*Impatiens*). The air was cool and damp and only an occasional mosquito came to mar the perfect comfort of the place & hour. The silence of the surrounding woods & fields was a little oppressive, however. Actually the twilight fell without a single bird song.

Castles Spring

As I resumed my way, however, & paddled down the river path-way lighted by the strong after glow in the western sky I heard an Olive-backed Thrush calling ti-chus-r-r-r in the depths of the dark forest on my left. Two Swamp Sparrows sang a few times, also, & Great Blue Herons barked hoarsely as they sailed past in the gloom. Off the river's mouth I saw the water of running brooks & through my glass made out three Killdeer paddling along in close company.

Swainson's  
Thrush.

Great Blue  
Heron.

Killdeer



1896

Aug. 11

(Sun.)

For the past three days more than a thousand Swallows have frequented the Lohrville farm. About 80% ~~are~~ Barn Swallows and most of the remaining 20% Barn Swallows although a few House Swallows & White-bellies are mixed with them species. In the early morning (i.e. from 6.30 to 8 a.m.) they sit crowded close together in rows along the wires of the fences or in masses on the roof of the barn, apparently to preen their plumage & enjoy a sun bath. A portion of the flock, probably the younger & weaker birds, spend the greater part of the day on their perches but by far the larger number are on wing during the remainder of the forenoon and most of the afternoon, spreading themselves in insect-like swarms over the fields and the meadow in front of the house. At about 5 P.M. these wanderers begin coming in from every direction and alighting either on the barn or, as is oftenest the case at this house, among the foliage of a Bald or Red Poplar which stands at the corner of the house. They do not alight all together but singly and in groups of a dozen or more which come in quick succession. In the poplar they alight chiefly on the upper surfaces of the leaves choosing those at the upper or outer ends of the branches first. ~~After~~ ~~then one better than next.~~ The frail character of these perches obliges the birds to use their wings more or less to maintain their positions and at times the whole outer surface of the foliage is a-flutter producing a sound like falling hail & giving the tree, when viewed from a little distance, a curious appearance.

When all - or practically all, for there are usually a few stragglers left flying about the fields - are perched they remain quiet - save for the fluttering, & more or less

1896

Aug. 11  
(205)

Lake Umbagog.

chirping and twittering - for a few minutes then as if struck by a panic and with loud and startling cries a few of the old birds (easily recognized as such by their notes), take wing and are closely followed by the whole swarm so that the tree or roof is cleared practically in an instant and so completely that never a bird remains. Sometimes they swoop down nearly to the ground at first, at others they go off on nearly a level plane but however the flock is much each bird seems to exert itself to the utmost <sup>to fly at top speed</sup> for the first hundred yards or so, then they all rise in a spiral course until they have attained an elevation varying from two or three hundred feet to one thousand feet when they circle a few times and then begin to scatter and return to the bare roof or poplar down going directly back, others flying about awhile over the field or lake before re-lighting. Late in the afternoon this evolution is performed ~~and~~ the average over every fifteen or twenty minutes.

The start from the tree is so very like that common to most of the smaller gregarious birds when they are alarmed by some real or imaginary danger that at first I supposed it to be due to ~~some~~ sudden panic but after watching it closely a few times and considering it in connection with the subsequent ascent and circling high over the lake I came to the conclusion that it was really a false start on migration or in other words that the older individuals were preparing their young to begin the inevitable journey southward.

I watched them for nearly two hours last evening partly in the hope that I might see them actually depart & partly to ascertain, if possible, where they spent the night.

1896

Aug. 11  
(Wed.)

but my pains went unrewarded for they certainly did not migrate nor could I trace them to their roost. It was, however, interesting if provoking to see the great host gradually diminish and finally disappear without giving the least clue as to the general direction which they took. They briefly scattered in every direction and flying about aimlessly some high over the woods others skimming low over the fields were lost to sight. No doubt they resembled swallows but if so the swallows were beyond reach of my vision. A few of the Barn Swallows - scarce a dozen in all - entered our barn and passed the night in their nests or on the rafters near the eaves.

This morning at 6.30 the whole swarm were back again swarming themselves on the fence. At one time they completely filled twenty spaces between the posts crowding the wires so thickly that they almost or quite touched one another. I counted the birds in three of the spaces carefully and found that there were about twenty birds on each wire (i.e. between two posts) and six to ten on each space. This gave twelve hundred as the total number on the fence and there were certainly over a thousand more skimming over the fields.

(It is a pity that I could not have watched them this evening for there can be little doubt that while I was eating my supper at Pease's Spring in Upton the Backside host took their departure. At least on the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup> less than fifty Swallows reappeared about the hotel and the number did not increase during the day. Of these fifty the greater part were Barn Swallows with a few (less than a dozen) Cowbirds & Tree Swallows. Did the great swarm leave at evening or may they not have gone in mid-afternoon? I saw them last when

left the house at 2 P.M.

1896

Aug. 12

Lake Umbagog.

## Cambridge River Marshes

Another clear & intensely hot day but with a refreshing N.W. breeze in the afternoon.

I spent the forenoon in the barn writing and walked across to Upton in the afternoon. On the way one I saw nothing of any interest. Near the mill the Goldfinch was again singing on the sum cherry and a dozen Purple Martins were flying about alighting on the tall dead pine by the landing.

I started back a little before sunset and after landing and fixing a bottle at Parker's Spring paddled out to the mouth of the river & ate my supper there sitting in the canoe while I moved on the edge of a bed of bullrushes. Despite the gradual accumulation of a swarm of mosquitoes it was a very pleasant & interesting half-hour while the twilight fell and gradually deepened into night. A Whistler was playing about on the calm water within 100 yards or less swimming very rapidly to & fro in zig-zag lines with outstretched head & neck apparently gathering food from the surface and acting very like a Phalarope. (He did not once dive.) A pair of Black Ducks came flying past quacking noisily & finally alighting with loud splashing within the space of the Southern Shore. Great Blue Herons sailed across the after glow in the west bellowing loudly & a Night Heron quawked repeatedly in the direction of B. Point. Hips in air a Night-hawk wandered aimlessly. The sweet mellow calls of Spotted Sandpipers stole over the water from distant shores. As it grew darker a Great Horned Owl began hooting on the point to the eastward of the Brown clearing. Later still I heard a Warbler chirping in the Star-lit sky. This is the first night migrant I have noted here this month.

Bird life  
of the  
Cambridge  
marshes

Peculiar  
behavior of  
Whistler

1896

Aug. 13

Cambridge River Monarch

Morning cloudy & calm, Afternoon sunny with light N.W. to S.W. breeze. Evening cloudy threatening a storm. Much cooler (ther 64° at 9 P.M.)

According to the habit which I have established here I spent the forenoon writing and early in the afternoon sailed over to Upton to look after the work on the slop. It is progressing slowly for Jim is not at all well and all the men have been more or less affected by the extreme heat of the past three days.

On my way across the lake I saw four Whistlers, two old birds, the other two young not more than half grown. Unlike the Black & Wood Ducks which keep together in broods until they leave for the north the young Whistlers apparently separate long before they are large enough to fly and probably as soon as they are able to get their own living. They utter a low queer, queer almost exactly like that of the Black Duck (I have always supposed that this note is peculiar to the young drake of the latter species but I knew it as late as October after the Black Ducks are fully grown) and having the same peculiar shrill yet <sup>staccato</sup> hustling tone. The little fellows which I saw to-day were expert divers and had already learned the art of douching back when hard pressed but they were so tame that I could have shot them easily enough. They feed both by diving & by skimming the surface of the water with half opened bills. During the day they work well in those parts the grassy cove and up the river but before sunset they paddled out into the lake a little way & spent the night 200 or 300 yards off the mouth of the river. I have seen no other birds in this neighborhood after sunset and suspect that, in accordance with their old-time custom, they pass the night at the head of the lake but if so I have not as yet seen them going or coming.

Habit of young  
birds

1896

Aug. 13  
(No 2/)

Cambridge River marshes

About the Lake House this afternoon I saw the same flock of Martins (seen in number) which I heard them yesterday. There was at least an old male among them.

I started back about an hour before sunset this evening & getting a bottle full of water at Person's Spring paddled down to the river's mouth and ate my supper as the canoe under sail <sup>was</sup> slowly wafted the remainder of the distance to the Locksides landing which I reached about dark. As I was thus drifting & eating the night closed in without offering much of interest in the way of either sights or sounds. It was a dull, lifeless evening with a curtain of lead-colored clouds hanging over the water sky & but little bird life moving. As I came down the river, however, I had a chance to watch and admire four Great Blue Herons which were ranged along the banks near the outlet of the upper pond standing leg deep in the water watching for fish. They reminded me forcibly of human anglers as with necks stretched out and bills pointing downward they waited patiently for their prey. No one of them got a chance to strike, however, during the fifteen minutes or more that I had them under my glass. I was struck by their superlatively graceful attitudes and by the slowness of their necks which looked scarce looser around them than those of Grebes. All four flew when I got within 100 yards. One was an old bird, the others three were young.

The marshes  
at evening

G. B. Herons  
fishing.

Kingfishers are deplorably scarce: I have yet to see my first but Jim saw one near the mill on the 9<sup>th</sup>. Will Sargent says they were numerous there a week ago. He thinks the shallow water up the Cambridge has driven them away from the Lake.

Scarcity of  
Kingfishers

1896

Aug. 14

Lakeside

Early morning cloudy with a dash or two of rain. Remainder of day clear with light variable breezes and long intervals of dead calm. Much cooler at morning & evening but then at 85° at noon.

Immediately after breakfast I took a short walk along the road towards Upton seeing large numbers of Sparrows (chiefly Chipping, Song Sparrows, & Savannahs, with one Junco) two or three Hummers, two Redstarts (one a fine old male), a Black & Yellow Warbler, and a Hermit Thrush.

Returning to the hotel I shot a Warbling Vireo in the Bolan O'Neil Pine, yellow Poplar at the N.W. corner of the piazza firing from the window of my at Lakeside room. There were certainly ten or twelve <sup>or</sup> <sup>more</sup> of these birds in the tree besides a number of Warblers & Sparrows. I <sup>was</sup> <sup>not</sup> sure when I was dressing & heard them call and one of the young warble in low tones. Although I felt sure of their identity I considered it imperative to kill one of them to authenticate the record of their occurrence for this is the first time that I have ever found V. gilvus at Lakeside although I beats regularly at Lakeside.

The Swallows about the house had increased again this morning. There were fully 300 but this time the Barn Swallows outnumbered the Barn Swallows which, however, had also increased in numbers. The flock spent most of the day in the Bolan O'Neil wading pool streets every ten or fifteen minutes through the house.

At 2 P.M. as I was on my way to the Boat Landing a young Cooper's Hawk came skimming across the lake from the direction of B. Point and alighted for a moment in a poplar by the shore. It then flew across the Lakeside meadows pursued by a number of excited Barn Swallows who dove down on it from above pulling at its head & evidently

Cooper's Hawk

1896

Aug. 14  
(No 2.)Seaside

arriving it a good deal for it drifted & stopped repeatedly. Cooper's Hawk  
On reaching the road nearly in front of the hotel it turned sharply chases a  
to one side and plunged headlong into the top of an apple tree Song Sparrow  
driving out a large Sparrow (probably M. fasciata) which at first  
flew upward & out over the field escaping the talons of the Hawk  
half a dozen times by doubling at the last moment but which  
finally sought refuge in a dense growth of golden rod & Eupatorium  
by the roadside. The Hawk alighted on a stone wall within a  
yard of the spot where the Sparrow had disappeared and sat  
there motionless in a crouching position watching, its plumage  
ruffled, its head bent down. The Sparrow wisely  
kept close hid and after about ten minutes the Hawk  
lost patience and flew down the road to a fence post where  
it perched in an absolutely erect position its feathers drawn  
in so tightly that it looked like a continuation of the post.  
Soon after this it plunged into another apple tree without  
moving any thing & then made for the woods. All the while  
several Barn Swallows & a pair of King Birds were hovering  
one and darting down at it uttering their shrill alarm  
cries incessantly. I could not understand why it did  
not try to catch one of the slow-moving clumsy King Birds  
which, surely, would have proved an easy prey.

The only birds flying to-day were Red-eyed Vireos Birds about  
and a Grass Finch which ran its leg over in full in  
loud tones near the house early in the forenoon.

The Song Sparrows were silent for the first time.

They are very numerous in the woodlands thickets.

The Song Sparrows still haunt our meadow in  
swarms & there are hordes of young Chipping Sparrows  
in the orchard.



1896  
Aug. 14  
(no 3)

Cambridge River Marsh

Purple Martins

At 3 P.M. I started for after sailing across the lake and up river to the mill as usual. I found the flock of Purple Martins by the lake shore having increased to fifteen birds about one third of whom were old males. They kept slightly on and flying from the tall dead hemlock by the shore adding very little to the numbers of birds. With them were also 20 White-bellies & a few Barn, Dove & House Sparrows. The Martins occasionally gave the spring warbling notes. Just before sunset a whole flock of Martins & House Sparrows began circling over the river flying down & flitting up the river in quick succession.

I started back a little earlier than usual and after getting a supply of water at the spring paddled to B. Point where I took my supper in a little room nearly opposite the Lakeside Laundry. Soon after reaching this spot I heard a few Crows flying from tree to tree just inside the edge of the woods but I did not expect that there were more than three or four of them until suddenly with a deafening clamor upwards of a hundred were seen and circled over me. After beating me for awhile they redoubled and became quiet again but a little later they all were together and crossed the lake to the opposite (western) shore where they returned that night. Evidently I had blundered on their nest and excited their apprehensions to such a degree as to cause them to abandon it, at least temporarily.

Two or three Great Blue Herons slightly along the shore, a Night-hawk warbling high in air over the lake, a Black Duck quavering in the distance after dark.

Herons.  
Night hawk.

1896

Aug. 15

Clear, dead calm most of the morning; light S. to E. winds in P. M. Very warm through the middle of the day.

When I started for a walk along the road toward Upton at 7 A. M. the fog was only just beginning to rise and brush and the fern was still veiled. The roadside thrillers were alive with Song Sparrows, mostly young birds some of which were warbling low, confused strains but none of the old Song Sparrows were singing to-day. In the woods just east of the hotel I heard a Redstart sing over but the only birds of any kind which sang really steadily were Goldfinches and Red-eyed Vireos.

When the road passes through the woods just mentioned the roadmakers last May cut away the mountain hogs, cornels and other shrubs and low trees that made such a beautiful border to the forest leaving in their place a broad belt of bare rocks half covered with the fallen brush wood. This deed of vandalism was performed while I was here and at the time I feared that years must elapse before Nature, with all her diligence, could repair the injury. I underrated her power for already this stretch of road is, if anything, more beautiful than ever. Fire weed, Eupatorium, Lupinus, Aster, Golden rod and several other tall & rank flowering plants have shot up through and almost perfectly covered the unsightly brush and stone heaps and I have rarely seen a more brilliant or attractive display of wild flowers. The fire weed is especially tall and fine and the pink weed grows in solid beds yards in extent. Of course the Humming birds had not overlooked such a feeding ground. There were at least three of them there at once, exhibiting an almost insatiable thirst every throat at which I find an unaffected throat.

Roadside

Birds of the

Hummers

1896

August 15-  
(Wed)

Cambridge River Marshes.

I went to Upton this afternoon at the usual time sailing across and paddling back in the early evening telling my supper in the canoe. Large birds were scarce there usual but I saw Whistlers, Herons etc.

A little after sunset I heard two Hairy Hawks hooting rapidly as if they were rising to roost but I did not hear them roost nor did I see them & presently the peeping found ceased.

At the back of a pair of Solitary Sandpipers came circling high over the marshes, late in the afternoon.

First Solitary Sandpiper

Some evening & this I saw a flock of about 200 swallows representing all four of the species found here flying low over the Cambridge River marshes towards the back of the marsh.

Swallows

I think they are on their way to the coast as they did not return. Very probably they pass the night in the bushes on or near the floating island. I must investigate this

1896  
Aug. 16

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

Cloudy most of the day with a heavy storm in the afternoon and a still heavier thunder storm in the evening.

At 9 A. M. I sailed across to Upton: As I was in the stretch of river just above Pease's bend and within a few rods of the spot where I captured the curious Mole on the 11<sup>th</sup> I saw another precisely like it crossing the river towards the west bank. Unlike the first it swam in a straight line and with comparative ease although slowly. Keeping close to it I followed it to the shore on reaching which it rested itself for a moment and then literally dove into the soft, somewhat muddy ground the surface of which heaved & cracked as the creature forced its way rapidly beneath it. When I prodded the surface just above it with my paddle it at once emerged and ran up the bank into the grass moving rather fast and very smoothly & easily. Up to this time I do not think that it had been aware of my presence. This species of Mole, whatever it is, must be common along these banks. [It was a Brewer's Mole, as I found afterwards]

Another Mole  
Like the one  
captured on the  
11<sup>th</sup>  
Parascaphes  
brevirostris )

As I was leaving the Upton Landing at 1 P. M. I saw a Hummingbird chasing a Kingbird over the open marshes 50 or 60 feet above the ground. Keeping close the big, clumsy fellow it gave him a good dose of the medicine which he is so fond of administering to, & Hawks darting down at & apparently striking his head & forcing him to dodge as well as to put forth his best speed. At length the Hummingbird ceased this evidently wanton persecution and, rising & falling in long, deep undulations shot off for the nearest woods looking no bigger than a Bumble Bee against the white sky.

Humming  
bird  
Kingbird

1896

Aug. 16  
(182.)

Landing at Peck's Spring for my usual supply of water I had just returned to the canoe when it began to rain. I got out my rubber coverings, however, and kept on, paddling as far as the large water pond where I set the sail and drifted slowly homeward in a perfect downpour. By the time I had reached the mouth of the river, however, the rain ceased and I had my first opportunity to get a bite of lunch. While thus engaged I noticed a dozen or more White-bellied Swallows circling close over the canoe. Presently one alighted on the end of the gaff, next another on one of the wooden rings that attach the sail to the gaff and finally two on the upper edge of the sail itself. A little later an Saw Swallow joined them. As they sat scarce eight feet above me preening & dipping their feathers after the rain and looking down at me now and then with an expression of mild curiosity I could see that they were all young birds. I canoed them along with me for about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile. Of course the wind was very light & the motion of the canoe slow & steady, the while.

Young Swallows  
perched on my  
canoe sail.

1896.

Aug 17-23

During the past week I have been too busily engaged with work on the house boat to keep up my journal but I will now try to record the more interesting things that I have seen in the form of a resume.

I spent the 17<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> at Upton sailing across the Basin every morning and paddling back a little before lunch. On the 21<sup>st</sup> I went up the Basin with Capt. Conary & Will Sargent opening the camp at Pine Point & anchoring there, sailing across to Browne's Pond in the early afternoon and rowing back to Bodenside at evening. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> I again went to Upton where I found the house boat at anchor in the Basin Jim having launched her successfully the day before. We took her down the river under sail in the afternoon & tried her on the Basin but found that she sailed sluggishly and would not come about. The steamer towed her back to the river that evening.

The 23<sup>rd</sup> was rainy & I spent the day at Bodenside.

On the evening of the 19<sup>th</sup> I heard two Wilson's Thrushes, one near the Lake House, the other at the Bodenside landing, and on the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup> one at Bodenside. All gave the phoe note. Doubtless they were our local birds for they breed in both localities.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> I saw an adult ♂ Wilson's Black cap in full autumnal plumage. It was in alders in company with another bright yellow bird, which I took to be a young of the same species, & an adult ♂ Redstart. The spot where I saw it was not over 40 yards from those places where I found a ♂ Black-cap in full song on the 12<sup>th</sup> of June!

Capt. Conary.  
Pine Point.

House boat  
launched.

Indus  
fuscescens

Sylvia  
pudica

1896

Aug 17.23  
(No 2.)

Cambridge River Marsh

On the 18<sup>th</sup> and again on the 22<sup>nd</sup> I saw a flock of eight Wood Ducks in the meadow pond near the Lake House. They were all strong on the wing and all appeared to be young birds.

Young  
Wood Ducks

Two or three young Whistlers still linger about the mouth of the Cambridge. They have been shot at repeatedly of late and have become very shy. I do not think that any of them can fly as yet but they chirp with great distinctness.

Young  
Whistlers

Two Yellow-legs, a Greater & a Lesser, spent the 17<sup>th</sup> on the muddy banks of the Cambridge just below the old dam at the Lake House Landing.

Yellow-legs  
Lesser

On the 20<sup>th</sup> a pair of Duck Hawks appeared high in air over the Lake House Settlement. The ♀ visited the meadows and flew about over them at great speed evidently hunting. She stooped several times in quick succession but got nothing. Then she joined her mate and both birds began soaring, the ♀ keeping a few turns. They finally drifted off in the direction of B. Meadow.

Falco  
americanus

Next day I saw a ♀ killing the muskrats on the Outlet. She hovered for a moment over the middle of the line of muskrat ponds & then stooped with the speed of lightning striking the water with such force as to half bury herself & making as loud a splash as an Osprey. I could see nothing on the water & believe that she cannot have struck at a fish but whatever it was she raised her air & rising again flew off over the woods & out of sight.

1896

Aug. 17.23  
(no 3)

Cambridge River Marshes.

On the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup> about half an hour after sunset Night hawks suddenly appeared in every direction flying very high and moving towards the South west. I counted eight in sight at once & saw six or a dozen or more. On the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup> I observed four more.

Night hawks  
immature

Cedar Waxwings & King birds continue to haunt the tall shrubs on the Cambridge River marshes. They are less numerous than in former years.

Cedar Wax  
King

Crossbills of both species are about in considerable numbers and I see a brace of them almost daily, the White-winged the greater of the two and in much the larger flocks. They haunt the three green pastures chiefly.

Crossbills  
of both  
species  
common

Hooded Mergansers are unaccountably scarce. I see only a few scattered birds or at most flocks of three or four together. Since my arrival on the 8<sup>th</sup> I have not met with a single flock of more than five or six birds. During the past week I have heard a very few chirping but there has been as yet no heavy flight if the testimony of one's ears is to be taken as good evidence on this point.

Scarcity of  
Mergansers

The lake is so very high that there are no feeding grounds for the smaller water birds & they have been very scarce. Then Yellowlegs, the same number of Solitary Sandpipers & a few Spotted Sandpipers are literally all the birds of this class that I have thus far noticed.

Yellowlegs  
Solitary Sand.  
Spotted



1896

Aug. 17-23  
(no 4)

By far the most interesting as well as puzzling experience of the present month has been that with the Swallows.

On the 11<sup>th</sup> I recorded at some length my observations up to that date and noted the apparent disappearance on the 12<sup>th</sup> (i.e. rather on the evening of the 11<sup>th</sup>) of the great flock (1200 or more birds) that had been haunting the Rockside chimney.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup> the total number left remained at about 100. On the 14<sup>th</sup> it increased to about 200 birds of which the majority, for the first time, were Barn Swallows. On the 15<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> the Barn Swallows increased from about 50 to 100 or 150 birds the respective numbers of the other species remaining about the same. During the next four days the fluctuations in the total number of birds although appreciable were not

considerable, but there seemed to be a falling off in the number of Barn & Barn Swallows and an increase of White-bellies.

On the evening of the 21<sup>st</sup> at a later hour than I have seen Swallows flying about before this month and in fact when it was beginning to be dark in the hollows I was walking up to the hotel from the Landing when a flock of about 200 birds passed over the field at a height of about 200 feet flying towards the south. They were "bunched" almost as closely as Blackbirds & in this order kept steadily one each bird flying <sup>an</sup> almost absolutely straight course. I watched them with my glass until they were nearly lost to sight against the wooded slopes of the mountains when at the very last moment they began to waver in their flight & as I thought, but could not see distinctly, to scatter & turn back. Had it not been for this final gyration I should have felt sure that at last I had seen a flock of Swallows really start on migration. As it was I hardly knew what to think.

fluctuations  
movements &  
fluctuations  
in the number  
of the Swallows

1896

Aug 17-23  
no 5)

When I awoke on about Sunday morn'g (Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup>) ~~Remained~~  
there were fully 350 Swallows flying along ~~the~~ the wire of ~~between~~ of  
the fence in front of the hotel. This being a large number ~~Swallows~~  
than we have had here at any time since the 11<sup>th</sup>.

I took a rather careful census of the flock which proved  
to comprise about 100 Barn Swallows, 50 Barn Swallows,  
50 Bank Swallows, and fully 150 White-bellies. The  
last-named were more than twice as numerous as they  
have been on any previous occasion and the Bank  
Swallows had also increased very materially while the respective  
members of the Barn & Barn Swallows remained practically  
unchanged. These facts lead me to suspect that the flock  
of ~~the~~ birds seen last evening did not really depart but  
that either during the night or early this morning it  
was augmented by the arrival of about 150 White-bellies  
and Bank Swallows.

I watched this flock for more than an hour (7 to 8 a.m.)  
and was amply repaid for the trouble. There had been  
a heavy rain during the night & the road was very muddy.  
The birds alighted ~~about~~ the edges of one of the large  
puddles in great numbers and waddled slowly about  
fluttering or quivering their half-opened wings like so  
many big butterflies. At first I supposed that they  
were drinking or picking up insects but what was  
my astonishment to find that the Barn Swallows were  
filling their bills with mud and the White-bellies &  
Bank Swallows gathering pieces of hay or straw (the  
Barn Swallows did not visit the pool in any number & I  
did not happen to see them pick up anything). Each  
bird on obtaining a satisfactory load of mud or grass  
flew with it to the fence and after stopping a short

1896

Aug 17-23  
(no 6)

in its bill for a few moments finally dropped it and at once returned to the road for a fresh supply. From 50 to 100 Swallows were thus constantly engaged for half-an-hour or more. Not one of them took its burden elsewhere than to the wire fence or retained it for more than two or three minutes after reaching this perch. What did it all mean? Two ~~other~~ facts which remain to be recorded will, I think, explain.

The first is that while the birds were clustered about the mud puddle when a minute passed when one or more pairs were not engaged in copulation. Perhaps I should say in attempted, rather than actual, copulation for as nearly as I could see the sexual contact was in no instance fully and successfully carried out. ~~accomplished~~ The females (or at least the birds that acted that part) submitted willingly enough <sup>to</sup> and in some instances, as I thought, actually solicited, the <sup>attentions of the</sup> males, but the latter displayed but mild interest and were very clumsy in their <sup>attempts to</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>White belly</sup> ~~perfecting the union~~. Once I saw an Barn Swallow <sup>mount a</sup>

The second fact apparently supplies the key to the whole mystery. It is simply that every one of the Swallows which visited the mud puddle and engaged in collecting mud or flies or in attempted copulation, was a young bird! Of this I made sure by the most careful scrutiny with a glass at a distance of only 15 to 20 feet. There were a few old birds in the flock but they remained constantly on the fence.

It is evident therefore that the remarkable behavior of the birds which abated in the road was simply

Reminiscent  
of the  
Swallow

1896

Aug 17-23 are expressions of ~~the~~ premature development, ~~as the case in~~  
(No 7) of the young, of the instincts & passions of nest building &  
procreation. It is, however, the only instance of the  
kind that has ever come under my observation.

The Purple Martins do not associate with the other swallows Progne  
here excepting incidentally when they are seeking food in subis  
the same places as our the Golds or meadows. I have  
not seen a single Martin near Lakeside this month  
but at the Lake House, up to the 16<sup>th</sup>, there were always  
from three or four to a dozen flying about & alighting on  
the tops of some dead trees. A number of White-bellied  
Swallows sometimes accompanied them but the Martins  
evidently resented all their approaches & frequently assailed  
& drove them away. Since the 16<sup>th</sup> I have seen but one  
Martin (on the 20<sup>th</sup>) near the Lake House but at  
Bernard's Pond on the 21<sup>st</sup> I observed three broods of young  
apparently just from the nest perched on tall dead stumps  
where their parents were feeding them at short intervals.

1896

Aug. 24

A beautiful day, clear, rather warm but with a fresh, dry north-west wind that died away at sunset.

I spent the morning in my room, writing, but in the afternoon sailed over to Upton - a glorious sail for the little canoe under the influence of the strong breeze skimming over the water almost as lightly & swiftly as a Swallow. After spending the afternoon repairing the work on the house boat I had dined back to Balcon's at sunset.

Swallows were very scarce to-day. I doubt if I saw fifty in all and most of those were White-bellies. Still I am by no means sure that the great flock has really gone. It is by no means improbable that they change their feeding or can roosting grounds from day to day. On the other hand, however, it is high time for the Barn, Bank & House Swallows to depart. I saw only one Martin, a young bird at the Lake House. There were no young Barn Swallows in the nests on the barn at the Lake House.

Swallows

On my arrival at the Lake this summer and for a week or more afterwards Ducks, Herons, Eagles and Ospreys were very numerous about the Cambridge River marshes. During this period I did not hear the report of a single gun but about ten days ago sportsmen began to arrive and the hunters to carry their guns. Since then there has been a constant fusillade. Most of the shots have been fired from rifles and I doubt if a single Duck or Heron has been killed which I have heard of the death of only one Eagle. But the firing has driven practically all these large birds to more remote & quiet places. I saw only one Duck (a White-throat) & only two or three Eagles, Herons & Ospreys to-day.

Large birds  
driven off  
by sportsmen

1896

August 25

Another and still hotter day, cloudless with practically no wind from morning to night. The thermometer rose to only 72° at noon but the sun was hot on the water.

My cook, Charley Liddwell, came from Bethel yesterday and we went up the lake on the steamer this morning taking a great load of supplies and utensils for the camp. Will Gargant has been at Pine Point since the 21<sup>st</sup> and we found every thing there in perfect order. The woods and shore were looked more beautiful than when we landed there at about nine o'clock. There were two things peculiar winding their rattles in the boat over but the woods were almost barren of bird life. During the day I saw in all scenes a dozen small birds including a Bay-breasted, Black-throated Blue, Yellow-rumped and Canadian Warbler, a Redstart (ad. ♂), a Red eyed Vireo, a Red bellied Nuthatch, several Chickadees and two Hudson Bay Titmice (heard).

Move to  
Pine Point

Gulls have been unusually numerous about the lake this summer. Six of them were flying about off the point this afternoon making a great clamor. The sound of their wild, ringing voices carried me back to the experiences of last June & July in Pembiscot Bay. I heard very one of their different calls this afternoon. Will Gargant says that they were still more numerous last evening and that he counted eleven in sight at one time. I also affirm that he has seen four occupied nests this season three on B. Pond and one on Rapid River just above the old pier. All were in trees ~~two~~ on the tops of dead stands, two on the branches of green pines.

Larus a.  
smithsonianus

1896

Lake Umbagog.

August 26

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy with showers.

Dr. J. G. Gehring of Bethel with his step-son Geo. B. Farnsworth a lad of fifteen, arrived this morning to spend the remainder of the week with me. I first took them for a walk through some of the ponds on the point. After dinner they went off towards Rapid River with Wier Sergeant. At sundown we all crossed the lake to watch the evening flight of Ducks. I went in my sailing canoe taking the 20 g. gun. George Farnsworth was the only other member of the party who was armed & his weapon was a Winchester rifle which he fired several times at Ducks in the course of the evening but without success.

Geo. B. Farnsworth

There was a really heavy flight at least one hundred coming into or over the marshes, the majority going to the Moon Point marsh where the Archer party, four in number, gave them a warm reception. I had chosen as my station the flats opposite the outlet of Leonard's Pond. About thirty Mallard Ducks dropped into the grass within varying distances but not one came within range. Several Great Blue Herons came into the marsh & one passed directly over me. I heard one Wisconsin Scaup. The largest flock of Ducks which I saw comprised fully sixty birds which went down over Leonard's Pond in the direction of Moon Point. They looked like Wood Ducks but must have been something else as I have never seen so many Wood Ducks together.

Evening flight  
of Ducks at  
Moon Point

1896

August 27

Little Marshes

Most of the day cloudy with frequent showers but the  
late afternoon and evening clear with light north-west wind.

In the forenoon we crossed the bar and went down  
river to a little below Bernard's Pond, Dr. Gehring fishing  
& collecting wood duck, I cruising about in the fishing  
canoe in search of birds. They proved scarce enough for  
I saw nothing but a pair of Black Ducks, a few Great  
Blue Herons, an Egret, a Duck Hawk, and three Coots,  
and a Greater Yellow-legs. I shot the last calling it  
from a distance of probably a mile for at first we  
could only just hear its whistle although the air was  
still & calm. It came on as three times descending  
each time it turned & I finally dropped it into the  
water between the boats.

There were a dozen or more Purple Martins on the  
tall cloud pine near the entrance to Bernard's Pond  
and a few Dove, Barn & White-bellied Swallows were  
flying about over the marshes. I also saw a  
solitary King bird and a number of Yellow Warblers  
among the shrubs.

The Duck Hawk was a large ♂ probably the same bird  
seen on the 21<sup>st</sup>. He flew swiftly over the water & in  
over Moon Point where two Great Blue Herons, evidently  
alarmed by his appearance rose with a great outcry,  
& mounted upward in a spiral course. The falcon  
rose above them with a great bound and shot down  
close past them three or four times in quick succession  
evidently for the mere fun of frightening them.

Falco p.  
americanus



1896.

August 27  
(No 2.)

We returned to camp for dinner and at 6 P.M. started again across the lake. As I was paddling out of our cave two *Larus*, the first I have seen here for very many years, *Arenaria interpres* came flying past me from behind & alighted near the end of Pine Point where they roost about over the rocks on the water's edge. They started again just as I got within gun range. I fired on them on each successive but both kept on around the point. Following them I soon saw one of them feeding along the shore & killed it sitting. The other we found dead among the rocks it having been mortally wounded by the first discharge. Both proved to be young birds. They uttered a short, rattling, throaty whistle as they flew. Will Sargent said that they started from the shore at the extreme end of our cove just as we began rowing out from the wharf.

As I approached Moon Point the Auklet party comprising four young men landed and took station along the southern shore. As they covered practically the whole of this ground I kept on and entered the cove which leads to Leonard's Point going up it about 20 yards and then pushing the canoe into a bed of buckwheat which afforded sufficient concealment. As I took this station the sun had already set and the mountains to the westward were veiled in a rich plum-colored haze. A light breeze from the north-west wafted the reeds about me. The marsh was nearly dry was covered with sedge but not very tall grass of a golden green color very bright in contrast with the dark background of woods & mountains. It looked as if the birds were still striding about the water.

1896

August 27  
(No 3)

1896

North Point

Presently a pair of Black Ducks passed high overhead. I was watching intently for more when I heard a loud, regular plash, plash, plash in the direction of the dead Carch forest which borders the marsh on its western side. Looking towards the point from which this sound came I was surprised to see a large black object emerge from the stubs and move steadily out into the open marsh. When I first put my glass on it I took it to be a Horse for it resembled that animal in its general form as well as in its manner of walking and I could see what looked like a long & flowing white tail. "Some beast that has strayed from the Magdalena settlement & become lost in the woods" I said to myself. Shook, shook, shook as it plodded slowly and laboriously on through the deep, soft mud; then, as two loud reports from a gun fired by one of the Acker party rang over the marsh and two black crashing columns from the background of dry stubs, the beast stopped, raised its head and erected a pair of huge ant-hill ears. A succession of thrills ran through me, my hands shook until I could positively see nothing through the field glass for at that instant I realized for the first time that I was looking at a big Moose. Presently I got my nerves under control again and sitting perfectly still with the glass glued to my eyes watched the animal intently as it made its way slowly towards me stopping occasionally to feed on the young spontaneous grass which has spontaneous since the water fell and always latching and raising its head and ears when, as happened very few minutes, the Acker party fired at the incoming Ducks the whistling of whose wings scarce attracted my hearing and wholly failed to distract my attention as these often

A Moose  
enters the  
marsh

1896

August 27  
(no 4)

flock passed over our heads. I ignored the Ducks - my gun - everything but the huge beast on which the glass was leveled, and which was now within less than 200 yards. As he turned his sides towards me they looked cool black and once or twice they seemed to glisten when the light from the west glowed on them. What I had taken for a long white tail proved to be the white lining on the inside of the hind legs. The real short tail I was soon disappointedly and the excessively long head and Roman-Adaped nose looked exactly as they are represented by draughtsmen & taxidermists. But in certain other respects the animal did not fulfill my preconceived impressions of a moose. His withers in relation to his hips were scarcely higher than those of a well-built horse and his body when viewed from directly in front or behind looked broad and massive. He appeared to me to be as tall as, and somewhat longer than, a horse of twelve hundred pounds weight. I could see that his nose was reddish-brown or buff colored but the head behind the eyes looked nearly as black as the body.

Before leaving this part of the subject I must reiterate my impression of the striking resemblance which this creature bore to a horse for the longer I looked at him the stronger it became. It was partly due, no doubt, to the long, deep body, the high withers, the full broad chest, and the strong rounded hips & quarters, ~~but not~~ and the excessively long narrow head with its wrinkled Roman nose, <sup>points</sup> prominent, of course, only in certain breeds of horses, but the way in which the animal moved had also much to do with it. He advanced, as I have already said, very slowly rarely taking

1896

August 27  
(205)

more than ten or a dozen steps without pausing to rest and to look about him and the magazine in which he raised and put down his feet - stiffly, laboriously and with evident caution - suggested most vividly the heavy cart horse on treacherous ground. Nor would a cart horse - or an elephant for that matter - have ~~appeared~~ <sup>to me</sup> more out of keeping with the surroundings than did this Moon ~~and I watched him when out on the march~~ which bears his name. He seemed like some long-forgotten antediluvian creature which, arising from a sleep of thousands of years, was wandering aimlessly about in a land so changed that it no longer had any place for such things. When walking he carried his head & neck stretched out and a little below the line of the back with the nose directed forward and downward, the ears laid back on the sides of the neck so closely that they were inconspicuous.



But slow as were his steps there was positively visible compared to the movements of his head when he raised and turned it from side to side. Even the startling reports of the guns failed to arrest this motion. But they did arouse in the creature an expression very different from his habitual one of stolid almost weary indifference. Struck suddenly to his full height with the head erect and the big ears raised and directed slightly forward he would gaze intently in the direction from which the sounds came with a look of surly inquiry, almost of defiance at times. "What is all this racket about?"

What are these fellows doing here? I have half a mind to know that I own this march? I have half a mind to cross it & teach them a lesson. But no! it is not worth the trouble," as the ears were again laid back and the expression of apathy returned.

1896

August 27  
(No 6)

After I had watched him for some twenty minutes the Moose turned off towards the westward and disappeared behind some bushes evidently making towards Edwards' Pond. The creek was directly past these bushes and thence into the wood. Accordingly I proceeded at once that it offered a convenient route path to approach. Paddling hard yet cautiously I soon reached the bushes and to my delight found that the Moose had ~~proceeded~~ <sup>still</sup> ~~made~~ that he was seen by the yards beyond them <sup>still</sup> making his way across the open meadow.

But when he discovered me and turning advanced straight towards me I began to think that my chance in approaching him was possibly not a matter for self congratulation. His intention became as, without any warning or hesitating, he came straight on. When he finally stopped I judged him to be within twenty yards but on facing the distance was only a few feet to be just thirty-two yards. He stood on a little knoll facing me and looking down at me over the top of the bushes which concealed his legs & most of the body as well. His eyes looked large and round and had a mild expression but his general bearing was unpleasantly imposing and defiant and when, finally, he erected the long hair of his neck I thought it prudent to increase the distance between us. Failing in an attempt to turn the corner by reason of the narrowness of the creek & the shallowness of the water I pushed out backwards a few rods. At the same moment the Moose bowed his head & disappeared. No doubt he was really quite as frightened as I for we found by examining his tracks next day that he made off on a line some of his legs covering a distance measured by the foot each. I heard him flounder through the mud and plunging into a small pond which he crossed by swimming, then

1896

August 27  
12:07

he appeared again marching along the side of a slight ridge which terminates at the head of the creek and which extends at right angles with very position for a distance of forty yards or more. On this level open ground I saw him <sup>to great advantage</sup> under conditions very different from those of the boggy, grass-encumbered marsh, and in several respects he looked and acted like a different animal, showing such excessive length of legs that, by comparison, the body appeared to have been suddenly shortened and moving with a stride so easy and elastic yet without so long and quick that although it was evidently only his ordinary walking gait a man would probably have been forced to run to keep up with him.

On reaching the shore he found a moment and lowering his head sniffed the water. As he stood facing the creek I expected to see him wade across it and as the water is scarce a foot deep I did not care to approach very near but when, after a moment of hesitation, he turned and entered Bernard's Pond I raised my paddle and at once started in pursuit. The expression of the next few minutes was exciting enough. For the first twenty yards the Moose had to wade through tenuous mud and gradually deepening water and being probably unaware of my pursuit he advanced rather slowly & I gained on him rapidly. But when he got beyond his depth he moved faster and fearing that he would escape me I strained every nerve & muscle to the utmost. At length to my intense joy I found that I was overtaking him but for a second time I found my

1896

August 27  
(No 8)

success embarrassing for when I was within a few yards of the creature he struck bottom and whirling about faced me. The intention of the canoe was so great that I had difficulty in stopping it before running into him. Out on the middle of the pond, ~~smooth and~~ shining with the light from the afterglow in the west, his head and ears had shown distinctly enough at the end of the furrow which he cut through the smooth water but here, against the background of dark shore I could make out only a shapeless, dusky object that for a few moments stood quite motionless. I did not like to go near and I could not see much where I sat, although the canoe was all the while within at most fifteen or twenty feet. Finally I spoke to the moon calling him by name and asking him whether he was going. This having no visible effect I next shouted at the top of my lungs. Instantly the beast turned and made for the shore at a surprising rate of speed never once jumping or floundering but moving apparently at a fast smooth trot and reminding me of a snow plough as he drew a deep furrow through the water. This was the last I saw of him but I heard him stop after going a few rods back from the shore. He landed near the north-west end of the island. By following his track next day, we found that he afterwards crossed to the north shore, swam the north arm of the pond, followed the main bank to the south-western outlet of the pond and crossing this entered the stands where I found the Whistler next day. We did not attempt to trace him further.

I must now explain that my repeated use of the masculine pronoun in the above account is not technically





1896

August 28

A beautiful day, clear, cool!  $48^{\circ}$  at sunrise  $70^{\circ}$  at noon with a light west wind.

In the forenoon we went to Moon Point & Bernard's Pond to study & follow the tracks of the moose seen last night. Just after we had emerged from the pond and while looking up river towards the Carry a Whistler attempted to pass overhead when - brought her down with her no longer. This being the only shot that I fired.

In the afternoon this forenoon several Mr. Whistler & his mate were across the lake. On the north banks of the lake I saw the moose they came upon a flock of ten Yellowlegs, two Greater & eight Lesser. Long Foreman killed one of the latter with a rifle ball.

On coming I paddled across and met our party in Richardson's Carry where we remained until dark. The double gunter kept up a perfect fusillade on Moon Point but only two Doves came near us and at that I was unable to shoot as they passed behind me. We saw a number of Hares and heard two Great Horned Owls, an old one hooting near Muel's Rock and a young bird, uttering at short, regular intervals the peculiar husky scream, characteristic of the young of this species, among the sticks near Bernard's Pond. The only verbal rendering of this cry that suggested itself to me was ~~clear~~ clear but that is not, I fear, a happy rendering. The sound is loud and it carries well. It varies greatly in quality. At times the tone is husky almost gasping; at others clear & ringing - like a full, loud whistle & yet unlike the high call of Piranga only much louder.

Bubo  
virginianus

1896

August 29

Clear, cool and calm.

We all spent the evening at or near camp. In the afternoon Dr. Gehring & his step-son left us and went to Lakeside by steamer. A little before sunset I paddled across the lake and through Samuels' Pond where I saw nothing of interest save a flock of six Brownish Hares, a Robin (see *Leucisalus* *caninus*) undoubtedly seen here this season, and a Great Blue Heron. The last scolded most in winter that I ever saw and alighted on a rock about a hundred yards from shore. I observed that this fine bird whether it be perched or flying. I observed that when one intention flying only a hundred yards or less it carries the neck stretched out to its full length or more so and the legs hanging more or less down. But when it alights on a rock or log the legs are stretched out behind like a *Herodias* and the neck doubled in on the breast with the head resting between the shoulders.

I chose for my stand this evening the slough nearly opposite Samuels' Pond. I was unlucky with the shooting & saw a flock of a dozen Black Ducks came low over me but the gun missed fire & I found I had put in no shells! Afterwards three Black Ducks came swimming up behind me & stopped within 20 yds. I tried to turn in the canoe but they were untamable & I was so cramped that the two shots I fired after them were both clean misses.

I heard at least four or five Snipe this evening. They alighted all about me scuffling & making a sound of rustling wings. One drummed thrice. Two young Cat Birds were seen among the shrubs. Others everywhere backing & clearing.

*Leucisalus*  
*caninus*

*Leucisalus*  
*caninus*

*Ardea*  
*herodias*

*Herodias*  
*herodias*

*Snipe*

1896

August 30

Little Cambridge.

Cambridge River Marshes.

Cloudless, the forenoon calm, a light S.W. wind in the afternoon.

Spent the forenoon in camp. In the afternoon Will and I went on to Lakeside. We saw nothing of much interest on the way - an Eagle & an Osprey or two with them a few Kingfishers - no Ducks.

On reaching Lakeside I found a few Swallows among which I recognized Barn, Barn & White-bellied.

Life to Lakeside

" 31

Cloudy with E. wind and frequent showers. A heavy thunder shower passed to the north at 4 P.M.

In the morning Will and I went on to Upton. We saw on the Cambridge River marshes a Lesser Yellow-leg, three Spotted Sandpeps, a Wilson's Snipe, seven Wood Ducks (evidently the same flock which we saw on the 18th & 19th) then Great Blue Herons, two Ospreys & an Eagle. There were also two Semipalmated Plover, feeding on the low, wet flats just below the big dam at the Lakeside House.

Birds on the Cambridge River

At least 75 Swallows, chiefly Barn & White-bellied, flying over the marshes. Swallows

At 2 P.M. we started up the Lake towards camp just before the edge of the big timber house came on us with heavy wind & a dash of rain. As we were about midway between B. Brook Point & Pine Point we saw a *Phalaropus fuscicollis* I think but I could not identify it certainly although it came within long gunshot flying aimlessly about & frequently alighting on the water (dead calm at the time) but when approaching then more than a few seconds. It was interesting to see with what confidence & decision this bird alighted dropping down as a Sandpiper does on a mud flat & clearing its wings very suddenly at the last.

Phalaropus

1896

September 1

A clearing day sunny for the most part but with a few short, brisk showers from the great masses of black clouds which the violent north-west wind drove rapidly across the sky. The thermometer fell to  $45^{\circ}$  at 10 P. M.

At about 8.30 A. M. Will Sargent and I started for Bred in the big boat. We saw a young Whistler off Moon Point and a Carolina Chick near the entrance to Richardson's Cove. Just as we got into the river the storm outbreak was coming on from the North. Capt. Douglass hailed us to say that he had just seen a large flock of Yellow-legs on the flats at the Outlet. We accordingly turned about & round back. We found them on the South side of the river near the Outlet feeding on the muddy marsh. There were one thirty birds two or three of which were *J. flavipes* & all the rest *J. maculosa*. A more noisy & shy lot I have rarely seen. It was almost impossible to get near them at first and they would then crowd in with their shield down whenever we attempted to approach them. But after we had chased them about awhile we bore up the flock & I shot three high birds, two Greater & one Lesser.

A large  
flock of  
Yellow-legs.

As our time was somewhat limited we spent less than an hour in pursuit of the Yellow-legs and then went to Bred, where on route C. & E. R. S. returning with them in the afternoon by steamer. As we came out into the harbor we saw three Yellow-legs & two Greens the latter sitting on an old log. At 4 P. M. Will again went on across to the Outlet. We found the Greens just where we left them & I shot one which proved to be an adult of *Sterna hirsuta*. The other was also an old bird & almost unquestionably of the same species. I was so sure of this that I would not shoot it.

Green  
legs

Sterna  
hirsuta

1896

September 1  
(No 2)

The Yellow-Cops were all back in the old place. He counted 29 of them to which add the three that I shot this morning and four which, as I afterwards learned, Crocker killed this forenoon making 36 as the number of birds in the original flock. They were no less shy than they had been in the morning but I managed to secure them were all Great Horned Oys & two shot flying over a long distance H.

He also found on the flats a flock of seven Green Backed Ticksall. of which I shot two and a flock of eight Semipalmated Sandpipers of which I also killed two.

Yellow-Cops.

Ticksall.

Semipalmated.

Great Horned Owls were unusually numerous on the marsh to-day & I saw two Marsh Hawks there, both Green birds. Whenever they approached the Yellow Cops the latter would rise and fly off screaming loudly & showing evident alarm although the Hawks did not apparently molest them in any way nor indeed pay any attention to them.

Circus

hudsonius

Along the Androscoquin we saw two pair adult Eagles one a very small, the other an unusually big one. An Eagle when flying carries the fore part of the body round appreciably - i.e. the whole centered him a long axis of the body & neck is not horizontal - and the neck looks much larger than in any other of the Raptors. By these characteristics it was to most easily distinguished from an Osprey when flying at a distance. Nevertheless even with frequent observations compares the two - as happened yesterday.

Haliaeetus

americanus

1896

September 2

A calm day with gathering clouds & light east wind in the afternoon.

At 8.30 A. M. I paddled over to the Outlet and entered the river. I had gone but a little way when a Carolina Grebe *Podilymbus podiceps* started from under the left bank within four or five yards of me and flew past & behind me out into the lake. There was absolutely no wind at the time. This bird looked like an adult but another which I found among some lily pads further down the river was certainly young. I followed the latter for some distance & repeatedly saw it stroke instead of dip drawing its head & neck down backwards. Sometimes it showed the wing - a perhaps the ends of the folded wings - as well as the head and neck with the back wholly submerged. I could trace its course beneath the water with perfect accuracy by the looping and "skittering" of the numerous small pickered which doubtless mistook it for a particularly large & voracious predatory fish.

There were five Greater Yellow-legs, a Ring-necked Plover and a flock of nine Semipalmated Sandpipers on the flats at the right of the Outlet. Four of the Yellow-legs & the Ring-necked were 200 yards or more away & flew out of sight in the direction of Glasgow Cove.

As I was working about on these flats I happened to catch sight of a Wilson's Snipe standing in a crouching attitude between two grass tussocks its profile sharply outlined against a space of water beyond. I flushed & shot it when two others were wild. One dropped not far off & I started & killed it. The other flew out of sight.

1896

September 2  
(No 2.)

Pin Point

Pin Point

Near where I shot the second Surfer I started a Northern  
from the edge of a pool surrounded by tall grass. It went off  
over the lake in the direction of Moon Point.

About twenty Barn Swallows accompanied by two Swifts were  
flying about over the marshes for the first hour of my  
stay this morning but they all disappeared before I left.  
I saw a single House Wren there yesterday but have  
not noted either the Barn or White-bellied Swallows this  
morning.

Swallows &  
Swifts.

A singular and very disconcerting feature of this  
season is the remarkable scarcity of Warblers and indeed  
of all the smaller forest-loving birds. Thrushes, Titmice,  
Kinglets, Warblers, Wrens and even Mockers are all  
all represented by only a few scattered individuals. I have  
seen only one gathering that could be called a flock and  
that contained less than twenty birds. I miss sadly the  
chirping, twittering herds that for the past few years  
have adorned the woods on Pin Point. The few birds  
now inhabiting these woods still pay regular morning visits  
to the camp & flit and chirp among the branches but  
I rarely see more than a pair of Chickadees, a solitary  
Red-bellied Nuthatch or Creeper and then a few Warblers  
in any one morning. Elsewhere about the lake shows  
the woods seem utterly lifeless. It is evident that  
the Nuthatches had left the country before my arrival &  
both species of Woodpeckers seem to have since followed their  
example but what has become of the Warblers? The flock  
of upwards of twenty visited Pin Point on the morning of the  
27<sup>th</sup> August. The night before I heard migrating Warblers chirping  
about incessantly. Since then I have heard about none.

Continued  
scarcity of  
Warblers

1896

September 3

Outlet.

A dark rainy day, warm & sultry with almost no wind.

I am establishing a custom of going to the Outlet every morning to look after the waders for this is about the height of their migration here and the extensive mud flats, just laid bare by the rapidly falling water (they are draining it off on land to repair the dam there), are in the best possible condition for these birds.

The Lake was dead calm when I crossed it at about 8 a.m. this morning. As I approached the Outlet a loon was lunging down the lake and two Whistlers were diving for food near the grass but I neither saw nor heard anything of the waders until I landed on the right bank where a pair of small Sandpipers rose and flew across the river. Although they looked fresh & full. I felt sure here that they were Baird's Sandpipers and when I followed & found them feeding on a mud flat near the end of the South marsh this conviction proved to be correct. I approached them within about thirty paces and watched them closely for at least fifteen minutes. As my observations have been written out at length in my systematic notes I will not repeat them here but will simply add that I finally got both birds in line and killed them with a charge of fire shot. I also shot a young Gull Swallow.

Triton  
bird

There were five Gull Swallows & a young Martin feeding on the marsh this morning. Swallows

Besides the Baird's Sandpipers I saw a solitary Gull, a Snipe, and two flocks of Quail, one of nine, the other of seven or eight birds.

(I afterwards heard that the Quail started 13 Snipe & killed 9 of them.)



1896

September 4

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes

A clearing day with driving clouds & high N.W. wind, becoming much cooler towards evening (ther. 45° at 9 P.M.)

The ducks were on the marsh by America this morning and we heard them for a dozen or more shots which we were dressing & eating breakfast. Then, finally, I crossed (under sail) the flats at the Outlet were brown & bird life but from there opposite Richardson's Cove there were Peeps (Breasted) and a Ring-necked Plover as I approached. I landed twice & looked for Snipe but found nothing. A solitary Barn Swallow was the only representative of the Hirundinidae flying over the marshes to-day.

WadersSwallows

Keeping on down river I entered Leonard's Pond where I found and shot the solitary Sandpipers all but one sitting. I killed the first two for specimens and finding them too fat to skin & in tempting condition for the table kept one. It was three plumplets of immatures for the birds, as usual, were as tame as sparrows - a tower.

Solitary  
Sandpipers

I also shot at and wounded but lost a ♀ Sparrow Hawk which alighted on a stick at the head of the island. A Bittern flew across the river & alighted in the marsh as I was sailing back to camp.

Sparrow HawkBittern

At noon a Ring-billed Gull with pale reddish flanks & a Chestnut-sided Warbler in the green & white autumn plumage came about the camp.

Ring-billed G.Chestnut-sided

Just as it was getting dark this evening the same mysterious Owl that we heard on Pine Point in 1895 started a succession at the head of our boat cove. First he hopped from trees, next hopped from

MysticOwl

1896

September 5

Outlet.

Clear, the forenoon calm, the afternoon with strong S. E. wind and gathering clouds presaging the approach of another storm.

I was at day break this morning and after a hurried breakfast started in the hunting canoe for the Outlet. There was a dense fog but as a cotton fish boat came from the north as I left the point I felt confident of striking somewhere near Richardson's Carry by simply standing across, close hauled, under ~~beated~~ sail. I sailed and sailed and sailed, however, over what seemed an endless expanse of gray water threaded in gloomy fog. At length I heard a Kingfisher rattle & saw Osprey screech and presently a line of forest-clad shore became dimly visible straight ahead. Running close in I made my old camping ground south of Muel's Rock! The boat had hauled into the west and I had missed even the outlying point of marsh at the mouth of the river. Standing back I made it safely next time. Just as I entered the river a canoe with two young men appeared coming out into the lake. They had one Greater & two Lesser Yellow-legs which they had just shot. As I was talking with them two Greater Yellow-legs came flying past & I shot one of them. The other alighted on the float. When I landed & approached the float I found two birds feeding together. They acted as if they & neither so I took a long shot at them killing one & wounding the other which flew off to a little distance & was soon afterwards killed by my young friends in the canoe. I, meanwhile, was engaged with a number of small waters which I found on the float. There were two Kinglets, four Solitary Sandpeeps, a Redpoll, a Baird's Sandpiper,

Lost in  
the fog

Yellow-legs  
of  
Golden Plover

Noddy  
Ring-necked P.  
Barn Swallow

1896.

September 5  
(No 2.)

October 1896

and eight Semipalmated Sandpipers. The Baird's Sandpiper  
chased me but I shot them of the Solitaires and getting  
the Greenlets well "bunched" killed all but one by a  
single discharge from the 20 gauge. I committed this  
act of slaughter chiefly in the hope that I might  
find one or more E. occidentalis among the flock but  
all proved to be typical E. pusillus. It is curious  
that I have never been able to add occidentalis to  
the Unabridged list for surely it must occur here.

Baird's S.

Society "

Greenlets

Keeping on down river I found on the flats opposite  
Bernards Pond two more Ring-necked geese feeding with three  
Greenlets and not far off a flock composed wholly of  
the latter species & containing fully twenty-five birds.  
Again visions of possible Western Sandpipers entered my  
mind but I had no heart to destroy more of the pretty  
little creatures on the chance even although those that  
I might kill could be used on our camp table.

I had just passed them when I heard on passing  
shrieking and turning saw a single bird coming directly  
towards me with a Pigeon Hawk in close pursuit.  
The Sandpiper was evidently doing his best but the Hawk  
overtaken him with the utmost ease just as the two  
were within about 50 yds. of me. The Sandpiper doubled  
backwards, however, at the last moment & the Hawk  
overshotting his mark by some ten yards ~~but~~ turned back  
quickly closed again. Again the geese doubled & then  
him the Hawk abandoned the chase in evident  
disgust & flew straight away over Bernards Pond  
while the Sandpiper delighted with his companions  
who had not seen at all during the episode.

Pigeon Hawk

chase a

Sandpiper

1896.

September 5  
(no 3)

Outlet Marshes.

Soon after this a flock of 22 Rusty Black birds appeared on the marsh flitting from place to place alighting on the mud.

Rusty Black  
Birds.

There were also six Swallows, two Barn and four Barn, flying about.

Swallows

I beat the high grounds carefully but saw only one bird which rose very wild & flew out of sight.

Snipe  
beaver

After entering Leonard's Pond, where I found only one Osprey and a Kingfisher, I returned to the Outlet. The two Ring-necked & the Herring Gulls were still on the flats but the Baird's Sandpiper had disappeared. Presently I discovered a solitary Blue-winged Teal swimming near a grassy island just outside the river's mouth.

Blue-winged  
Teal.

Wading a wide circuit I had dived up behind the island but the bird was almost out of range. It raised its head & stretched up its neck when it saw me & fearing it was about to start I fired. It flew off very badly wounded & dropped in the marsh where I searched for it in vain, starting a Bittern which then engaged.

Bittern

As I was replacing the Outlet on my way to camp the Baird's Sandpiper appeared flying high & calling creep, creep in shrill rather faint tones. I called it within long range & fired at but missed it.

Orange  
limb

A little after this I shot a young Whistler that was swimming out in the lake. It dove as I approached but I threw its canvas under water by the dragging of the young picked and killed it when it came to the surface. It was fully grown but the wing coverts were not yet full.

Young  
Whistler

1896.

September 6

Pine Point. Oriskany

Heavy rain storm all day with strong S. E. wind

I spent the day about camp watching etc. There was a rather large mixed flock of Warblers etc. drifting back & forth through the birch grove and at noon, coming them on the end of the Point I made a very accurate & complete census of the species and the number of individuals of each. The list is as follows:

Parus atricapillus, 1; Troglodytes hyemalis, 1; Certhia f. americana, 1;  
Sitta canadensis, 1; Merula varia, 1 ♀; Helminthophila  
rostrifrons, 3 juv; Empidonax a. usneae, 2 juv; Dendroica  
coronata, 1 juv.; D. catenulosa, 1 ♂; D. striata, 1; D.  
blackburniana, 8 juv.; D. maculosa, 1; Vireo olivaceus, 1;  
V. solitarius, 3; V. philadelphicus 1 (a little beauty, very yellow  
 underneath, in full autumn plumage, very tame); Turdus, 3;  
Cinclus viridis (a young ♂ singing both ways); Reis. pubescens, 1.  
 There was also a solitary Swift darting about over  
 the trees. Altogether I have not seen so many birds  
 on the Point at one time before this season.

In the afternoon Will Sargent went across the lake &  
 fished down the river for a mile or more. He saw  
 an enormous flock of Lesser Yellow-bills more than  
 100 birds, he says, and his statements & impressions as to  
 such matters are to be taken into entire conf'dence.  
 They were feeding on the flats opposite Beaver's Pond  
 and were very tame. He also saw three flocks of  
 Wilson's Snipe, with 7, 5, & 3 birds respectively, flying  
 about in the rain.

Census of  
 mixed flock  
 of Warblers etc  
 at Pine Point

Pine Point  
 trees

Big flock of  
 Sumner's  
 Yellow-bills

Wilson's  
 Snipe in  
 flocks

1896

September 7

Clear with fresh N. W. to W. wind, warmer, ther. rising to 60°.

Starting at 5:30 A. M. I paddled across the Lake through a dense fog carrying my canoe by compass for Richardson's Carry and striking about 100 yards south of it. As soon as I recognized the shore and within fully forty yards from it I began turning the canoe. The sound of the paddle startled a flock of a dozen or more Black Ducks from a shallow pond in the marsh. They must have been at least eighty yards from me when they were first by a sudden impulse I fired and one of them fell, evidently with a broken wing. I got ashore as quickly as possible but of course my bird had disappeared. I bent about through the grass for some time & was on the point of giving up the search when the foolish Duck started nearly a gun shot off and quacking loudly began running & flapping one the mud when I finished it with another clasp.

A morning's  
shooting on  
the Little  
marsh.  
Saw that  
at a Black  
Duck

Passing through the Carry and crossing the river I found the extensive mud flats on the left shore largely clear with small woods. There were fully thirty Greenlets, several Semipalmated Plover, two Bonaparte's Sandpipers, a Pectoral, a Solitary and about a dozen Snipe. The last were behaving in a most interesting manner running about on the level and perfectly bare mud a hundred yards or more from any cover. Every now and then they would draw together in a close bunch like Puffs. I had several opportunities to kill at least five or six at a shot had I wished. They proved a little but seemed to be chiefly engaged in feeding up food. All the while the fog hung low & dense over the flats.

Waders

Singular  
behavior of  
Wilson's Snipe

1896

September 7  
(No 2)

Orville Marsh

it cleared and then soon came out a little later the  
Swamp war, one after another, and flew to drag the grass  
into which they dropped. I followed them but they were  
very wild and I got only four shots bagging three birds.

Before the fog dispersed the small Plover & Sandpiper were  
scattered about over the whole of the flats feeding busily  
and silently & rarely taking flight but after the sun  
appeared they became restless and noisy and crowded about  
over the marshes in compact flocks. I shot only one of  
them, the Pectoral.

Small Plover  
Sandpiper

I next paddled to the Outlet where I found a few more  
small warblers and a flock of about twenty Lesser Yellow-legs.  
The latter were very tame but were scattered about over  
a wide area so that I could get only two together  
in my first shot. The main bunch went off at the  
uprise but several stragglers remained & I quickly killed  
four more.

Yellow legs

Soon after this a Golden Plover came flying about.  
I called him up and missed him the first time  
at less than twenty yards & missed him the second with  
a charge of No 4 shot as he was passing very high overhead.  
He was an adult in autumn plumage - a handsome bird.  
His flight was exceedingly swift. In fact I doubt if  
any bird except a Falcon could outdo a Golden Plover.

Golden Plover

Returning I entered Leonard's Pond where I shot  
a young Pigeon Hawk that was sitting on a stub  
pulling his feathers and an adult ♀ Orchard Oriole  
which I started in a little cedar muscadine bush  
by yesterday's rain. There were also four Song Sparrows

Pigeon Hawk

Orchard Oriole

1896

September 7  
(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Marsh

they were so very wild that I could not get near them. W. is  
Although the day was now clear and warm they avoided Swamp  
the grass and kept obliging on the open mud when  
they would run a few yards & then crouch behind some  
irregularity in the flat surface.

Four Wood Ducks, the first I have seen for a mile or more, W. is  
near from the marsh behind the island where I lost Ducks.  
of my trail to start for camp.

In most places where the water is less than two feet Tracks of  
deep and the bottom sandy or muddy I see the tracks Ardea herodias  
of the Great Blue Herons. The huge foot prints, widely  
spaced, suggest the presence of some big, web-footed  
bird. They are often found one hundred feet or more  
out from the shore.

While sailing on the lake off Pin Point in the  
early afternoon I saw a Night-hawk flying south.  
Soon after it had passed a Golden Plover appeared  
high in air uttering its shrill, squeaking whistle. On  
coming over the Night-hawk it hovered down at the  
latter brushing close past & evidently frightening it badly.

Night-hawk  
& Golden  
Plover

Just before sunset I sailed over to the Outlet & waited  
there until it was nearly dark, two Ring-necked & then  
Green-winged Teal rose up on a bank of mud. On looking  
at them with the glass I saw that one of the Green-wings  
had a comparatively long bill. I accordingly shot it &  
found it to be apparently an E. occidentalis. \* I very regret  
the change, <sup>also</sup> killed the two Ring-necked & some E. pusillus.  
Swamp & Herons flying about at dusk but no Ducks seen.

\* On comparison with  
my series at home I  
have decided that this  
Green-wing is an occidentalis  
very different from the  
one at home.



1896.

September 8

Cloudless, calm and very warm with the air almost wholly free from haze.

There was a heavy flight of Warblers last night. I heard them chirping almost incessantly from soon after dark to the time I went to sleep - about 11 P.M. The war must have started to the northward of Kentucky & passed beyond it before morning for there were only a very few birds in our woods within yesterday or to-day.

Heavy flight  
of Warblers

Sometime during the night (last night) those of our party who were sleeping in tents were suddenly and very effectively awakened by an outrageous squealing & growling exactly like that of two cats fighting but at its termination the outcry ran, without the slightest separating pause, into the ordinary hoot of a Barred Owl. It was wholly unlike the longling, conversational performance of this species in the nesting season but, minus the terminal hooting, was identical with the cat-squealing which Mr. Skellings & I heard at Muri's Rock a number of years ago & which I now believe to have been made, as Sumner Sargent asserted at the time, by one of these Owls.

Syrnium  
nebulosum  
squealing  
etc. a  
Tow. cat.

At 8.30 A.M. I sailed across the lake & visited the flats at the Outlet & near Bernard's Pond. Two Ring necks, a Great Sandpiper and five Greunters were all the waders that I could find. I shot an Greunter which has a bill almost long enough for S. occidentalis & mixed another with a still longer bill which I am confident belonged Pigeon Hawk to some species. A Pigeon Hawk passed me within 4 yds. passed flock & the little flock of waders within 20 yds. skimming low & over the marsh. The waders were standing motionless without being at this time & their pasted coloring probably saved them from them.

Waders

C. maculosa

of waders

1896.

September 9 Clear, the forenoon calm, a light S. E. breeze with gathering clouds in the afternoon.

Spent the day on B. Brook Point with C. & E. R. S.  
On a sandy point of the shore near the spring we found numerous fresh deer tracks made, as Miss Sargent asserted positively, by a very large buck, a large doe & two fawns of this season. The track of a buck is much blunter at the toes than that of a doe, this pointed out to us.

A day at  
B. Brook

An Eagle, an Osprey, a Broad-winged Hawk and a Kingfisher were seen along the shore & a Blue Jay, a few Warblers and a band of eleven Chickadees were hovering about in the woods. The Chickadees evidently wanted to cross the Cove - about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile wide - but were half afraid to venture on even so short an aerial journey. They made several false starts, rising 50 feet or more above the tree tops, standing out over the lake ~~and~~ chirping unconcerned to one another & turning back after going 100 yards or less! Finally they divided into two flocks & went across. I found a Chickadee floating dead in mid-lake yesterday morning just after the fog cleared & it seems that they sometimes perish by drowning as the Warblers, Vireos, Sparrows & other small birds so often do.

Chickadees  
hesitate to  
cross an arm  
of the lake

The Chickadees are evidently increasing rapidly in number about the Lake shore. Up to within three days we have had only a single bird at Pine Point & I have seen but few elsewhere. On the 7<sup>th</sup> three appeared about our camp and yesterday there were five or six.

Chickadee  
drowned in  
the lake

Warblers appeared to be scarce everywhere today as yesterday but there was a heavy migration to night.

1896.

September 10

Lake Umbagog

Pine Point.

Cloudy with east wind and fine, mistle rain at intervals

Spent the day about camp. Two Canada Thrushes, three or four Chickadees, two Winter Wrens, a Yellow Warbler, a Magnolia and an Olive-backed, a Chipping Sparrow (young in streaked plumage hopping about in our camp yard) a pair of Downy Woodpeckers and a Blue Jay were the only small birds that I noticed on our point.

Saw about

Camp

Chipping Sp.

Blue Jay

The Red Squirrels are scarce one-tenth as numerous on Pine Point as they were in 1894 & 1895 and the few that are here evidently have much difficulty in getting a living for them on our point, hence use balsam cones this year, not any maple seeds.

Red Squirrels

The Squirrels near camp get more or less of their daily food from our waste but <sup>back</sup> in the woods are eating mushrooms and the seeds of the paper birches. They take the mushrooms up into the trees & store them on the horizontal branches but within a day or two they either eat or remove them.

Two Chipmunks visit Camp daily & one comes every few minutes & has been very tame taking nuts & corn from our hands, entering all the camps freely & rambling about on the floors under our feet. He rarely eats anything that we give him but carries it off to add to his winter's hoard. His hole is only a few paces from the camp and in the middle of the path that leads to the landing.

Chipmunks

1896

September 10

(no 2.)

Late in the afternoon I paddled across to the Outlet, down river to Richardson's Carry and thence across to the outer end of Moose Point where I waited until it was nearly dark. Only three Drakes came over the point and they left on towards the Outlet. I heard a Snipe and some small water, probably an Emmenter. The heavy rain of the 6<sup>th</sup> has raised the lake a foot or more and the mud flats, as well as much of the grass-covered meadows, near the Outlet are under water. Hence it is not surprising that about all the small waters have disappeared. Besides the Emmenter just mentioned I heard (and also saw) only a solitary Golden Plover.

Snipe,  
Emmenter!

Golden Plover

Last night a Great Horned Owl hooted for an hour or more in the hemlocks near the head of the boat cove on Pine Point. This evening he began his serenade before sunset and was frequently answered by another bird in the same woods, the two hoisting responses to each other for nearly half an hour. One bird regularly said hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo; the other hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo. These are the first Great Horned Owls that I have heard on Pine Point this season but will suggest heard near in Glassy Cove on the evening of the 8<sup>th</sup>.

Bubo  
argenteus

On the western side of the lake I have once heard an old bird near Ansel's Rock and reportedly young birds in the flats near Diamond Pond.

1896

September 11

Pine Point

Clear and warm with south wind. Ther. 19° at noon.

The morning was unusually beautiful for there was no fog (the night had been too warm for it to form) and the air was peculiarly soft and sweet with the breath of the south wind. There were few small birds on the Point - only two or three Warblers, a Chickadee or two and a pair of Canada Nuthatches - but we had two unusual visitors, viz. a Canada Jay and a Pileated Woodpecker each the first of its kind that I have noted here this year. The Jay kept high in the trees and avoided both the shore and our camp ground. It was very noisy whistling and screaming almost incessantly. It went off in the direction of Glasgow Cove.

Birds about

camp

Canada JayPileated W.

Two years ago this month Miss Sargent and I heard, one morning, a call new to us both and paddling out into the dense fog came upon two loons playing together on the outlet and making the sound in question. I have not heard it since until this morning when for nearly half an hour before the wind rose it came at short intervals from the direction of the Outlet where, with the aid of a glass, I could see two loons swimming about on the calm water. I do not remember just how I rendered it in 1894 but to-day I set it down as arising from a rather deep & hollow hoo to an abrupt oh. It is very human in tone and might be easily mistaken for the call or speculation of a man. It was repeated twice or thrice in quick succession as a rule but sometimes was given only once.

A singular

loon call

1896.

September 11  
(No 2.)

Pine Point.

At 10 a.m. a Solitary Vireo began singing on the Point keeping it up for ten minutes or more. It was an old bird, the first I have heard this autumn. How its wild, clear notes rang through the silent woods!

Solitary Vireo  
singing

A little before sunset a flock of seventeen Gosswanders went down the Boulder and turned into Gosspy Cove and half-an-hour later a bunch of four followed them but kept on into B. Brook Cove. No doubt they spent the night along this rocky shore. The water has fallen so low that many isolated boulders & several ledges are exposed and perhaps they roost on some of them.

Gosswanders

As we were eating supper in the Open Camp I heard a long, piercingly shrill whistle back in the woods in the direction of the big hemlocks. A minute or two later a large Owl came flying from this direction and alighted on a branch of the tall pine in front of the camp but, startled, as I doubt, by an exclamation from one of our men, it almost immediately took flight again and disappeared towards the lake. It looked as large as the biggest Eagle. Its wings made a loud rushing sound like the wind blowing through pines.

A strange  
Owl visits  
camp.

The warm weather of the past three days has brought out the Hylas (H. siskimungii) and I hear their dry, cracked voices everywhere in the woods, especially in the late afternoons. I have also heard one or two Wood Frogs.

Hylas piping

1896.

September 12

Another cloudless, calm and very warm day.

There was a dense fog in the early morning but it cleared at about eight o'clock and at once the woods were flooded with sunlight and enlivened by the calls of numerous small birds. I heard only one Warbler but Titmouse, Nuthatches and Woodpeckers were all present in large numbers than on any previous morning this season and the Pine Siskin and White-winged Crossbill got on my list again for the first time in two or three weeks.

Small birds  
about camp.

A small flock of Hudson Bay Chickadees were among the other visitors to the camp. I was unable to count them but judging by their calls there were at least three or four and probably more.

Parus  
Hudsonianus.

On my arrival at Pine Point, August 25<sup>th</sup>, I found many of the Saxifraga plants already showing gold and crimson leaves and a few days later I began to see them and then along the lake shore solitary small maples that showed more or less brilliant coloring. But with these exceptions the woods generally up to September 7<sup>th</sup> were as uniformly green as in midsummer. On the evening of the 8<sup>th</sup> I was surprised to find that a large proportion of the foliage of the paper birches at this Point had ~~changed~~ become more or less conspicuously yellow. The change must have taken place during the night. It has since advanced steadily, although rather slowly.

First signs  
of autumn  
common

1896

September 12

(No 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marsh.

Just before sunset I paddled across the lake and after visiting the flats at the Outlet and finding nothing there I landed at the little pond hole near Richman's Cove where I shot the Duck on the 1<sup>st</sup>. As I approached the flock I saw seven Black Ducks flying about in the lake close to the beach and I felt nearly sure that they would return before dark. Soon after crossing my stand in from the grass I heard a thin Yellow leg whistling in the distance. I called him but although he answered regularly he did not change his position for ten minutes or more. He was evidently somewhere on the Moon Point beach. At length he started & coming directly towards me alighted in the pond when I shot him falling.

Soon after this I heard the Ducks alight on the beach several hundred yards away. They quacked & splashed for a long time but finally swam in nearly to within shot & then rising & circling came over the pond directly past me within thirty yards. Just as I was to fire five of them hove together & I felt sure of getting at least three with my first barrel but to my infinite disgust none fell at the water & my second shot was equally ineffectual. I think that on changing my shells for the Yellow leg—or rather when I changed them a second time after shooting him I got in two double shot cartridges by mistake.

I heard two snipe & saw several herons.

Mosquitoes were nearly as numerous on the marsh this evening as they were last June. They attacked me so largely that I could hardly endure it. The evening was very warm & calm.

Coming in

the Outlet

Black Ducks

E. Yellow leg  
shot.

Black Ducks

A good shot  
missed.

Mosquitoes

troublesome



1896

September 13

Cloudy & cooler with fresh S. to S.E. wind.

I spent the day about camp sailing across to the Shelter tower. Made no observations worth recording. Will report, who cannot share the time with me fishing, reports seeing a flock of four large Plover and several smaller waders.

Waders

September 14

Cloudy with S.E. breeze.

After breakfast I sailed across the lagoon & made the rounds of the missions & flats. Although the water has fallen to just the point most favorable for the waders I saw but two of them birds, a Black-bellied Plover and a Ring-billed Gull. The Plover, although a young bird, was exceedingly wild and restless, coming over the whole marsh region, frequently alighting but never remaining on the flats for more than a minute or two at a time. Sometimes he would go off high in air towards the South until lost to sight & bearing but in a few minutes he would return & again pitch down to the flats. Noticing that he paid frequent visits to the extreme point of land at the Shelter I ran the canoe into a creek there & waited. Presently he came over in very high & flying very swiftly but a charge of 2 1/4 shot brought him down.

Charadrius  
helveticus.

1896.

September 15

A fine day, cooler, sunny for the most part but with masses of dark clouds driving rapidly overhead before the violent north-west wind.

I have been waiting for just this kind of day for a trip up the Mygalony so immediately after breakfast I started with Will in the large boat. The whole Axelson family were shooting Snipe on the Outer marshes and Harry Axelson, who hailed us as we were passing through Richardson's Cove, told us that they had started about 15 birds and killed 2 up to that time. He also said that his father had had a Black-bellied Plover. The shooting continued as long as we were within hearing and just before we reached the mouth of the Mygalony a single crane from the direction of the big marsh and alighted near us on the river bank. I landed but the bird was very wild & I missed it. Landing next at the first pond hole on the left bank of the Mygalony we found perfectly fresh tracks of a cow moose, apparently the same animal that I saw August 27<sup>th</sup>. For the next two miles above this place, as well as around the shores of Pine Hill Pond, moose tracks were to be seen every where near the water, some of them those of the cow, others of a large bull, some fresh, others made at different times during the last two or three weeks. Will's guide eye detected a number of long hairs clinging to a stump where the big beasts had rubbed him self. At several places we saw where the animal had climbed on the steep banks of the river its hoofs being and making long grooved marks in the clayey mud.

1896.

September 15  
(No 2)

Megalloway River.

There were no Ducks in Pine Hill Pond but in one of the small ponds just above on the left I got a long throat at a Whistler but missed it.

We next landed at Pulpit Rock where we took our back into the woods on the south side of Pine Hill and showed us some very large & interesting boulders covered with the finest growth of rock ferns that I have ever seen. Under one of them was a porcupine's den with a well-beaten path leading from it. I spent the remainder of the forenoon photographing these boulders and we landed by the side of the cold spring just below the camping ground where the young men had put up their tent. They told us that Ducks were numerous in the ponds along the river above and that they saw Deer almost daily but neither they nor we said any thing about the Moose. I heard a Red Crossbill in these woods.

Pulpit Rock  
woods  
Rock Ferns  
Big boulders  
Porcupine's  
den.  
Photography

Starting on again after lunch we stopped first at the long, narrow meadows just above Pulpit Rock. At the upper end I found a flock of 11 Black Ducks in a small pond hole and near, but not actually associated with, them, a solitary young chukar wood duck. I spent more than an hour attempting to handle these birds but whenever I got them in a good place & crawled towards them through the grass it happened that before I could reach them they brown off to some other part of the pond. Finally I lost patience and directed Bill to make a circuit & try to drive them to me. When he showed himself they all started in my direction but only three came within range. I brought down two of

Stalling  
Black Ducks  
in Pulpit Rock  
meadows.

1896.

September 15  
(no. 3)

them with my first barrel and hit the third bird dead  
with the second but he flew out of sight.

Megascops Fern

At Horse-shoe Bend I was surprised to see a large  
Band Tortoise scuttle down the steep bank and plunge  
into the river. This is the first Tortoise of any kind that  
I have ever seen in this region and I have always  
understood that none were to be found but Miss Sargent  
now tells me that "a small blackish Turtle" is abundant  
in Cambridge River above the Falls. He could not remember  
that it had either yellow spots or red markings & I  
failed to recognize it by his rather vague description.  
He has never seen this or any other species in Montago.

Land Tortoise

We had confidently expected to find Bottle Brook Pond  
abundant with Ducks but there were only eight, all Black  
Ducks and all huddled together on a small grassy  
island off the point between the right & middle arms  
of the pond but quite out of range from the shore.  
In the left arm (or 'leg' as it is usually called) I  
started two Harems and a fine old Bald Eagle. There  
was a Carolina Grackle in the middle arm. Deer tracks  
were scarce about this pond & none of them were  
very fresh.

Bottle Brook  
Pond.

Black Duck

Harems.

Bald Eagle

Carolina Grackle

Deer tracks

I took several photographs here - one, that turned  
out to be very beautiful, of the pond when I  
lost the wounded Mallard Duck several years ago.

Photography

A good many of the spruces have been cut about  
the shores of Bottle Brook Pond since last autumn  
but still the place retains much of its former  
attractions & beauty.

1896

September 15  
(no 4)

On our way back down river I landed at the  
rather large pond opposite the mouth of Bear Brook.  
I do not remember to have seen any Ducks in this  
pond for a number of years - perhaps not since I  
shot the pair of Mallards there in 1888 - but this  
afternoon I found a flock of five Wood Ducks and  
three birds which I think were Hooded Mergansers  
but which rose and went out without giving me  
an opportunity to identify them. The Wood Ducks  
pond was accommodating although at first they  
were unaccountably shy and as restless, rising and  
flying several times but always alighting in the  
pond. After a good deal of thought and several  
fruitless attempts I finally got within thirty yards  
of them and killed four with the first barrel  
wounding the fifth bird badly as it rose. Of the  
four killed three were young drakes changing to  
full plumage, the fourth a young female.

I did not get another shot until we reached  
Richardson's Ferry and stopped for a few minutes  
to watch for Ducks. The twilight was fast deepening  
into night and the hoarse cries of snipe came from  
every direction while we occasionally heard the swelling  
wings as one of these birds alighted near us. One  
of them also descended twice in quick succession.  
Just as we were about to start on a bird, which  
both Will & I took for a Hooded Merganser, came  
flying past us at a wonderful rate of speed, so fast,  
in deed, that, as Will after words said, he did not  
believe that shot could catch it" and to the

Megalobrycon

River

Wood Ducks  
in Horse-shoe  
Bend Pond.

I

four of them

Singing on  
Orchard marshes

Snipe

swarming.

Red-billed

Gullies flies  
over marsh.

1896

September 15

(No 5)

I had the same feeling as I raised the gun to my shoulder but at the report the bird started down a long, slight decline finally falling in the middle of the carry near the collar and sending the white spray high into the air. It was perfectly dead when we reached it and great was my surprise to find that it was a Carolina Duck doubtless the same that I have seen almost daily near the lake for the past two weeks. Poor bird! I would not have shot at it had I suspected what it was.

Solitary Sandpipers were unusually numerous to-day along the Myalloway. I must have seen more than twenty in all, most of them on the muddy shores of the river itself but one or two about each of the small ponds that I visited in search of Ducks. They are by no means invariably "solitary" for one often finds two and occasionally three or four feeding or flying in company. They do not, however, appear to associate, unless by mere chance, with any of the other species of waders. American Wood Sandpipers they should have been called for they use these forest pools & rivers and, when startled, frequently fly directly back into the densest woods making their way through the branches with quite as much ease as does the Woodcock.

Totanus

Sol. Duck

1896.

September 16

One of the most perfect of September days, nearly calm, the air exceptionally clear & sparkling, the sky filled with great cloud masses drifting lazily & casting thin shadows on the slopes of the mountains.

Spent the day at Sunday Cove with C. & J. R. S. rowing across the Boston Bay in the morning and landing here in the afternoon. We landed first at the high ledge but finding the place very sunny & otherwise ill-adapted to our purpose kept on and entering the cove found just inside the point on the right of the entrance the prettiest little nook imaginable, sheltered abain from sun and wind, with beautiful woods of ~~growth~~ growth covering the slope behind and a shore piled with blocks and boulders ~~of~~ every conceivable size and shape. Just above the place where we drew out our boat a ledge rose nearly vertically from the water to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. The more distant view up the Cove was very fine and rendered doubly attractive by the clear air and constantly changing cloud effects.

Two Mackerels inhabited the ledge just mentioned and, to my surprise, they spent the entire middle part of the day <sup>which was cloudless & calm</sup> fishing for mussels, swimming out several rods from shore, diving in water eight or ten feet deep & taking their mussels in under a shelling rock where the bottom was thickly strewn with the discarded shells. A mink, also, entertained us for nearly half an hour by appearing among the loose boulders on the other side of our position and gradually waddling towards us until he came within a few yards of where we were sitting.

A day in  
Sunday Cove

Mackerels  
fishing for  
mussels at  
mid-day

1896.

September 16

(No 2.)

He explored all the nooks and crannies among these boulders with great thoroughness keeping most of the time in the water between or beneath them washing, swimming a diving and often when we could not see him moulted his position by the loud "Hushing" noise which he made. Every now and then he would stretch up his long slender neck between two stones or coping to the top of one would shake his dripping body violently and look keenly around before resuming his search for food. All his movements were characterized by the fierce, intensely nervous energy peculiar to the Weasel family. The expression of his face combined stupidity, cunning and devilish cruelty in about equal degrees but his pretty, dark, glossy fur, long, lithe body, and graceful, nervous movements made him on the whole a singularly attractive & interesting creature. His sight seemed to be weak of the best but when, at length, he discovered us he showed much alarm and leaving the stone bounded up the steep slope behind us and disappeared in the woods.

Habitat

Besides these mammals I found a rather large and interesting mixed flock of birds on this point. There were Chickadees, Hudson Bay Tits, Kinglets, Crows, a Winter Wren, two or three Noddy-headed Woodpeckers, a Minivet, a Parula, a Black Poll, a Black-throated Green, a Red-eyed Vireo, a Sapsucker etc. etc.

Mixed flock  
of small birds.

Along the shore Kingfishers were rather numerous & chasing one another. Two Loons also appeared at the mouth of the cove for a few minutes.



1896.

September 17

A dull rainy day with S. E. wind.

Low Water.  
Pine Point

Spent the day about camp. In the afternoon Will heard Outlet. Yellow legs whistling and I paddled across the lake in search of them but although I visited the Outlet, the flats opposite Harvard's Point, and Moon Point, I saw nothing but a solitary Sandpiper & a couple of Kingfishers. Just as I reached Pine Point on my return, however, I distinctly heard a winter Yellow-legs whistling coming from the direction of Richardson's Covey.

" 18

A clearing day with strong N. W. wind.

Woke on the house boat confined me to the neighborhood of our camp during the forenoon. In the afternoon we took the big boat out and sailed her across to the Outlet. She went to windward and came about freely and but when we tried to return we could not get her before the wind until we reefed the main sail.

While off the mouth of the river we heard Yellow legs whistling and saw many flying together. Yellow legs Douglas stopped his Thomson & banding bird several shots at them. He afterwards told me that there were fifteen birds in the flock.

" 19

A very heavy rain storm all day with S. E. wind.

Spent the whole day about camp & on the house boat. Our woods seemed to be almost wholly barren of birds. Indeed I have seen very few there, but three days & have heard none migrating at night.

1896

September 20

Pine Point.

Cloudless with clear, bracing air, the wind north-west and blowing very heavily through the forenoon but moderating in the afternoon & falling calm at sunset. Ther.  $40^{\circ}$  at 8 A.M. &  $50^{\circ}$  at 8 P.M.

Spent the day about camp taking a short sail on the boat in the afternoon. No small birds on the Point excepting a Nuthatch, a few Chickadees, two Golden-crowned Kinglets and two young Magnolia Warblers.

Small birds  
about camp

Jim who rowed up from Lakeside Lake in the day reports seeing a flock of fully fifty Button-billed Coots just below Great Island. They were very restless flying up & down the stretch of lake continuously, once coming within gun shot.

At about 8 P.M. just as the moon was rising above the trees one mysterious Owl paid the Point a second visit howling and hooting for nearly ten minutes. He appeared to be on the bamboo knoll but when I attempted to stand thither along our path he became silent & presently began again early out of hearing towards the west. He did not utter the hoarse cry to-night. I believe his howl is almost as loud as the trill of the Trinidad Bull Bird.

The mysterious  
Owl again  
visits camp

Soon after the Owl departed the men called me out again to hear a Fox who was barking in our cove. I stole to the edge of the knoll and heard him to great advantage. His bark was much like that of a dog but more husky or "ragged" as some express it. It was very loud for the voice of so small an animal.

Fox barking

1896

September 21

Pine Point

Clear and warm with light, variable winds.

Spent the day at a new camp, most of it on the house-boat improving the work of fitting up the cabin etc.

Four Chickadees, <sup>a White-bellied Nuthatch,</sup> two Golden-crests, a ♀ <sup>Red-bellied</sup> Sapsucker, a <sup>House-linnet</sup> Blue, a <sup>Robin</sup> and another <sup>Robin</sup> which looked like a <sup>House-linnet</sup> but which I failed to identify came about the camp some after breakfast. Evidently most of the Robins have already departed. I could find Pine Point at about 5 a. m. and landing on the big marsh spent the forenoon there looking for birds as I could see by the aid of my glass. We found fifteen shots which indicated a fair number of birds flushed.

Small birds  
about camp

Cloudy with two or three big showers, the forenoon calm the afternoon with violent north wind.

I was again confined to the Point by the necessity of looking after the work on the house-boat which drops deplorably. Four Chickadees, several Juncos, a Canada Nuthatch, <sup>Small birds</sup> and a Hairy Woodpecker were the only birds I saw near <sup>about camp.</sup> camp but I heard Pine Grinners several times and saw the chirp of a Warbler which I think was D. virens. One over the house I saw four Goldcrests, a House Wren, a Robin, a Hairy Gull, and a Marsh Hawk, and a Great Horned Owl. Last evening a Hairy Gull was flying about making its shrill clamorous outcry. This was the first instance of the appearance of the Hairy this month. Up to the very end of August I saw or heard several during -

1896

September 23

Clear and cold (34° at sunrise) with violent north to north-west wind.

The necessity of looking after the work on the big boat kept us near camp all day. There was a good deal of deserting shooting on the marshes and Miss Casper who went down the lake in the forenoon reported seeing a flock of about thirty Scoters which he thinks were Bittern-bills off B. Brook Cove.

Flock of  
Scoters

A flock of eleven Pine Grinnets alighted in an order near in our boat, can this morning.

Pine Grinnets

" 24

Cloudy with S. W. wind and occasional light showers.

There was again a good deal of shooting on the Outer marshes but I had no time to go there or elsewhere to-day. I saw a flock of six Ducks which looked unfamiliar crossing the lake high in air this morning. They were about the size of Widgeon & seemed to have very white bellies like that species.

Strangers -  
Common Duck

Just after breakfast I found two very tame Scaup's Hens in the woods near the shore in front of the camp. They kept close together running along on the ground and calling softly to each other using the night call exclusively.

Night call of  
Scaup's  
Hens

A Cuckoo & a little flock of Chickadees were the only other small birds here.

Last night a Fox actually kept us awake for nearly half an hour by his persistent barking near the camp.

The sound is very loud & penetrating. It resembles the cry of a dog but has for which we have no name at present.

1896

September 26

Clear and warm with light, variable winds alternating with periods of calm.

Yesterday and this forenoon were spent in "breaking camp" and putting the things aboard the house boat. Immediately after dinner we hoisted sail and tried to beat down the Lake but the wind bit the wind, light at best, forced us utterly before we got to B. Hook Point so we were glad to get a tow from the steamer the remainder of the distance anchoring our boat off Lakeside shortly after dark. We break camp.

A small mixed flock consisting of four Chickadees, a jay Small birds  
 3 *Minutilla varia*, a Parula, a Black Throated Green Warbler, on Pine trees  
 a Chestnut-sided Warbler and a solitary Vireo visited  
 Pine Point early this morning. As we were weighing anchor  
 I heard a *Picoides arcticus* and presently saw the bird  
 on one of the tall pines on the point. It is certainly  
 the first that I have noted this autumn.

Yesterday I visited the Moon Point beach to take some  
 photographs and found there three *Eumeces* at which I  
 afforded several plates and an *Onychomys alpestris* which I  
 shot. The birds were running about as the shore very near  
 the Sandpipers. I also saw a large flock of Geese.  
 Two juncos whom I met said that they had killed  
 two Blue-winged Teal from a flock of about fifty  
 on the 20<sup>th</sup> in one of the ponds on the Negeyoway.

*Onychomys alpestris*

*Petronia*

*Onychomys*

*Teal*

27

Clear with light S. W. wind.

In the forenoon took some photographs on or near B. Point.  
 In the afternoon sailed & reached the house boat 5 o'clock.

1896

September 28

Cambridge River Marshes

Heavy rain during the night clearing off cold and windy early this morning.

At 7 a. m. started for Lipton in the big boat, closely followed by a rowing. Just as we entered the mouth of the Cambridge a heavy squall accompanied by a shower of rain swept over the marshes. Immediately afterwards we heard Yellow-legs whistling and saw a flock of a dozen or more whistling high in air. They went off towards the south but returned presently and alighted with some others which were feeding on a mud bar. The combined flock contained just twenty-seven, all Greater Yellow-legs. There were also two Dunlins and a few Peps (Erismas). Charles paddled me up to them and I killed five Yellow-legs and a Dunlin at one shot. afterwards bringing down another Yellow-leg that came flying past. The remainder of the flock rose high in air and disappeared.

As I was paddling back to the wharfe at evening I found the other Dunlin feeding in company with three Erismas and killed all four birds—reluctantly enough but the Erismas seemed to me to have very long bills & I suspected that they were E. occidentalis but after leaving them I decided that they were all E. pusillus.

The Cambridge River marshes are too dry for Snipe but the flats at the mouth of the river are in capital condition for Yellow-legs & Sandpeeps.

I am a little surprised to find on a two Eagles & Ospreys still lingering about this end of the marsh for I have not observed either species near the outlet for a week or more.

Waders on  
the Cambridge  
River marshes

Big flock of  
Gr. Yellowlegs  
I killed five  
at one shot.

Dunlins

Erismas

Eagles

Ospreys

1896

Cambridge Place, Montreal

September 29 Clear and warm with light variable winds.

Spent the day at Upton attending to the unpacking and stowing away of our effects. Saw very few birds, the most interesting being a little flock of five Greenlets and three Ring-necks on one of the bars near the mouth of the Cambridge, and a flock of 26 Tit Cuckles flying about over the marshes. There was also a flock of eleven Goldfinches in the pond just below the Baker House. They were having a fine time playing about and thrashing the water with their wings after their usual custom.

Early this morning I heard a White-crowned Sparrow chirping loudly & incessantly outside my window, probably in the thicket near the stable.

" 30 Heavy rain during the night & early this morning followed by a clear, warm day with strong S. E. wind.

Went to Upton for the day as usual, paddling over in the early morning and sailing back at night.

There were five Greenlets and four Ring-necks on the flats to-day, doubtless the same birds left there last evening with the addition of another Ring-neck. Near Peck's bend I saw three Solitary Sandpipers and a Sparrow Hawk.

The autumn coloring reached its fullest perfection here on the 28<sup>th</sup> and has since been on the wane although it is still brilliant enough. It came on very suddenly with the warm weather which began on the 25<sup>th</sup>. Before that date there had been but a trifling change from the midsummer coloring.

Autumn coloring

1896.

August

September

27 28 1 2 4 5 7 8 12 14 15-28

Wilson's Snipe

2

3

Winter 4c. long 1

5

2

1

6

Science .. ..

1

2

6

Grass Bird

2

1

Turnstone 2

Page 20

2

7

2

;

3

Black Duck

1

Wood. "

Whistler.

1

1

Solitary Sandpiper

40

3

Ring neck.

2

Golden Plover

1

Car. Road

1

Black bellied Plover

Dunbar

2



1896

Feb. 1896

$$d(\text{mean term})/dt = -\alpha \Delta \langle \text{mean term} \rangle, \quad \text{for } \tau \gg \tau_0$$

... 6 + 2 = 8

1896.

October 1

Cambridge River, Massachusetts

Cloudy with N.W. wind and occasional light showers.

I sailed over to Upton at the usual time this morning seeing nothing worth noting on the way. The flats were utterly deserted and the small vessels which have spent the past two days there must have left during the night. They were there last evening when I passed the flats a little after sunset.

I had a very busy day at Upton and my start back was deferred until long after sunset. It was a gloomy evening with black, threatening sky but only a little wind. Nothing of interest occurred until I had reached the outlet of the upper marsh pond when two Great Horned Owls began calling among the shrubs along shore both uttering the husky scream which I have described in this journal under date of August 28<sup>th</sup>.

Presently I saw one of them perched on a shrub on the end of the rocky island (the Ospreys frequently sit on this shrub by day). I changed my shells & was starting to paddle towards the bird when a whuff-whuff-whuff

beating wings was heard behind me and the choking scream sounded in my very ears. The next instant a huge bird sailed directly over me on its wings passing laterally within six feet of my head. Just as it reached the river bank on the marshy (south) side & dropped its legs, evidently with the intention of alighting, I found bringing it down with a broken wing & being another shot to finish it. It was in full plumage but the bill had some patches of light color indicating immaturity. This experience definitely settles the authorship of this night cry but is it made only by the young birds? It was very wild & piercing in the still air, to-night & reminded me of the call of *Pernis* *pennsylvanicus*.

1260

*virginianus*

1896.

October 2.

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

A dark, gloomy day with light east wind and steady rain from morning to - night.

At day break I was awakened by several sharp birds in quick succession near the house. It turned out that one of the Wornell party had been out with his gun and had fired at five birds which he found in Sargent's Cove and which from his description I think must have been Night Herons. (This was afterwards confirmed by the fact that early next morning I heard a Night Heron growling in the direction of this Cove).

Night  
Herons in  
Sargent's  
Cove.

At 7.30 a. m. I started for Upton. Just inside the mouth of the river I saw three small waders flying about high in air. They uttered a whit - whit somewhat like the call of *T. fasciatus* but louder & mellower and also a curious purring sound. Shortly afterwards while I was trying to build up to a whistle in the large lagoon a pond near the back house three three birds came overhead & alighted in a cluster of alcy beds near the middle of the pond where I saw that they were Red Phalaropes. They were again in a minute or less & having just given me a good shot but my shell missed fire.

Red Phalaropes

There were two Ring necks on the shore of this pond & I heard the call of a Grass bird & a Winter Wren. In the distance which I was then I afterwards learned that Crocker killed three "Winters" on the marsh in the afternoon.

Ring-necked  
Pheasants

Charles Douglas came over to Upton with the Aris colors at noon & started back at about 4 P. M.

1896.

October 2.  
(No 2.)

Cambridge Falls, Mass.

I came very near going with him for it was raining hard at the time and there was little invitation for a solitary fowling but I was detained by the necessity of deciding about some work on the home boat.

I missed a rare opportunity by this chance happening for Douglass killed a Blue Goose with one barrel and a Lesser Snow Goose with the other both birds which I have never seen living and both, I know, were to my knowledge Oct. They were on the outermost grassy island at the mouth of the Cambridge River. When first seen the "blue" bird was lying down, the other standing erect.

When the steamer was within about 30 yds. Frank Douglass, the engineer, fired at them but missed. They rose, flew about 40 yds. & alighted in the river. Charles Douglass then ran the boat to within about 40 yds. of them & killed them both. I learned of all this on my return & at once went to Douglass's house in the pouring rain and bought the birds of him.

My fowling ball from Upton was without incident of any kind save that I heard a number of Snipe scarping heavily as they rose and flew about over the marshes. It was impossible to count them but there must have been half-a-dozen or more. I caught a glimpse of two flying together.

Some young men who came down the falls in a canoe report seeing two large flocks of Geese

A Blue & a  
Lesser Snow  
Goose shot  
by Douglass.

Snipe

1896

October 3

Lake Umbagog.

Bathside &amp; Cambridge River Marshes

Cloudy with N. E. wind and fine rain in the afternoon.

A flock of Scaup was seen from the house this morning & immediately after breakfast I went in pursuit of them & found them just beyond B. Point. There were thirteen birds in the flock, the majority old male Surf Scaup. They were at fully 100 yards & no lighted was Great Island but I did not follow them.

Surf Scaup  
in the lake.

As I entered the river a flock of 12 Mergansers were feeding on the further side of a marshy island but they saw me & flew. A little further on I came upon three Winter Yellow Legs but they proved to be very shy & I got only a long & fruitless shot at them. There was a single Grass-bird with them. Some of the woods a mixed flock of Grass-birds & Bonaparte's Sandpipers flew one about a dozen birds in all but just how many of each kind I could not tell.

Gooseanders

W. Yellow Legs

Pictorial S.

Bonaparte S.

A number of Herring Gulls were flying about and soon after I reached Upton a Carolina Duck appeared in the pool just below the Lake House. I was watching it with my glass and admiring its graceful movements & pretty wings as it flapped about close in those when suddenly the report of a gun rang out, a charge of shot tore up the water, & my poor little Duck turned belly up and floated dead. Baker, who is staying at the Lake House, had crept up behind a cluster of bushes & fired the fatal shot. I fear he will never see more of the bird.

Herring Gulls

Carolina Duck

1896

October 3  
(no d/)

Cambridge River Marshes.

The light was fading and a fine, mist-like rain  
 falling when I started to pack the boat to be loaded.  
 I saw nothing down there or from Marsh Lake & a Heron  
 or two but just as I reached the mouth of the river  
 Snipe began scraping & piping about in every direction.  
 The snipers moved fairly close with them. There  
 were also a number of other voices calling - two King eiders,  
 several Grass birds & what I took to be some Duckies.

Wilson's Snipe

Common

King eider

Grass bird

Duckies

1896

October 4

A superb day, calm, cool, with high-drafty clouds alternately opening & shutting in. There was a rare light on the gorgeously tinted autumn woods & hills. The foliage is now much more brilliant than it has been hitherto & probably at its highest perfection. I have never seen the coloring so perfect, even here.

A large flock of Scoters appeared over the lake just after breakfast and entertained us for about the hour for an hour or more with their extraordinary aerial evolutions. They alighted several times & Anders paddled out to them & shot one bird. He reports that they were mixed British & Irish Scoters.

Scoters in  
the lake.

A superb Golden Eagle also passed over the house & circled around Isopunt's Cor. Though the year I could distinctly see that the bird was fully adult with a bright golden brown head and no white in the tail. His flight was finer & more graceful than that of a Bald Eagle - more like a Red tailed Hawk's. His wings were held perfectly level but the tips were upturned a little. I have never actually seen one of these Eagles at Unabogay before.

Golden Eagle

I spent the day paddling for my stock homestead to - across.



1896.

October 5

Lake Umbagog to Boston.

Cloudy but with a clear, strong light and occasional brief intervals of sunshine.

I left the Lake at 7.30 a.m. on Mr. Gail's Stage. Mr. Mc. Glidden, the Bethel photographer, was with us and we both took a number of pictures along the road (most of my negatives turning out very well when I developed them a day later). Small birds were scarce and I saw nothing of much interest until reaching Appleton Town. We stopped here for dinner and Mr. Glidden and I crossed the river to look at the trout pond. On our way back and just as we were at about the middle of the suspension foot bridge a light-colored bird started directly beneath us and skimming close over the water flew down stream for a few rods uttering a sharp whit, whit very like the call of a Spotted Sandpiper anxious about its young. Almost at the first glance I recognized this bird as a Red Phalarope which, of course, I was greatly surprised to meet in such a place. It alighted again in the middle of the river where it floated lightly and stemmed the swift current with apparent ease but it took advantage of the eddies as much as possible and presently began working about the lower beds of some large boulders where it seemed to find food in abundance for it pecked rapidly & incessantly at their rough surfaces wet with the lapping of the waves. It also fed on the surface of the swirling eddies, moving about very rapidly and in decisive courses. It was very tame but whenever I got within about 20 ft. it would rise & fly a few yards uttering its sharp whit. Finally I went to the house, got my 32 cal. collecting pistol & returning shot the bird. It drifted down stream on a raft of a mile or more before I found a chance to reach & draw it in with a long pole. Reached Bethel at 2 P.M. & took the 3.35 P.M. train for Boston.

Red Phalarope  
in Bear River

1896

October 11

Cloudy with strong N. E. wind.

Concord, Massachusetts

I came to Concord late yesterday afternoon and am staying at the Hayes' as usual.

After working for several hours on the canvas this morning I canoed on of them and paddled down to Ball's Hill where I spent about an hour and then returned looking over the way back.

The river is at about its average October level. The meadows are very green & attractive but the fielded wood and other semi-aquatic plants have been killed by the frost. The autumn coloring is comparatively dull and most of the maples have already shed the greater part of their foliage. The oaks are still green but the chestnut trees are turning. The crop of chestnuts is said to be heavy this year and blue jays are numerous.

Pot tells me that about twenty-five ducks have been killed by Gallant between Flatts Bridge & Ball's Hill and George Hayes says that Jones saw one fifty this other evening while going in a blind on the edge of the meadows pond opposite Davis's Hill. I saw no water fowl to-day except a Grebe (*L. melanotos*) which was swimming about in front of the cabin.

Of the smaller birds I saw or heard Chickadees, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Kinglet (~~notus~~), two Creepers, Robins, Yellow rumps, Song Sparrows, Chipping, four Red-bellies, 8 or 10 Jays, 12 or 15 Crows

THOREAU AND THE WALDEN WOODS.

The Damage by the Recent Fire Not as Great as Was Reported.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The notice in your widely-circulated journal concerning the recent fire in the Walden woods will convey a wrong impression to many readers, the facts about that fire having naturally been exaggerated while it was going on, and before any one could say where it would stop. I examined the localities yesterday, and can qualify to some extent your remarks.

The term "Walden woods" covers a great tract, on both sides of the Fitchburg railroad, and on all sides of the pond, which it is now the fashion to call a "lake." This tract might be so measured as to be two miles long by half a mile, or even a mile in width, and of this area, probably less than half a square mile was burnt over in the last fire, which did not reach the fine large pines around Thoreau's cove and cairn, nor, indeed, any of the woods immediately encircling the water. It did run through a large plantation of white pines, made by Thoreau some 20 rods from his hut, eastward, on land belonging to his friend, Emerson; and it burned through a large tract on the east side of the Lincoln road, between the shallow lake called Goose pond, and the hillside covered with grove oaks, chestnuts and pines, once called "Hubbard's wood," and named by Emerson, "The Park." Fortunately, this park, now the property of Emerson's daughter, Mrs. W. H. Forbes, was hardly touched at all, so that the regions more especially associated with the two friends, Emerson and Thoreau, were not greatly injured by the fire.

Through this park ran the path by which Alcott, while Thoreau was living by Walden (1845-47), used to visit his young friend—walking across from the Edmund Hosmer farm, or from what soon became Hawthorne's "Wayside," then owned and occupied by the Alcotts. Emerson's own way to Walden was only for a few rods through the fields; he then followed the wide Lincoln road, over "Briester's hill," or diverged to the right, at the hill's foot, into a woodpath. Both sides of this woodpath have been devastated, either by the axe or by fire; but nature is quick to repair such ravages. In our woods, and before 10 years, if the railroad engines set no more fires, nobody could see where the late fire has run in this part of the tract. Probably the pines planted by Thoreau's hand are mostly killed, and this is a serious loss. But the woodland associations of Thoreau and Walden are only slightly injured, otherwise, by what seemed so disastrous a combustion.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, May 25,

1896

[His account May 5]

1896.

October 12.

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind.

I spent the forenoon in the burned woods near  
Goose Pond. The fire, which occurred about the middle  
of last May, <sup>[May 5]</sup> when I was at Umbagog, was the worst  
distinction ever known in Concord not only in respect  
to the area (said to be 1000 acres) burned over but also  
in the thoroughness with which it did its work. The  
woods were as dry as tinder and the wind was blowing  
a gale from the north-west. These conditions so favored  
the flames that they not only destroyed the undergrowth  
but in most places the trunks of the trees were burned  
to their very tops. A forest of charcoal alone remains.  
As far as the eye can reach to the west and north of  
Goose Pond the blackened stems, grim and forbidding,  
crown the hills and hollows. Many of the trees have  
not sent up any sprouts and but few of those  
that are any lower during the summer. They are  
so completely charred that the chances for their rise  
be practically no longer & in many places the land  
itself has been ruined. The only hopeful effort which  
nature seems to have made to repair the general  
injury is in the growth of aspen, ~~poplar~~ and  
Rourea americana which are springing up very generally  
throughout the woods. (I sold the whole of my land at Goose Pond  
in January, 1897.)  
In the burned tract I saw Chickadees, Robins &  
a large flock of juncos.

In the afternoon I went to Nails Hill by river.  
There was much firing on the meadows & I learned  
afterwards that one thirty Swiper was killed there  
to-day, twenty one by one man.

1896

October 20

Fairly clear, afternoon cloudy; a strong, warm S. W. wind.

On the 13<sup>th</sup> I went to Cambridge and on the 16<sup>th</sup> up the Hudson spending the 17<sup>th</sup> with John Burroughs at Esopus and the 18<sup>th</sup> with Chapman at Englewood, returning to Cambridge on the afternoon of the 19<sup>th</sup> and to Concord this morning.

In the afternoon I sailed down to Ball's Hill. The woods were gloomy and wind-torn and I saw but few birds there. Two were beating the meadows with dogs find ten or twelve shots, presumably at snipe. Pat tells me that he has seen a number of Ducks in the river during my absence last week. I saw a fine Northern Oriole on Mill Brook meadow, a remarkably white <sup>bird</sup>.  
" 21 Cloudy and warm with strong S. W. wind and heavy showers in the late afternoon and early evening.

To Ball's Hill at 8 A. M. Sailing down. Saw a Marsh Hawk, a flock of about forty Crows and a number of Song Sparrows. Yesterday I saw three Tree Sparrows.

Spent the day near the cabin clearing out paths etc. Saw two Hermits & numerous Jays. During a walk to Davis Hill & beyond saw several Crows and at least four Red-bellied Nuthatches.

As I was paddling up river at evening saw a number of Tit Crows come from the meadows & circled over me. A sportsman whom I met told me that he had shot a Snipe & that his was killed by another man in the morning.

1896.

October 22.

A fine day with clear, sparkling air and a fresh N. wind. Much cooler (My hair was frozen stiff this morning).

At 8 A. M. I started for Ball's Hill and tramped most of the way down. Meadows Larks were calling in the Milk Brook meadow. Near the Manor I heard Blue birds, Yellow-rumps & a White Bellied Nuthatch. Then 7 larks were playing together among some bare poles on the Buttricks' hill.

A flock of fully 100 Crows were feeding on the Great Meadows having been disturbed by a gunner who with his red setter was beating the high grounds and who fired two shots there. Near Holden's Hill a Red-shouldered Hawk was soaring about. I was rarely out of hearing of the thrush of Jays and twice I heard Robins. There were a good many Song Sparrows in the bushes along the river where, also, I saw a small flock of Goldfinches.

Last autumn the Muskrat built literally no houses along this river. Everyone marvelled at it until in the winter, an exceptionally heavy rain raised the water to above its usual spring pitch & flooded the meadows to a depth of five or six feet. The Muskrat were then credited with a foreknowledge of this flood. They have built freely this autumn & some of the houses are very large & conspicuous.

While walking in the Ball's Hill woods this afternoon I saw a good many small birds, among them three

1896

October 22

(No 2.)

There Hermit Thrushes, several Canada Warblers, two Fox Sparrows (the first), Juncos, White-throats etc.

Partridges appear to be very numerous. I shot them wherever I go. Pat & Benson both say that at least three broods were reared on my land this year.

Will Baillie came down to the river late in the afternoon and we paddled home in company starting just as the sun was setting. Nothing of interest occurred until we reached Hunt's Pond when we saw a single fly swiftly across the river and a moment later heard a Carolina Rail calling kef in the reeds.

A little above Hunt's Pond or, to be more exact, about opposite "the tent", I saw a bird which looked like a Screech Owl fly up into a maple on the river bank. It proved to be a Megecops, a pretty, plump little fellow who sat for several minutes on a leafless branch silhouetted against the sky & showing us far of us although we stopped the canoe nearly under him and commented freely on his attractive appearance. After awhile he flew off across the open fields showing great breadth of wing & a ridiculously short tail.

1896

October 23

Early morning clear and cold but the temperature rose and the sky clouded over very quickly and by 10 a.m. it began raining. There was only a big shower but the remainder of the day was gloomy & threatening.

I spent the day at Ball's Hill as usual, working with Pat on the Blakemore ridge where we cut down a great number of oaks, beeches etc. that were choking some promising young pines. Despite the gloomy weather & high north wind I saw a good many small birds in the woods, among them several Hermits. In the early morning as I was paddling down river the still air was full of bird voices. Starlings, Rusty Blackbirds, Crows, Jays, etc. At "the bend" I found about thirty small birds, mostly Sparrows, feeding about in a thicket of Black Alders. There was a Hermit Thrush with them. The Sparrows were Song, Fox (only one), Chipping, Tree, Lawrence (one), and White throats. One of the Tree Sparrows sang at short, regular intervals for ten or fifteen minutes. He was evidently an old bird and I have never heard one sing louder, fuller or longer in March or April. The Fox Sparrow also sang a little but ~~rather~~ more and several of the Song Sparrows were chattering in low, broken tones.

It was getting dark when I started for home this evening. A duck which I took to be a drake Wood Duck passed me just above the Holt flying up river. The Sculpin Owl was working near the time but I did not see him. At a distance he sounded like a hoarse whining cry.



1896.

October 24

It rained heavily all last night and when I started down river this morning the wind was east and the sky lowering & threatening but before I reached Ball's Hill the clouds broke and the sun came out and the remainder of the day was clear and warm with a light west wind.

There was "the time" I was prepared to hear the call of a Black-bellied Plover repeated a dozen times or more. As nearly as I could judge the bird was flying about over the Great Meadows and within some distance off or at a considerable height. I have never heard this Plover near Concord before. On entering the long straight reach just below Hunt's Pond I discovered a dead Wood Duck (doubtless the same seen last night) swimming near the middle of the river. He saw me and acted as if half-disposed to rise but I walked the canoe back behind some bushes without actually starting him. It was then an easy matter to land and approach him under cover of the dense thickets which line the banks at this point but just as I was nearly within range he swam across the river and lay on finding along the opposite marshy shore. I lay watching him for several minutes until at length the canoe gunner, Haggerty, who was beating the meadows behind me fired both barrels at a Snipe. The reports started my wood duck but instead of making off, as I expected, he came directly towards me and after a short flight alighted

1896.

October 24

(No 2)

on the calm river within less than twenty yards of where I lay concealed. I watched him for several minutes more as he swung slowly around preening his beautiful plumage and drifting slowly down stream with the sluggish current. Then I fired, killing him instantly with a charge of #8. When I reached him by means of the canoe a few minutes later I looked at him a long time before touching him, admiring his rich, varied coloring, half enjoying half regretting my success, wondering where he had come and speculating as to what his chances of living to another summer would have been had I spared his life. Then taking him by the bill I drew him over the water. The result surprised me. There was almost no perceptible resistance. A fluff of thristle down could have been moved more easily. Then, evidently, was a feather model. I could not help wondering why Ducks do not swim faster.

Passing Ball's Hill I landed at Brick Island and walked to the Mason field. While standing in the middle of the dense oak woods between this field & the river I saw a large bird which I took at first for a jay clearing a Warbler through the tree tops. Back & forth they went passing directly over me several times. The Warbler seemed to be annoyed rather than frightened & his presence did not appear to excite himself. Indeed during much of the time he seemed to be loosing rather than gaining ground but he kept steadily after the Warbler following

1896

Concord, Mass

October 24  
(no 3)

all its twists & turns closely. I was beginning to wonder what it all meant when the two plunged into some dense foliage and the next instant came to the ground together the Warbler chirping in sharp, agonized tones. I hurried to the spot and found that my supposed Jay was a Northern Shrike, a brown young bird. He was standing on the ground under the trees shaking the poor, fluttering Warbler as a terror shaker a rat. I had a loaded gun in my hands and was sorely tempted to use it but refrained. The next instant the Shrike flew off over the meadow carrying his prey in his bill. I think the Warbler was a Black-poll. At least its chirp sounded like that of that species.

Two fine Red-tailed Hawks were sitting in the tops of some maples on the meadow opposite Davis's Hill. As I approached one of them flew & alighted in the same tree with the other & within a yard of him. One was adult, the other had a brown tail.

I saw a Phoebe on the river banks near Ball's Hill this morning and two Carolina Grackles swimming together in the broad reach opposite Birch Island.

Nothing of interest seen on the way up river this evening.

1896.

Concord, Mass.

October 25 A glorious autumn day "as clear as a bell" with dry, bracing north-west winds.

I gave a dinner party at the cabin and went down early to prepare for my guests, sailing the whole distance. During the forenoon I found time to walk to Birch Island by the river paths and back over the inland bridges. Chickadees, Canada Nuthatches, Creepers (three), <sup>Robins (6)</sup> Jays, Crows, White-throats, Tree Sparrows, Yellow-rumps, a Yellow Robin Warbler, a pair about 5 Marsh Hawks, & a Partridge were seen during this walk. On the way down river I saw six Goldfinches and a number of Song & Tree Sparrows but no Ducks. Late in the afternoon a flock of fully 150 Crows appeared over the Great Meadows cawing and coming vociferously and finally alighting in the woods on the Bedford shore. At sunset a Carolina Grebe paddled past the cabin making his way up stream against the strong wind.

Chipmunks are fairly numerous here this autumn but I see few Red or Gray Squirrels although Pat reports the last as abundant especially on Davis's Hill where he claims to have seen four in one tree a few days ago.

1896.

October 26 Clear and warmer with strong W. wind.

Spent last night alone at the cabin - a quiet night with no sound of birds or animals save one peculiar low call which seemed to come from the river and which I thought might be the voice of a Goshawk although it was unlike any Goshawk note known to me.

I rose early this morning and climbed Ball's Hill for the sunrise. Crows', Jays', Pine Squirrels' & Tree Sparrows' voices heard.

Spent the day working in the woods with Pop. Saw but few birds at evening while on the way up river. The wind was strong against me & I had a hard but exhilarating爬地.

1896.

October 27 Clear and very warm with almost no wind, the river dead calm for hours at a time.

On the way down river this morning I saw with a flock of of interest besides a large flock of singularly tame town Crows. There were upwards of a hundred of them perched in the trees on both banks between Bennett's Bar and Hunt's Pond. They scarcely seemed to notice me and I paddled past or within noses of them within thirty feet or less. Others flying across the river passed directly over me within a few yards. Not one, so far as I could make out, either left its perch or changed its course because of my presence but several birds came as we drew by. Some of them cawed and once I heard the "gobble". Evidently there were no other birds fresh from some region where Crows are not much molested by men.

At about 3 P.M. I was returning from Davis's Hill where I heard a number of small birds chirping & holding loudly and continuously in a cluster of young pines near the bottom of the Glacial Hollows. Suspecting that they were watching an Owl I went at once to the spot and found ~~a~~ for a big Chickadee, two Canada Nuthatches, several Junco & 7 or 8 Sparrows hopping excitedly from twig to twig in the upper branches of a pine tree. As usual in such cases they were moving in a circle and I had only to scan the central space closely to discover the Owl, a pretty little Acadian sitting on a stout

1896

October 27

(no 2)

horizontal branch about eight feet from the main stem and some eight feet above the ground. He appeared quite indifferent to the movements & clamors of his presenters but he kept his eyes fixed on us with some show of interest but without drawing in his feathers or displaying any other signs of suspicion or alarm. The Chickadees were the most noisy and aggressive of the little birds about him but none of them ventured to approach him nearer than to within six or eight feet. They called de-de-de incessantly. The Fox Sparrows chattered loudly. Two Red Squirrels on the opposite side of the hollow added materially to the racket by a continuous loud chattering but I doubt if either of them really saw the Owl or knew what the excitement was all about.

I left the place without disturbing any of these birds and went to the cabin for my camera. When I returned some fifteen minutes later the Squirrels were still chattering but all the little birds had departed. The Owl, however, was still perched on the fifth pine branch exactly as I left him. After exposing at him the only two plates I had I threw some pairs of branches at him. Whenever one of them hit very near him he would bend forward and examine the spot with close attention then resume his former attitude. ~~At length~~ I shook the tree forcibly where the Owl at once left his perch and darted off first swooping down nearly to the ground then rising and following a foot path, finally alighting in a young white pine on a short, dead, lateral branch.

1896.

October 27  
(no 3)

scared by feet above the earth. I walked up to within a few feet of him when he straightened himself up and down in his feathers so that his body looked no thicker than his head (while in the field he had appeared very plump and fluffy). It was proving enough that I had used up all my plates for I could have put the camera within four or five feet of him and could have taken a fine picture of the bird in his abnormal attitude.



1896

October 28 Clear and warm with light S.W. wind.

Spent most of the forenoon in the Stateville woods with Miss Hayes getting a quantity of ferns and various wood plants of various kinds. Staked them Partridges and saw a number of Jays and a few Sparrows, chiefly the Sparrows & White-throats.

29 Cloudy and warm with light rain during most of the forenoon the sky clearing & the sun coming out at about 3 P.M.

I had appointed to spend the day shooting with Melvin who called for me at 9 A.M. but it began raining steadily just as we reached our first roadside camp at Maybrook's in action and after waiting through a small part of the afternoon we decided to give it up and to drive down to the cabin at Ball's Hall where we dined. After dinner we walked through the woods to Buck Island. His dog, a handsome young pointer, found about eight or nine Partridges pointing several of them very handsomely. He saw no small birds of any particular interest. He crossed the river and beat the Great Meadows but without finding any signs although he saw their fresh signs in many places.

1896.

October 30

Clear and warm with little or no wind. Late in the day clouds gathered to a little fine rain fell.

To Ball's Hill of course as usual spending most of the day cutting down there at the southern end of Davis's Hill on the crest of which I saw four Gray Squirrels at one time. Late in the afternoon I saw at least three more on Holden's Hill.

Along the river the Sparrows have been very numerous these last few days but the Song and Swamp Sparrows disappeared very suddenly & completely about five or six days ago. There are still a few Titmice & I heard Horned Larks piping this morning over Bonchlon's field. The Cane grouse was on the meadows as usual both yesterday and to-day, but he fired only a few shots. On the 27<sup>th</sup> I saw him kill three Snipe, two by a handsome double shot. He also got a Hooded Merganser on the 27<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup>. I saw it at Davis's meadow on the 29<sup>th</sup> - a young bird badly wounded by the shot & by the dogs teeth.

I have heard no Bluebirds since the 25<sup>th</sup> and Miss Bartlett reports observing the last on their death.

1896.

October 31

A beautiful day but unseasonably warm, with light S.W. wind.

I had appointed to spend the day bird hunting, with Will Bantlett and at 8 a.m. we started down river together but each in his own course. Just below Flint's bridge we found a lot of small birds. There were Ten Sparrows in great numbers in the bushes along the banks and several of them sang many times in full, ringing tones. Over the fields near the J. W. Horned Bells were plain, about piping. We were attempting to land to look for them when two Blackbirds rose from the reeds and flew across the river into some bottom bushes. I followed them at once and finally that they were Red-wings that one of them. The other flew up into an oak where it was presently joined by four more. All six of the birds in this flock were females but late in the afternoon I saw another flock of about 25 nearly one half of which were males. This second flock flew over Ball's Hill coming from the direction of Corbels bridge. They were so low as to be in so good a light that I distinctly made out the red shoulders of the males and their rusty & black mottled plumage. Still another flock of Blackbirds which were probably of this species passed over Red bridge this morning just as I was starting. There were eight of them. I supposed at the time that they were C. G. birds. They certainly were not Redwings.

Soon after starting the Red-wing we saw two Hawks on a barn, the other a very white bird.

There were many Crows and about the usual amount of Blue jays scattered along the river banks all the way to Dollins Hill.

1896.

October 31  
(No. 2)

We landed at Rock Hill and spent the remainder of the  
forenoon sitting on the ground under the pines on the hill just  
west of the Glacial Hollow. There were several different  
species of birds; Pine Siskins, Goldfinches & House Wrens;  
one each, Chickadees (six or eight), Brown Creepers (two) Canada Warblers  
(two females & one male), a Golden Crested Kinglet, a Parula &  
a Red Headed Woodpecker. There were also several other  
birds far off.

After lunch we walked to the woods  
and on the way we saw three other distinct flocks. One of these,  
the first being the largest, was in a maple tree in a  
wooded place and while I was looking at it, a flock of  
about 100 was in a flock on Davis' Hill - consisting of a  
light Chickadee, a Brown Creeper, two Red Heads and a  
White-bellied Nuthatch and six or seven in each of the  
others. The Creepers were feeding on the ground in  
decayed-fallen cones. The third flock was in the  
Pine Hill area and contained five Chickadees. There  
were also a few other birds.

We had walked out on the old cart path to Bird Hill  
and were standing by the boat landing then looking  
towards where suddenly the composite chop, che-die, ie  
Hudson's Bay Kiwano rang out on the hill and I heard  
us. I was immediately repeated. Turning & looking upward  
I saw a bird hanging on the extremity of a branch within  
twenty yards of us. It was quite alone and, indeed, there  
were no other birds of any kind at the time on the hill  
and nearby wooded meadow island. Probably it had only  
just come across the meadow & had alighted merely to rest.

1896.

October 31

(no 3)

for a moment we looked up just as the "Baldpate" who I was when I started out, and made of me the "bird" was flying by the Bedford Ave. "Baldpate" then he was flying and disappearing among the trees on Davis's Hill. Feeling much as I did I went from the little night hawk vehicle on back left the car for a while on board back. One birds were still busy at work among the fallen leaves but although we followed them for a long time and repeatedly looked down in view with our glasses we failed to observe the hens as they were. I fancy that he kept thought on the birds as they were, as, indeed, he was to be seen there. I was a little late in coming his home in the house. His course during the short time on back line in light was down south and he was probably actually, and not only

We started up with a little after noon. The wild birds  
entirely died away and the cotton water was white with  
a lot of the silvery scales of the water rats which were  
and in great force. The piping of the black throats was  
measured and the whistled calls or notes were piping of the  
the sparrows in the thickets along the edge of the tree were  
the only bird voices. As we were paddling slowly up the creek  
past Barnett's bar looking sharply in the bushes there for a  
possible Screech Owl I discovered a small, short tailed, blue  
looking ~~bird~~ bird sitting crouched on the branch of a pine, just  
over the wall when I shot the Pottersnipe. Landing I walked  
nearly beneath it when to my great surprise I found it had  
a chick. The next moment it was another which I had seen.  
Started from the tree & skimmed off over the open fields it was soon  
dark on that time & both birds must have gone to roost.  
The night in this unusual place.

1896.

November 1

Cloudy, calm and warm - a soft gray day, very restful to the eyes and senses.

I spent the forenoon in the burnt woods near Goose Pond having gone there with a wood chopper who wishes to cut off the trees this winter. Ever since the fire I have thought, at odd times, of the stories that I have heard of woodpeckers congregating in large numbers in similar extensive tracts of charred forest. Evidently these woods will be a waiting place for some of the same species such as the Boreal & Arctic Titmice for I saw them to-day there. Having and the same number of Downy Woodpeckers, certainly an unusually large representation especially for the first-wintered species. There were also many Chickadees, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Brown Creeper, and I think a Yellow. In some bushes near the roadside I heard Fox Sparrows chirping and one of them sang gloriously a dozen times or more in quick succession. Altogether for the time & place there were very many birds.

2

Calm and warm with strong N. W. wind. For once there as well we have had no frost and many of the days have been uncomfortably warm in the sun.

I spent the forenoon at Ball's Hill sailing down and paddling back. Saw no birds of any especial interest.

On the way up river I saw the canoe on a milldam snag where it hung poised and in imminent danger of upsetting for more than half-an-hour before I finally pushed it off.

Later in the afternoon I went to Cambridge.

1896.

Nov. 19

Clear and warm, cooler at evening when the wind changed to north.

Mr. A. D. H. coming and down after matters have left me at Cambridge the past two weeks. I returned to Concord in the evening of the 12th and paddled down to Boals Hill yesterday morning but was obliged to return at noon to go to Boston in the afternoon.

To-day was subject to no such vexatious interruption and the weather was so mild that it was delightful to be on the river and in the woods. I sailed down to Boals Hill in the morning, tramped over pretty much all of my land during the day, and paddled back to the Hayes' at evening. I saw an unusual number of birds - at the North Bridge a mixed flock consisting of seven Chickadees, two Brown creepers, a pair of White-bellied and a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches, and a Downy Woodpecker; at the Glacial Hollow eight Chickadees, two & Red-bellied Nuthatches; on Davis' Hill four Chickadees, ~~two~~ a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches & a Creeper; in the swamp just behind Boals Hill five Chickadees, some Ten Sparrows and a flock of Goldfinches; in Prescott's woods then 7 or 8 Sparrows; over the river meadows a flock of eighty or more Crows; at Holden's Hill two Phoebe are a very small but richly-colored adult & several the other not fully identified, but apparently of the same species; in the river opposite Davis' Hill a Carolina Gnatcatcher; in the woods large & a

1896  
Nov. 19  
(No 2.)

Postridge or two.

While on my way down river in the morning I also saw three Shrikes, both old & rather white birds. One was flitting from tree to tree along the banks near the I. dam then (a favorite place for Shrikes on old seasons when they are with us); the other appeared suddenly at the North Bridge just as I was leaving the mixed flock above mentioned. When I first saw him he was in hot pursuit of one of the Brown Creepers and both birds were about one ten yards of the river and scarce a yard apart.

The Creeper made straight for the big elm which stands at the eastern end of the bridge. When he reached it the Shrike's bill was within six inches of his tail but he nevertheless escaped for an instant after the two birds doubled around behind the trunk the Shrike rose to the topmost spray of the elm where he sat for a minute or more gazing intently downwards evidently watching for the Creeper. The latter, no doubt, had flattened himself against the bark after the usual fashion of his kind when badly frightened and he had the vision and good sense to remain perfectly still for at least ten minutes. My eyes were as better than the Shrike's for it was in vain that I scanned the trunk over & over with the greatest care. Fearing here, however, that the Creeper was really there I waited patiently until at the end of the period just named he ~~had~~ began running up the trunk slowly at the very point where I had seen him disappear. He



1896.

Nov. 19

(no 3)

was one of the further demonstrations of the effectiveness of protective coloration that I have ever witnessed. Of course it is possible that the Cuckoo found refuge in some narrow crevice which the Shrike could not enter & which could not be seen from the ground but I do not believe that this was really the case.

During the chase the Cuckoo flew in the usual jerky vacillating manner. The Shrike, like the bird which I saw catch a Warbler last month, kept his tail wide-spread and did not appear to be exerting himself. He did not move in undulations as is the habit of Shrikes ~~showing~~ ordinary flight but flapped steadily and kept on a perfectly level plane looking very like a Palm Jay. It is singular how often Shrikes as well as Hawks fail to catch their prey and how quickly and completely they seem to become discouraged if the first attempt is unsuccessful.

The pair of White-bellied Nuthatches seen at the bridge this morning were at the Hedges' where I started and I traced their flight across the meadows as they kept a little in advance of me alighting to rest a moment on the first trees that intervened. They are unmistakably the same birds which nested in the big elm at the North Bridge last spring. At least I am sure that the female is the same for she is an exceptionally high-plumaged bird with the crown nearly as black as that of her mate. Both birds moreover come every morning to the Hedges' to inspect the branch where a large piece of meat

1896  
Nov. 19  
(No. 4)

was hung last winter. (A piece of beef fat was placed there this afternoon and on the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> the mole Anthothela was the first bird that visited it).

Flickers are staying here late this autumn. I saw two at North Bridge yesterday. The Canada Anthothela appear to be quite as common as they were a month ago. In fact I find the same birds in the same places well after week. There are at least five or six in my woods near Ball's Hill.

A Deer appeared in the town of Concord on Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> last. It swam the river just above Nashawtuck in Concord Bridge coming from the South bank although I cannot know that it was here before it entered the water. Many people saw it as it ran up over the top of Ball's Hill where Mrs. ~~Wheeler~~ <sup>Wheeler</sup> had a good view of it from her back windows. She tells me that it seemed to have about fifteen horns but a man who was at work near her house & who is familiar with deer skulls positively that it was a doe. It appeared to be badly frightened and ran at full speed but there is a general impression in the town that it was a tame deer that had escaped from some one in Weston who is said to have lately brought several of these animals from Vermont. There is also a report that on this same day (Nov. 13) a Deer was killed by Sam Spotswood in Belmont, Mass.

1896.

Nov. 20

Clear and cold with high north wind.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill as usual, parking down in the morning and paddling home at evening.

The violent and piercing wind drove the birds to cover and I saw nothing of much interest save a fine pair of Red-tailed Hawks at Holden's Hill perched on trees on the edge of the meadow about 100 yards apart. Both were adults in high plumage with deep red tails. They were doubtless the same birds which I saw on this meadow on the 18<sup>th</sup>. Only the male was there yesterday. They were not the same as the pair seen near Davis's Hill October 24<sup>th</sup> for the ♀ of the latter was immature and the ♂ larger & brighter colored.

A flock of over eighty Crows spent the day on the Belknap shore way across & then rising from a corn field where they were feeding and circling with loud clamor.

1896.

Nov. 21

Cloudy with light snow fall beginning at 10 a.m., and changing to rain in the afternoon; - a gloomy, chilly day, relieved only by the almost total absence of wind.

Despite the depressing and very disagreeable weather I saw some interesting birds and one that was actually new to me. I took it to be a Gray Gyzfalcon (*Falco gyrfalco*). It was of about the size and general coloring of an immature female Gos. hawk but it had the long, sharp-pointed Falcon wings and it flapped them as a Duck Hawk does with a continuous, rapid, vibrating movement. My impression with this bird was as follows: I was paddling past the Buttricks' on my way down river at about 8.30 a.m. when I noticed three town Pigeons flying high in air towards Mr. Doby's barn coming from the direction of the town. Just as they were passing over the Buttricks' house the Falcon appeared about 100 yards off and coming directly towards them. They turned back at once and the barn trim separating. The Falcon chose a white bird (the other two were blue) and pursued it hotly. The Pigeon made scarce 100 yards before it was overtaken but it had been riding the whole and <sup>when</sup> its pursuer came up <sup>he was</sup> a yard or more under it. ~~With~~ <sup>When</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Hawking~~ <sup>the</sup> with easy grace and bounding upward twenty feet or more with a single effort of his powerful wings he got well above his prey and shot towards it down a steep incline. "Poor bird, your fate is sealed"! I said to myself as, with the field glass pressed to my eyes, I gazed breathlessly watching the Falcon's fall, with the full exultation

1896.

Nov. 21  
(No. 2)

of seeing him extend his legs to seize his victim.  
~~That~~ The very surprise he did not show so much  
as the loss of his talons but, on overlooking the  
Pigeon he seemed to strike it with his breast, half  
upsetting it and sending it a yard or more downward  
before it could recover its equilibrium. Then setting  
his wings he sailed off swiftly towards the Oakbrook  
woods - the direction whence he had first come -  
leaving the Pigeon to pursue its way unharmed,  
at a lower level, to its home in the Deepy Glen.  
What did it all mean? Was the Falcon merely  
amusing himself or was he too slow or clumsy to  
strike the Pigeon when apparently he had only to use  
his talons to make it his prey? I have repeatedly  
seen the Duck Hawk and the Pigeon Hawk, as  
well as other Hawks, fail in a similar way.  
On some occasions I have thought that, like this  
Gyrfalcon, they were not really in command; on  
others they appeared to lack the skill and quickness  
necessary to secure their victims when the latter  
were brought fairly within reach. Of one thing I  
am convinced, viz. that nearly if not all our  
birds of prey including the Shrike Lark pursue their  
in the chase. If they fail in the first swoop they  
generally will not attempt a second & I have very  
rarely seen one of them try more than three times  
in succession. I am satisfied, also, that few of them  
get on the average more than one bird in four  
or five that they pursue. Cooper's Hawk is probably  
an exception to this rule. He is certainly the  
deadliest feller of them all.

1896.

Nov. 21  
(no 3)

As I was walking my way through some dense young pines on the Prescott Cr. this forenoon Benson's dog who was a little in advance started an enormous Owl which I took to be Bubo virginianus. It rose either from the ground or from a very low branch and flapped heavily and wisely up into a pine. The dog pursued it at once and it flew again as soon as he got beneath it, and before I could get a fair view of it, showing a great spread of wing as it glided off through the tree tops.

Pot reports seeing three Lizards this afternoon running over the snow along the wood paths near Benson's landing. They are the first that I have heard of hereabouts since the general and almost total annihilation of them even there a few winters ago. But in other parts of Concord as well as in Brewer, Ashland and Acton the sportsmen have been finding a good many this autumn.

At about 9.30 this morning I counted 38 Cross passing high over Ball's Hill towards the north and evidently migrating.

Musk rats' houses are plentiful thickly along the river between here and town. I have never seen them so numerous before and they are much larger than usual. I should judge some of them to be nearly six feet in length.

1896

Nov. 22 (Sunday)

Clear with strong cold north-west wind.

Spent the forenoon in the Green Pond woods with a wood-chopper (Wilson). Saw literally no birds save those juncos. What has become of the Woodpeckers which were congregated here two weeks ago?

" 23

Cloudy most of the day but nearly calm and warm, the surface of the ground thawing freely.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 8 a.m. The night had been cold and most of the coes and indentations of the river there (including the whole of Hunt's Pond) were covered with thin ice. At Ball's Hill the river was skinned almost across and I had to leave the canoe at Pearson's landing.

I spent the day (very late this season) hunting down young pine and hupinsburying the men who were building a cannery across the swamp behind the mill.

Saw but few birds the only ones of any interest being a Golden-crowned Kinglet in front of the cabin & a Robin (heard only) behind the hill.

" 24

Cloudy & mild

Spent the day on the Hughes' property among the canoes etc. A flock of ten Red Crossbills flew past the house and started to alight in the big spruces but kept on.

" 25

Clear & warm. Spent the forenoon at Green Pond. Met a bird of any kind around there. Took 5 P.M. train to Cambridge.

1896.

OctoberNovemberSialis 20<sup>ad</sup> 21<sup>③</sup> 22<sup>ad</sup> 23<sup>ad</sup> 24<sup>ad</sup> 25<sup>ad</sup>Murela 20<sup>ad</sup> 21<sup>3</sup> 22<sup>1</sup> 23<sup>1</sup> 24<sup>1</sup> 25<sup>⑥</sup> 26<sup>1</sup>  
27<sup>③</sup> 28<sup>3</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 30<sup>4</sup> 31<sup>3</sup>(Basil Hill)  
23<sup>1 hour</sup>J. pallasi 21<sup>②</sup> 22<sup>3</sup> 23<sup>3</sup> 24<sup>1</sup>R. calandula 20<sup>1</sup>Sathopa 20<sup>ad</sup> 21<sup>ad</sup> 22<sup>ad</sup> 23<sup>ad</sup> 24<sup>3</sup> 25<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>ad</sup>Basil Hill  
23<sup>1 hour</sup>  
23<sup>1 hour</sup>P. tringoides 20<sup>④</sup> 21<sup>8</sup> 22<sup>5</sup> 23<sup>5</sup> 24<sup>3</sup> 25<sup>3</sup> 26<sup>3</sup>  
27<sup>10</sup> 28<sup>15</sup> 29<sup>12</sup> 30<sup>5</sup> 31<sup>③⑥</sup>18<sup>⑤⑥</sup> 19<sup>⑦⑧</sup>S. carolinensis 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 22<sup>1</sup> 23<sup>1</sup> 28<sup>1</sup> 29<sup>1</sup>1<sup>2</sup> from P.  
2. Kyes farm. 18<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>②③</sup> 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 22<sup>1</sup>30<sup>1</sup> 31<sup>①</sup> Davis Hill - 5Canadensis 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>4</sup> 22<sup>4</sup> 23<sup>3</sup> 24<sup>4</sup> 25<sup>3</sup>  
26<sup>3</sup> 27<sup>3</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 30<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>4</sup>18<sup>②③</sup> 19<sup>②③</sup> 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 22<sup>1</sup>Certhia 21<sup>2</sup> 22<sup>1</sup> 23<sup>1</sup> 24<sup>1</sup> 25<sup>3</sup> 28<sup>1</sup>  
30<sup>1</sup> 31<sup>②①</sup>1<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>②</sup> 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 23<sup>1</sup>Anthus 20<sup>ad</sup> 21<sup>①②③</sup> 23<sup>ad</sup> 24<sup>ad</sup> 26<sup>ad</sup>  
27<sup>ad</sup> 29<sup>①②</sup> 30<sup>ad</sup> 31<sup>①</sup>D. coronata 20<sup>15</sup> 21<sup>②③</sup> 22<sup>ad</sup> 23<sup>3</sup> 24<sup>3</sup> 25<sup>3</sup>striata 20<sup>1</sup>Scanius bor 20<sup>1 ad. the whitest</sup> 24<sup>1 brown bird</sup> 18<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>3</sup> 22<sup>1</sup>  
31<sup>1 brown bird</sup> 1<sup>1 white</sup>D. hypochrysa 25<sup>1</sup>



1896.

October.

November.

S. tristis 22<sup>⑥</sup> 23<sup>⑥</sup> 24<sup>⑥</sup> 25<sup>⑥</sup> 26.31<sup>④</sup>

18<sup>⑩</sup> 19<sup>⑩</sup>

" pinus 18<sup>(50)</sup> (N. Barthe) 22<sup>②</sup> 23<sup>①⑥</sup> 24<sup>hd.</sup>  
26<sup>hd.</sup> 27<sup>hd.</sup> 28<sup>hd.</sup> 29<sup>hd.</sup> 30<sup>hd.</sup> 31<sup>hd.</sup>

21<sup>hd. with  
not a exception</sup>

Carpodacus 22<sup>hd.</sup> 23<sup>hd.</sup>

A. trassum 23<sup>-</sup>

Pica. nuda ♀

18<sup>head over  
first m.</sup>

P. graminea

M. fasciata 20<sup>±</sup> 21<sup>±</sup> 22<sup>10</sup> 23<sup>12</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>6</sup>

" palustris 20<sup>±</sup> 21<sup>±</sup> 22<sup>±</sup> 23<sup>±</sup> 24<sup>±</sup> 25<sup>±</sup>

Turdus 21<sup>③</sup> 22<sup>±</sup> 23<sup>±</sup> 24<sup>⑥</sup> 25<sup>±</sup> 27<sup>③</sup>  
28<sup>15</sup> 29<sup>±</sup> 30<sup>±</sup> 31<sup>±</sup>

22<sup>③</sup>

S. montana 20<sup>③</sup> 23<sup>±</sup> <sup>to first egg</sup> 24<sup>12</sup> 25<sup>±</sup>  
26<sup>±</sup> 27<sup>±</sup> 28<sup>15</sup> 29<sup>±</sup> 30<sup>±</sup> 31<sup>40</sup>

18<sup>12</sup> 19<sup>④</sup> 21<sup>hd.</sup>

" socialis 22<sup>③</sup> 23<sup>①②</sup> 24<sup>±</sup>

Passerella 22<sup>②</sup> 23<sup>③</sup> 25<sup>±</sup> 27<sup>±</sup> 31<sup>±</sup>

17<sup>±</sup> 19<sup>③</sup> 21<sup>③</sup>

Zenaidura 24<sup>10</sup> (near maple)

Steloxphaps 22<sup>hd.</sup> 24<sup>②</sup>

Struthio 22<sup>hd.</sup> 24<sup>6+</sup>

Corvus 20<sup>±</sup> 21<sup>40</sup> 22<sup>100</sup> 23<sup>±</sup> 24<sup>±</sup> 25<sup>15</sup>  
26<sup>15</sup> 27<sup>15</sup> 28<sup>±</sup> 29<sup>±</sup> 30<sup>15</sup> 31<sup>15</sup>

18<sup>±</sup> 19<sup>75</sup> 20<sup>82</sup> 21<sup>38</sup> 22<sup>10</sup>  
23<sup>15</sup>

Cyanitta 20<sup>±</sup> 21<sup>±</sup> 22<sup>±</sup> 23<sup>10</sup> 24<sup>±</sup> 25<sup>±</sup>  
26<sup>±</sup> 27<sup>±</sup> 28<sup>±</sup> 29<sup>±</sup> 30<sup>±</sup> 31<sup>±</sup>

18<sup>⑤</sup> 19<sup>⑤</sup> 20<sup>±</sup> 21<sup>⑧</sup> 23<sup>±</sup>

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D. villosus 30<sup>1 (hills bridge)</sup>

1<sup>3 (from land)</sup>

" pubescens 21<sup>1</sup> 23<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>1</sup> 27<sup>1</sup> 28<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>3</sup> 1<sup>3</sup> 19<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>2</sup> 22<sup>2</sup> 23<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>2</sup>

Colaptes 20<sup>4</sup> 21<sup>4</sup> 22<sup>3</sup> 23<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>3</sup> 27<sup>2</sup> 28<sup>1</sup> 30<sup>2</sup> 18<sup>2</sup> 25<sup>1</sup>

Megascops 22<sup>1</sup> sun at eve. off. tent. 23<sup>1</sup> at evening off. tent.

H. aschm. 27<sup>1</sup> Glacial Hollow near Balls Hill.

Circus 21<sup>1</sup> sun 23<sup>1</sup> sun 24<sup>1</sup> do 25<sup>1</sup> do.

B. borealis 24<sup>2</sup> at Davis Hill.

18<sup>2</sup> at Hill 19<sup>1</sup> do. 20<sup>2</sup> at Hill

" limatus 22<sup>1</sup>

Bonasa 20<sup>3</sup> 21<sup>3</sup> 22<sup>3</sup> 23<sup>3</sup> 24<sup>2</sup> 25<sup>1</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 19<sup>1</sup> 20<sup>2</sup> 21<sup>3</sup>

27<sup>3</sup> 28<sup>3</sup> 29<sup>2</sup> 30<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>4</sup>

Colinus 31<sup>3</sup> in oak at eve. on wire fence.

Philobela

Gallinago 21<sup>7</sup> shot. 22<sup>2</sup> sun at evening 23<sup>2</sup> on 10 stone mound 24<sup>6</sup> shot.

26<sup>1</sup> shot. 27<sup>1</sup> shot. 28<sup>1</sup> shot. 30<sup>1</sup> shot.

Syrnistris 24<sup>1</sup> Great Meadows heard flying.

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Arif 23<sup>3rd</sup> 24<sup>3rd</sup> shot  
Holt.

A. obscura 12<sup>(10)</sup> Ball's field.

Parus car 22<sup>1</sup> head in yard  
at Hunt's Pond.

Sargurus 24<sup>1</sup> Run banks.

Zon. albicollis 20<sup>4</sup> 21<sup>2</sup> 22<sup>2</sup> 23<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>2</sup> 25<sup>2</sup>

Otocoris 30<sup>1st</sup> 31<sup>2</sup>

Parus hnd. 31<sup>1</sup> inch 1st.

Agelaius ph. 31<sup>(698)</sup> <sup>(2588)</sup>  
25<sup>2</sup> shot.

Taken gypsa

Bubo virgin

Loxia curvirostris

Loxia minor

Glauconetta alba

Podilymbus 24<sup>(3)</sup> 25<sup>2</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 27<sup>2</sup> 28<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>2</sup> 30<sup>2</sup> 31<sup>2</sup>

21<sup>1</sup> during Region  
one the

21<sup>1</sup> started in  
Piscott's woods.

21<sup>1</sup> Chick & chatter heard  
with call, 9 shots near  
Piscott's field.

24<sup>(10)</sup> flying over Kings place.

27<sup>1</sup> one shot in river by Jones

19<sup>2</sup>



